Succubus

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/15876933.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Rape/Non-Con, Underage, Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Categories:	M/M, Multi
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Brian Zeller, Freddie Lounds, Alana Bloom, Abel Gideon, Jack Crawford, Bella Crawford, Random original characters of no importance really, Mrs. Komeda (Hannibal), Anthony Dimmond, Beverly Katz
Additional Tags:	Succubus, Anal sex (kinda...), First Time, Dubious Consent, Kidnapping, Will is seventeen, Hannibal is normal age, Sassy Will Graham, sexual assault (not by Hannibal), Auction, sex slave (sorta), Bottom Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Age Difference, Blow Job (Not Hannibal), Egg Laying, again. lmao, Bondage, Explicit Sexual Content, Slave auction, Slave Trade, Dark Will, Alien Biology, Oviposition, Medical Kink, Underage Will Graham, mpreg but not really, borderline sexual abuse, Will/random dudes?, Weird, Crack Treated Seriously
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Succubus
Stats:	Published: 2018-09-02 Completed: 2019-01-04 Words: 68,224 Chapters: 15/15

Succubus

by RageSloth

Summary

Will was found in the woods as a baby and taken in by his adoptive parents, thinking he was just a normal human child. Now that he's turned seventeen he's hitting adulthood and things are a little stranger than the normal puberty stuff. Will is a maturing demon now, and, as far as he can figure, he must hunt humans to feed on their sexual energy to survive. That is, until he gets captured and sold to a certain wealthy psychiatrist.

Notes

If you can't follow this simple request, please don't read: No negative comments. It deters me from writing.
Anyways, if you can follow that, thank you so much for reading.

Now, if you don't know what a succubus is, it's like a vampire, but it's alive, and it feeds off of sex energy instead of blood. It is considered a demon. While normally Succubi are female and Incubi are male, in this case, all succubi look male but the males to a succubi would simply be human men. This will be explained more later.

Thanks

Discovery

Will was uneasy upon entering the party. He wasn't used to this sort of noisy, overzealous environment. His peers had never really accepted him yet they had never truly pushed him away either. He was a child of no tribe and none but a few friends.

The house was pumping with the low bass of the music playing; some people dancing to the beat while others were simply talking or egging the others on to drink shots or bottles of beer. Others could be seen in darker corners of the house drunkenly making out. He immediately felt what he had been looking for. The pulsing, electrifying, delicious taste he was craving. He licked his lips hungrily but as he tried to just soak in the feeling he realized it simply wasn't enough. He felt frustrated... and starving. He didn't know how much longer he could go on like this. What was wrong with him?

-

Will had realized weeks ago that he wasn't entirely normal. He had just hit seventeen a few days prior when he realized one day in the shower that he had finally acquired a few pubic hairs. He was lathering soap on his belly and saw the small black hairs growing between his legs here and there and he was relieved, feeling he was quite late at receiving them. That is until upon further inspection he realized they were not hairs at all but tiny black downy feathers. Will's eyes grew wide and he tried to think of a possible explanation for this. He saw one time on the news that a little kid had swallowed a feather and her body had tried to force it out through her neck... maybe it was like that! But that couldn't be right. It would poke through with the quill... and there wouldn't be a bunch at the same time in a specific place. Maybe it was just... he was given some sort of mutant gene through an odd family member... it was okay. He would be fine. At least he kept telling himself that.

Over the days he continued to grow more and more feathers until he had a little patch of downy feathers between his legs. He kept telling himself no one would ever notice. They would have to inspect at length in order to tell they were feathers. He managed to get used to it after a while and was mainly okay with whatever mutant characteristic caused this, just hoping no more would sprout lest he turn into a bird or something. Everything was mostly fine... Until one day in geometry when he was scratching at the back of his neck and he felt the same fine, soft material at the nape of his neck as he had between his legs. His eyes grew wide and he quickly yanked at a piece, pulling it out and looking at it in his palm. It was yet another black downy feather! Will tried not to panic. He looked around at his classmates hoping no one had seen. Everyone was minding their own business. He quickly packed up his things and left class without a word.

At home he inspected the back of his head with a hand mirror. It seemed to be just a few feathers at the very nape of his neck that could easily be covered by the rest of his hair. It would never be noticeable.

For the next few weeks Will paid close attention, making sure no more feathers were produced. And he was relieved to find that he grew no more. Everything seemed perfectly normal besides that. He stayed in somewhat of a state of paranoia but he figured that would eventually pass.

Will grew steadily calmer about the whole thing though he felt less and less hungry as the days went on. He didn't eat at lunch and at home he barely picked at his food.

"What's wrong with you, boy?" His father asked one night. Will blinked and looked at his single father. They looked nothing alike; The man had a rough, angular face, dark eyes, and almost red hair. Will had a soft pretty face, large blue eyes, and curling dark brown hair. They weren't related. Will's mother had found him in a forest sixteen years before and being barren, wanted to keep him as her own. His father had allowed it, knowing she had been wanting a child and Will had been raised by the Grahams from that day forward. He had no idea if any of his relatives had feathers or odd traits because he had no idea who his relatives were or even where he came from. His mother had died three years ago and he now lived with a broken man who had no interest in him. They usually ate together in silence in their meager home.

"Just.... not hungry." He murmured, looking down at his plate of hot dish. His father grunted.

"Haven't been hungry for weeks. You got a tape worm?" His dad asked.

"If I had a tape worm I would be hungrier... not the other way around..." Will said in annoyance.

-

As the weeks progressed he grew less and less interested in food until he simply wasn't eating at all. Though he felt some sort of gnawing hunger for... something. He didn't know what. Sometimes he would force himself to eat only to throw it up a few minutes later. He felt... wrong... and hungry...

At school he was passing a couple who were up against the lockers kissing when he felt it; that certain something he had been craving for the last couple weeks. It was electric... something that hit in the throat tingling before sliding down his body in a wave to his stomach and outwards. It was energy, it was feeling, it was static. Will stared at the couple, trying to distinguish what on earth it could be he was feeling. The two eventually felt his stare and turned to look at him.

"The hell are you looking at, Graham?" The boy asked. Will blinked at him and shrugged, walking away. "Freak..." He heard the boy huff behind him.

Will noticed as the days went by that he felt that certain "taste" a lot. Often when a couple was making out nearby in the hallway at school. Sometimes when people were flirting. He grew hungrier and hungrier the more he noticed, to the point he thought he might be going a little insane. One day one of the girls in his class sat in the desk beside him and smiled.

"Hey, Will..." She said in almost a giggle. Three of her cronys were sitting a little ways away watching. Will new that the girls liked him in the school. They had always kind of fancied him, though they didn't understand him and thought he was weird. They thought he was attractive and that was enough, though a lot of the boys hated him for it. Will blinked at her, wondering what the vapid little thing had to say.

"I'm having a party this Saturday at my house. No rules. Everyone's invited." She said, handing him a yellow flyer with the date, time, and address. Will blinked at it, about to hand it back when he realized, perhaps there would be enough of the "taste" at the party and he could finally feel at least a little satiated.

"Yes- I mean... sure... I might come, I guess." He said, pocketing the piece of paper.

And that was how he had ended up here; at a party in a large mansion in the richer part of town, vapid, confused, ridiculous teenagers surrounding him. God, the hunger was scratching and clawing at him to the point he felt he would go insane!

As he tried not to panic, a tall, muscled boy from his class walked past him, staring at him in an odd way. He looked him up and down for a moment before looking as if he surprised himself. Will felt just a little bit of that lovely electrifying... taste... on him. He licked his lips enticingly and tipped his head to the side, testing. The boy's mouth dropped open and Will felt more of that delicious... something.... the boy was aching. He was horny. He wanted Will. Will hungered. He desired. He craved. He almost groaned aloud but before he could get his bearings the boy had fled, as if afraid of his own desires. Will felt the panic in him again; having lost his prey but he tried to calm himself, looking at the other boys in his vicinity. He was beginning to realize there were "tastes" to each of them. They were all insatiable; all wanting. He could feel each distinctive taste in the room. The women had it too but not nearly as strong. He walked through the room, scoping out his prospects. There was a taller thinner boy with a lovely taste emanating from him that made Will's mouth water. He was leaning against the wall nodding his head to the beat and talking to some friends. His hair was hanging in his eyes and a sandy blond. Will liked that. He had dark lidded eyes... Will decided he should keep looking, however. He wanted... desperation.

He headed into the kitchen and just as he entered he saw a pair of boys arguing; testosterone through the roof, looking either ready to punch each other's faces in or fuck right there. And judging by the taste, it could definitely be either. Although one boy's taste was much headier than the other's. The tall dirty blond with tanned skin from the sun. His shoulders were broad and he was built with tight muscles. He shoved his face near to the other boy's, practically growling, hands fisted in the other's shirt. Will chuckled. He couldn't help it. He didn't even hear what they were fighting about but the sheer idiocy of faux masculinity mixed with underlying desire was both hilarious and tantalizing. All that harsh explosive anger was a mask for deep-seated feelings of inadequacy and need. The larger tan boy looked his way, snarling, upon hearing Will's laughter. He shoved the other boy away and stomped in his direction. Will smiled. Food. That was what his body was telling him at least. This boy was a tasty morsel ready to just crack right open and suck the meat out of like a crab. The boy grabbed him by the front of his shirt and pulled him in, growling down at him.

"The fuck are you laughing at, Graham?" He hissed through his teeth. Will looked up at him, eyes lidded, and licked his lips. Somehow, his body at least knew how to real them in.

"You, Todd..." Will said, suddenly remembering the other male's name. He was entranced by that taste of his, now directed at him. The other boy narrowed his eyes, though looking a little confused.

"Fuck, Graham, always knew you were some kinda fag..." He tried to sound tough but his voice was faltering; mask of confidence dissolving. Will laughed again.

"Sure. Whatever you want." Will purred out with a smirk. This idiot was really feeding it to him. He could possibly be satiated by this alone. The other boy who was previously fighting with Todd in the background was looking at them strangely, eyes narrowed, staring at Will in particular but Will paid him no mind. He had his prey. Now to lure him away...

"Whatever I want is to fucking beat the living shit out of you." He growled before grabbing the collar at the back of Will's shirt and dragging him out of the room and upstairs. The taste was pulsating all around him. This boy was hungry. Will was hungrier.

He let the male drag him out, up to the higher level with many closed doors. The male saw an open door and proceeded to drag him towards it. Will unleashed the boy's grip and gave him a narrow-eyed look now that there was no one else to perform for.

"Really? Don't be so clichéd." Will said with a roll of his eyes before looking the jock up and down, eyes now lidded. He already had an obvious erection and he looked pointedly at it. He then watched as it dawned on the other male's face, cheeks heating up. He turned on his heel and strutted the rest of the way to an open door, finding a guest room; no personal belongings, easily decorated and cleaned with a queen bed in the middle.

He knew Todd was following him. Fuck, something inside him ached so profusely. He felt hot between his legs. His cock was hard but something else ached so much more. He turned when he got to the foot of the bed, seeing Todd standing in the doorway looking unsure. Will faltered for a second as well, fully realizing his own plan. He had never done this sort of thing before. But before he could run the boy stomped into the room, slammed the door and shoved Will hard onto the bed. Will fell back with a yelp and landed on his back, eyes wide before suddenly he felt the keen wet lips on his own; harsh, heady, unyielding. Will groaned, pinned by strong arms. Yes! He felt the taste as he never had before; he was truly feeding of it instead of merely getting a nibble. He whimpered as the other male's teeth bit at his own, as his knee slid between his legs, his cock grinding through his pants against his thigh. Will kissed back, inexperienced but winding his tongue around the other boy's as the rough kisses continued. It was sloppy and all too satisfying. He wanted more. He wanted...

He pulled away, a string of saliva snapping between their lips. They looked at each other; hot and needy and Will licked his lips, panting.

"Pants down. Sit up against the headboard." He instructed breathlessly. The boy looked entranced. He nodded, pulling his shirt off and revealing a deliciously muscled torso. He fumbled with his belt, the button of his jeans, and his zipper before sitting up against the headboard and yanking his jeans and boxers down. His cock sprung out, hard and leaking.

Will's mouth dropped open and his mouth watered. The taste was only getting stronger. More delicious and appealing than ever. Will groaned and crawled up the bed to him, spreading his classmate's thighs and leaning down to taste with his tongue. He ran it over the tip, tasting salty precome, savoring it, before taking the other male's cock head in his mouth and sucking. The blond groaned and Will glanced up to see his head tipped back in ecstasy. Perfect. Devine. Delicious. Every spike of pleasure was felt through him, tasted by him, consumed by him. Will groaned as well, taking the thick cock further into his mouth, moving his head to suck it in and slurp as he pulled it out.

This was what he had been craving for the past several weeks. He was finally being satiated. He could do this for hours; weeks. He came back down to take his prey's member into his throat, nothing impeding the process. It was easy. Succulent. His lips met the base of his cock, nose up against skin and dark blond hair that was neatly groomed. He groaned as the other boy groaned, feeling it run through him in a delectable shudder before pulling back. He didn't hear the door open, nor did he notice another body entering the room until he felt a hand forcefully grab the back of his neck and yank him off, throwing him onto the floor. Will blinked dazedly up at the boy that had previously been fighting with his prey in the kitchen. His prey was sitting on the bed looking almost hypnotized, eyes glazed over.

The intruder squatted down in front of him and grabbed him by the jaw, hard, fingers digging into his skin painfully, and stared into Will's eyes, using a thumb to pull his eyelid up and seemingly assessing him.

"Red eyes..." He said with a raised brow. Will blinked lazily at him. He didn't have red eyes. He had blue. He shoved at the other male's arm.

"Get out... We're busy." He said lazily, almost drunk on his disrupted meal. The boy did not relinquish his grip. He reached around his head and felt at the nape of his neck where the black feathers hid and yanked one out, holding it in front of him to inspect.

"Feathers. Succubus. Just as I suspected, Graham. You're not one of us." He said with a raised brow before pulling something out of his pocket. Will blinked at him, trying to process what was happening. Succubus? What the hell was he talking about? How did he know he had those feathers?

Will was slowly coming around, he could feel his reason coming back to him just as the boy on the bed started to come-to. He moved to get up but the brunet boy that had disrupted them; Brian, shoved him back over and he fell on his stomach. Will growled and turned quickly but the boy was on top of him and he was putting a piece of cloth over his mouth-

The Auction

Chapter Notes

Tags will continue to be updated. Thanks for continuing to read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will awoke feeling dizzy and disoriented. He groaned and blinked, trying to see properly. There was something in his mouth and his arms were strained over his head. He bit down a little, testing. It was plastic... or silicone or something. His ears focused on someone speaking.

"Are you sure of it?" a lower voice said.

"Yes. Feel the back of his head. Feathers." Another male said impatiently. Will managed to focus his eyes and lift his head off his chest dazedly. It was that jock, Brian, and some older male in his thirties. They were standing in front of him and assessing him for some reason. Will realized the thing in his mouth was strapped to him around his head and he was hanging by his wrists up against the wall, toes barely touching the floor. He grunted, eyes wide and struggled a little, looking around wildly. Where the hell was he?! What happened?

"He's awake..." The older male said. He came forward and slid his hand to the back of Will's neck. Will tried to jerk him off of him but it did nothing to thrash his head around like that. The man grabbed at the back of his neck until it hurt and he stopped. The fingers at his neck felt around until they found the feathers. "Yes, I see... well, let's make sure of the rest." He said before beginning to unbutton Will's plaid shirt. Will's eyes grew wide. What the hell was going on? He was panicking and he started to struggle, pulling his legs up and trying to kick. The older male grabbed his legs and glared at him.

"Stop unless you want to be put in a more uncomfortable position, succubus." The man said. Will blinked at him and stopped for the moment. He tried to say something through the gag but it just sounded like muffled mumbling. The male proceeded to unbutton his shirt. He hadn't been wearing anything under it and the man ran his larger hands over his smooth chest and couldn't resist thumbing a nipple. Will twitched. His nipples were sensitive and he had never had anyone touch them before. The male in front of him began to emit arousal. Will could taste it and he moaned a little.

"No hair..." The man said before beginning to unbutton his jeans too. Will's eyes widened again and he shook his hips, trying to dislodge his hands and he tried to kick again. The man stopped and grabbed his legs in an iron grip before sighing. "Alright go find the other chains." He said with a roll of his eyes to Brian. Brian nodded and walked out of the room. Will looked around, seeing it was some sort of hall with marble floors, a stage, wooden sculpted columns, and expensive-looking restored pictures of what looked like... monsters...

He was to the side of the stage for now. The hall was large but empty and seemed to be a restored auction house or something. Will looked at the man and jerked his head and mumbled behind the gag, trying to get him to take it off. The man shook his head.

"You're already dangerous enough. I'm not taking off the gag." He said, running his hands up and down his sides, as if searching for any imperfections. Will shivered and shook his head.

"Get off of me!" He yelled behind the gag. It was no use. He couldn't understand him. He was salivating from being unable to swallow and he felt drool dribbling down his chin. He groaned and closed his eyes, panting. This wasn't good. This was truly a bad situation. Somehow these men had figured out whatever was wrong with him. Were they going to experiment on him? Were they going to sell him to scientists? Were they going to sell him to a freak show?

He felt the other man undo his jeans again, this time succeeding and went to begin pushing them down. Will struggled again and he stopped, stepping back with a roll of his eyes.

"Struggling is not going to change the outcome of this situation. You are only making things more difficult and they will take longer." He explained. Will made a dismissive noise and tipped his head to the side. Fine. He'll make it difficult, then. Brian came back into the hall with some chains and restraints and began fastening them to the wall at the very bottom. He then grabbed a hold of Will's ankle and strapped one tightly to the wall, then the other, legs spread apart. Will made a noise of distress and arched, writhing around as much as possible when the older man began to pull his jeans and boxers down, exposing him. He gasped and closed his eyes, feeling his face and chest heat up. This was humiliating. He had no idea what they could possibly be doing. Were they going to rape him? He looked down as the man touched the patch of black feathers just above his cock and he jerked. The jock, Brian, came forward and looked into his eyes before holding his hips down against the wall so he was mostly immobile.

"Look, how cute... you're drooling... It makes so much sense; You being a succubus... I mean look at your face. You've always been the pretty boy." He said as the other man inspected his feathers. "I want answers. My family runs this place and getting you makes me a pretty penny and the upper hand in landing a spot at the top above my brothers. So... if you want to survive with your dick intact you're gonna answer my questions truthfully. If you don't... and your owner finds out that what we advertized wasn't true... you cost me money. We guarantee satisfaction in this place and if someone returns you... well, for resale you don't need your dick. You just need your cunt. I really have no problem getting rid of that for you." Will's eyes widened in shock. Owner? Resale? Cunt? Will tried to keep calm, though his heart was hammering in his chest a million times a minute. These people were insane.

"Nod if you understand, Graham." The boy said with cold eyes. Will nodded. He just had to survive... The male gave him a cold smile. "Now... are you a virgin? As in you have not had sex of any sort with anyone, with the exception of giving Todd head." Will stared at him, eyes wide, before nodding. The other older male had backed away for now so Brian moved in closer, hips shoved against his own, holding him in place. "Good. Was Todd your first anything? Kissing, touching, dick sucking?" Will nodded, feeling his drool sliding down his neck. "Did you start feeling the hunger for sex recently?" Will made a noise of distress and

nodded, feeling his eyes tear up. He closed his eyes, trying to take deep breaths. He was not going to break in front of them. "How recently? Within the last month?" Will nodded with his eyes shut. "Within the last week?" He asked. Will nodded again. He managed to make himself feel a little better and opened his eyes again, looking into Brian's defiantly. "Have you ever fingered yourself?" Will's eyes widened again and he furrowed his brows. Brian frowned. "Have you? Nod or shake your head." Will shook his head. Brian smiled wide and he stroked under Will's chin, making him look up at him. "Very good... God, you make everyone you look at horny, don't you?" He asked. "Didn't even think I swung that way... but you're not exactly a man, are you?" He said, looking at him hungrily. Will blinked at him and felt his hands run up his body to thumb at his nipples. Will jerked and shook his head. He was definitely getting something from this interaction, though he didn't want to, his body was feeding on it regardless. "Are your parents succubi?" Brian asked as he played with him. Will shook his head. "Right, you're adopted... Did you know you were a succubus?" He asked, curious, reaching between them to touch the feathers between his legs. Will groaned and shook his head. He watched the other man behind Brian, who was looking through some papers in a folder. He found what he was looking for and started writing on some sort of form. Brian pulled away from him and took the form, writing on it as well.

"Alright... well, I can take him now and get him prepared. Auction is at twelve tonight, yes?" The older male asked. Brian nodded as he checked off a few things on the form, reading over a few parts. The man moved forward and pulled whatever Will was up against away from the wall. It seemed to be a moveable wall specifically for shackling people on wheels. He started to roll Will down the hall towards a door, just as he was. Will yelled through the gag and struggled to no real avail. His arms were aching and mostly asleep. They went through the door and down a hallway before entering some sort of tiled room with a shower and a bunch of cupboards, as well as a metal table. The dark-haired man left Will for a second to go through a drawer before producing a needle with some liquid inside the syringe. Will tried to protest but of course he was gagged and all he could do was writhe around as the needle was inserted into his arm.

"It's a tranquilizer. You're to be bathed and groomed before the auction tonight." The man informed him. Just then another man came in through the opposite door wearing some sort of plastic jumpsuit that went over the shoes as well.

"Hey, Sterling. This the succubus?" The male asked. He was lanky with short-clipped light brown hair. His eyes were small and he was wearing glasses. The other man, "Sterling" nodded.

"Just gave him the tranquilizer." He informed him. Will felt... odd... his limbs felt heavy and he was having a hard time keeping his head up. He groaned and blinked slowly. The tranquilizer... To his surprise the plastic-suited man came forward and began to release his ankles. However, when he tried to move his legs they stayed exactly where they were, hanging limply against the board he was attached to. The man moved to wrap his arms around his waist and held him firmly as "Sterling" undid the restraints around his wrists and Will fell right over his shoulder with a surprised grunt. That was the last thing he remembered.

-

Will woke feeling groggy and confused. His arms were now tied tightly behind his back but at least he wasn't hanging by them. He was on something soft and he could feel the fabric all along his back and legs. There seemed to be some sort of tremendous breeze and he heard a very loud whirring noise. He groaned and tried to open his eyes. He felt drunk and disoriented. There was a light that nearly blinded him and he blinked dazedly, trying to see properly. Someone was using a hair dryer on him. That explained the breeze and the noise at least. The person in front of him slowly came into focus; It was a woman; she had bright red obnoxiously curly hair and a very pointy pixie-ish face. Once she saw he was awake she turned off the blow-dryer.

"Good. Now I don't have to turn you over to do the other side." She said. Will furrowed his brows at her and looked around. He was on a couch and he was naked with a towel thrown half-hazardly over his lap. Apparently the men from before had actually bathed him. Will made a face and tried not to think about it. He licked his lips, realizing he didn't have the gag in. Before they had said it was dangerous for him to be able to talk...

"Can you sit up, please?" The woman asked. Will made a face and sat up.

"Um... am I still... I dunno, kidnapped or something?" Will asked, voice a little weak. He moved to sit with his feet on the ground and made a face when the towel fell off, blushing. The woman sighed and grabbed the towel, placing it back on his lap so he at least had some decency.

"Yes... you are." She said, coming around the couch to start blow drying the back of his hair, using a rolled brush to emphasize his natural curls. Will swallowed. "Don't try to start running like that. You are tied to the chair. They gave you a short leash." She explained. Will looked as far as he could behind him and saw that there was a ring attached to the arm of the chair and his restraints were attached to that on a chain.

"Why did they un-gag me?" Will asked. He was in a different room than the bathing room; it looked like a simple living room with luxurious maroon carpet and intricate Victorian wallpaper.

"Because your ability to woo with your voice has no affect on women." The lady said in exasperation. Will blinked. Was that why he had been gagged before? Because he could woo men with his voice alone?

"By 'woo' you mean...?" Will asked.

"You can make men do your bidding and ultimately have sex with them until they die." She said. Will's eyebrows raised.

"How do they know that? I've never done that." He said, testing for more information.

"You're a succubus, aren't you?" She said.

"Well, that's what they said. I have no idea... I just woke up here." He said. At the moment he was trying to discreetly undo his bound wrists but it was quite hard trying to undo a buckle like that with your wrists tied together.

"You don't know that you're a succubus?" She asked. Will shrugged.

"No... I just started feeling like... 'wooing men' one day and I woke up here. I don't know what the hell is going on." He said, trying to think of a way out of this while he still had the ability to speak.

"So you're like... a baby succubus." She said. Will made a face.

"I mean... I'm seventeen..." He said indignantly.

"But you haven't fucked the life out of anyone yet?" She asked. She was now applying some sort of gel to his hair.

"No... I haven't killed anyone by fucking their brains out if that's what you mean..." He said, making a face of irritation. "Why the hell would I want to do that?" He asked.

"I don't know. I'm not a succubus. I assume it's because you're starving. You don't eat food, right?" Will thought about it. He hadn't eaten in weeks.

"I guess not... no..." He said, feeling like his head was spinning. He really was this succubus thing, wasn't he? It explained all the strange occurrences and urges. Will hung his head, taking some deep breaths.

"Um... why are they... selling me?" He asked, voice low. She came around to the front and put more gel in, gently fixing his curls into just the right style.

"Well, this is an auction house for supernatural creatures. You are a supernatural creature. Most of the people who come are extra rich and they want to buy something extraordinary as like a pet or something. With you I would assume they would want to use you for sex. And then maybe parade you around to their friends or something." She explained. "We don't get many succubi around here. Last one we had was five years ago. They're rare." Will blinked at her. There were other supernatural creatures?

"What other things are auctioned...?" Will asked.

"Mm... like mini griffins, or imported dragons, or werewolves... stuff like that." She explained. Will saw she was wearing a nametag with her patterned suit. It said "Freddie" on it.

"Is... is that your name? Freddie?" He asked. She nodded and started spritsing hairspray on his now perfectly styled hair. "Oh... I'm Will... I guess I won't be able to see many people or make friends after this... or go to school... I... I can't believe this... I-I'm just a kid, you know? I didn't do anything... My dad is gonna be lookin' for me..." He said in a whisper, eyes growing wide and watery. He was trying to cry but the tears weren't quite coming. No one was looking for him. He knew that. Anything to get her to take pity on him, though. She looked down at him, raising her eyebrows with her lips pursed.

"Seriously? I am the queen of that shit. Stop it." She said. Will blinked at her before slouching back on the couch. after a minute he spoke again, looking at her pleadingly.

"We're both basically human beings. I would never hurt a fly, Freddie. I've lived my life exactly the same as you have from day one. I'm not any different than anyone else. You're taking part in slave trade. Why? because you want money?" He asked.

"Yes." She said bluntly. Will blinked at her. "You will inevitably start killing people and breeding if left to your own devices. That's just how it works. I'm sorry." She said. "At least this way you aren't just killed. You get fed and you'll be kept under control. Now, you're all done so..." She said, grabbing the gag from off a table he hadn't seen. She forced it in his mouth and clasped it around his head before leaving the room. Will immediately missed the ability to swallow. He was making no headway with the buckle on his restraints.

A few minutes later a large heavily-muscled man came in wearing all black pushing what looked like a piece of a living room held up on wheels with a handle on it. There was plush carpet and on top sat a luxurious looking chaise lounge with restraints attached to the top of the back rest and at the very end of it. Will blinked at him and sort of made a nodding motion and wriggled, trying to somehow tell him to take off his gag. The man ignored him and pulled Will upright before undoing the buckle of his wrist restraints. Will tried to pull his wrists away from his grip but it was like iron. He yelled through the gag and tried to kick but that was when the man lifted him completely off his feet and onto the chaise before buckling his wrists into the restraints atop it. Will kicked out as he came around to buckle in his ankles but the large male caught his foot, nearly crushing it in his grip.

He easily restrained Will, now artfully displayed, naked, on a fucking chaise lounge. Will screamed and struggled violently. This was not going to be his life! He wasn't a fucking pet, he wasn't a slave, he wasn't someone's fuck toy! At least that was what he tried to say. It was all muffled through the ball gag.

He was slowly wheeled out of the room and down a hall before entering what appeared to be the waiting line for the "items" for the auction. Each had a handler and though it was dark Will could see a cage at the front of the line with something moving around inside of it. The handler rolled it through the doors and out onto the auction stage. The thing in front of him was what appeared to be a unicorn. It was quite tame and simply stood beside it's handler, easy as could be. Will raised his brows. Surely it wasn't a unicorn? But he would have said being an succubus was impossible before this as well.

The auctions went on for a long time and Will rested as well as he could. He could hear the auctioneer and each item sold for well over a few million dollars. When his turn came up he heard the auctioneer announce.

"This is a creature that is very rarely caught, or seen. Few who have witnessed it for what it truly is have survived. We managed to procure this creature before it has done any real damage and it is even rarer for that alone. Please bring him out, August." The auctioneer called before Will was wheeled out onto the stage. Will's stomach jumped up into his chest. He could barely breathe. There were hundreds of people watching; all dressed to the nines in suits and pearls. People's mouths dropped open upon seeing a young human male up for auction.

"This beautiful spectacle, my audience, is a succubus. It is not a human male but a dangerous creature able to kill by pleasure alone. A species of demon, it's only food source after

maturity is sexual energy and it will feed upon it until it's prey dies. You may be aware of both the incubus and the succubus. In literature from many ages ago these creatures were separately male and female. The males were incubi, the females, succubi, but due to merciless hunting they had to adapt. Today, we have only one; the succubus. Disguised as a male, but produces as a female, it mainly only preys on men. They do have what looks like male genitalia and an anus, however the original anus, once completely mature, is repurposed to be like a vagina. They produce slick just like the real thing. They ovulate once every quarter and are able to mate with human men to produce another succubus. Of course, normally, when they do so, they kill the father. Much like a praying mantis. Also, like a praying mantis, they lay eggs. They will lay an egg fertilized or not and some consider Succubus eggs a rare delicacy. How does one know when a creature so well-disguised is a succubus? There are a few small indicators..." The announcer said, moving towards Will. Will tensed and squirmed but was of course unable to do much of anything. He was beginning to drool because of the gag.

"One, is that the succubus cannot eat food. You will never see one actually eat unless it is a clever ruse. Another, the easiest to discern, is that succubi have black feathers. At the back of the neck and in between their legs. As you can see, our subject is naked, displaying its feathers here." The man said, beginning to run his fingers down his belly and into the plush feathers below.

Will growled through his gag, something odd awakening in him. It wasn't an entirely human noise. It sounded like something between a dog's growl and a purr. He felt it deep in his chest. The announcer stopped and raised his eyebrows. Will glared at him.

"If you were listening close enough you may have heard another signifier; their growl or scream. a human cannot possibly make such a sound. Due to its gag it was faint but it was audible. Now... a fourth indicator, would be the red eyes, though often, if you were to see the red eyes you are most likely already in its clutches. The succubus produces red eyes when it is feasting. This one currently has a pretty blue, but when caught it had bright red. My son caught it just when it was trying to devour one of his classmates. This was most likely the young succubus's first attempt at feeding. It has only been a week since it has emerged fully as a succubus and it has not completely fed yet. This is a rare virginal succubus. It is invaluable and does not yet have an understanding of its abilities. As far as we know it has yet to discover its ability to entrance a male with its voice but for your safety we have gagged him just in case. " The man said, holding up a finger. He was very theatric and it was really irritating Will. He held up a finger as well. It was easy enough to see from the audience that he was flipping off everyone in the room. He growled some more and writhed, deciding to be as theatric as possible as well. Maybe everyone would think he was dangerous enough that they wouldn't want him.

"Don't worry, ladies and gentlemen. It is entirely restrained, but what a feisty beauty it is, isn't it?" He said, coming round to slap his thigh playfully. Will's eyes widened in pure rage and he screamed. If he ever got out... He would murder everyone that had ever been in this wretched place!

"Why would one want such a creature in their home?" The auctioneer continued, "A succubus, if young enough, can be trained. It can be trained not to use it's voice, and it can be

trained to only feed so much. Yes, you can have a succubus in your own home, ready to be fed whenever you like, under your complete control. We have a trainer available if requested, an owner's manual, and all items needed to keep your pet happy and healthy with the exception of its food source, of course. If you would prefer not to feed it yourself there are plenty of options available as well in your owner's manual. Now, currently, in known captivity there are only fourteen succubi in the entire world. This is a very rare opportunity, ladies and gentlemen, and the first bid is up for four-million dollars." The auctioneer finished. Will glared in his direction, imagining all the horrible things he would be willing to do. If they wanted him to be a demon he would be one.

The bids went higher and higher and Will was somewhat amazed anyone would pay so much just to have him, succubus or not. Once the bidding got up into the forty-million's it slowed down some until it was between two men. Will stared out into the audience, trying to make out the two bidding: one was portly, white, and bald, and one was a tall thin black man with short-clipped black hair. The portly man eventually gave up and just as he was about to be sold, one man in the front held up his bidding sign for fifty-million. The taller man looked upset and sat down. The announcer called once, twice, and... Will had been sold. Will stared at the man up-front. He was broad shouldered and aristocratic with high cheekbones and carefully styled graying sandy hair. He was wearing a suit that on anyone else would look absolutely hideous; a blue sort of paisley, and his face stayed strangely neutral.

They began to roll Will out then, and Will didn't have any energy left to struggle. Everything was so strangely surreal. He tried to remember everything the announcer had been saying about him. He was... he was somehow female? Or at least he produced like one? And... and he laid eggs. He must have been lying... none of it made any sense... I mean yes, he needed to feed off of sex energy, as far as he could tell... but that didn't mean he fucking laid eggs.

He barely registered what was happening around him until they opened up some sort of shipping box with holes in the lid. It was large enough for a person to lay inside and inside it was plush and cushioned. Will started trying to talk through the gag when two large handlers started transferring him into a whole new set of restraints.

"Don't you think about putting me in that fucking box!" He screamed, but of course, no one understood. His arms were pulled up tight against his chest and strapped in place while his legs were bound all the way down with various straps before he was picked up and dropped into the box like a corpse into a coffin. Will screamed that odd demon scream and struggled violently but he was barely able to move. Just when he thought they were done, the man from before, Sterling, came in with a needle and before Will could even struggle he was being tranquilized. The last thing he saw was the lid being placed over the box.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate your support. :)

Captivity

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will had fitful dreams and woke screaming and struggling as he was pulled out of the box. Thankfully he hadn't awoken inside of it. He was picked up and placed on a luxurious couch inside a darkly-lit living room. He looked around quickly noticing the place was oddly gothic with Victorian furniture and expensive statues that cast strange shadows on the walls. In the corner sat what looked like a piano and standing just in the middle as he was "unloaded" was the man who had bought him. Upon closer inspection he looked to be in his fifties, though very fit and handsome. Will glared in the man's direction while he thought at least he was lucky in not getting the portly bald one who had been bidding.

"That will be enough, thank you." The man said in a strange European accent to the two men who were "unpacking him." They left him in most of his restraints except for the ones going all the way down his legs and left just the ones connecting his ankles. They picked up the box and the older man tipped them before they left. For a long moment, they stared at each other. Will glared, but the stranger's eyes showed no emotion. He only seemed to be analyzing him.

"I suppose this must have been quite an adventure for you. This isn't a normal occurrence for me either. I am not one to 'buy' any creature. Usually I procure them myself. However... I am always invited to these auctions and I try to make an appearance whenever I can. It's interesting to say the least. I was rather intrigued by you, this time, though. I am a psychiatrist and have always been interested in the human psyche, anatomy, and taste." He explained. Will furrowed his brows at the last word. "You, are a partial human demon hybrid and it would be extremely entertaining for me to pick your brain. There is the added bonus of your peculiar ability to produce edible eggs which I have heard of but have never had the pleasure of trying despite many journeys to the farthest regions of the earth." Will rolled his eyes and looked at the ceiling, trying to somehow control his never-ceasing drooling through the gag. What a pretentious twat. Maybe he could drown in his own saliva if he tried hard enough. At least the rich asshole's first endeavor wasn't to fuck him until he couldn't breathe. Although the whole "eating your eggs" thing wasn't super appealing either.

"Am I boring you?" Will blinked up at the man who was now standing over him and undoing his gag. Will was surprised he would try. If he knew how he would definitely try the whole "wooing" thing. As soon as he was released from the gag he swallowed, practically savoring the feeling before licking his lips of what saliva he could. He sighed in relief.

"Sort of." Will said after a moment. "although I'm sure fucking my brains out would be equally as boring." The man raised an eyebrow.

"That is not my immediate intention... Though if you suggest it at some point I will feed you..." He said, looking somewhat amused.

"Oh Goodie..." Will said, rolling his eyes. "Don't expect me to act any different than anyone else. I've been a 'succubus' for maybe a week and before that I was pretty sure I was just

human..."

"I see... something tells me you have always been a bit peculiar... but if you say so, for now...do you at least feel differently than before?" He asked curiously. Will shrugged.

"I guess. I mean I never wanted to suck someone's dick as bad as I do now..." He said crudely, mostly trying to get a rise out of what seemed to be a so-called 'gentleman.' "uh... not that that's a suggestion." The man raised an eyebrow.

"What is your name?" He asked as he began to help him sit upright. Will made a face.

"Considering this is some sort of 'you buying me for sex' scenerio, let me quote... 'whadda you want it to be?'" He said snottily, glaring at him. He would have crossed his arms over his chest if they weren't already strapped there. The very edges of the other male's lips quirked, just enough to be a ghost of a smile.

"Let's try again. My name is Hannibal Lecter. I am a doctor in psychology. You may call me Hannibal, or Dr. Lecter. What is your name?" He asked again. Will sighed.

"Will. It's Will Graham." He said in resignation.

"Will for 'William'?" He asked. Will nodded. He realized he was sitting here naked and as of yet had yet to get a taste of his captor. The man was not even grazing being aroused near him. He found that almost infuriating for some reason.

"Where are you from? Are you're sure you're not a vampire? You sound Transylvanian." Will said with narrowed eyes. He was going to irritate the hell out of Hannibal Lecter if it was the last thing he did.

"I am originally from Lithuania." He explained. Will shrugged as best he could.

"Close enough." The man bristled a little at that comment and Will smirked. "So, you don't think I'm going to use my 'voice?' Is that why you un-gagged me?" He asked, curious.

"You are too young for that, I'm sure, and in any case I am sure I will be able to resist it." He said with a little humor, a small smile on his lips. Will blinked at him.

"Why? You can't be entirely straight. In whatever case I think I'm considered both or something and I was making straight guys horny before..." Will said, somewhat offended, though he didn't know why.

"I don't think I would have bought you if I was 'entirely straight' otherwise I would have issues feeding you. I may be attracted to you but that is not my first priority, William." He said as if to reassure him. Will narrowed his eyes at him.

"I don't care if you're attracted to me or not, I just want to know what makes a fifty-year-old pervert buy a teenager from some sort of black market freak show, Hannibal." Will growled at him. The other male seemed highly amused.

"Changing the subject, if I release you from your bonds will you immediately try to attack me?" Hannibal asked. Will raised his brows now, unsure if this was some sort of trick. He looked skeptically at the older man.

"Maybe. I'm not jumping you, though. I'm not an 'insatiable sex monster' or whatever." He huffed. Hannibal nodded as if agreeing. He knelt down in front of Will and began undoing the buckles and straps holding his arms immobile. As he leant forward Will caught him inhaling his scent near his neck.

"Did you just... smell me?" He asked incredulously.

"I detect a faint pheromone scent on you that I was trying to verify. I assume it would be stronger if you hadn't just fed within the last two days." He said. At this point Will did get a tiny 'taste' from his captor. It somehow comforted him. He immediately questioned his sanity. He had just been through a traumatic ordeal...

"I guess...? I know about as much as you... probably less." Will said, letting him undo the rest of his bonds before sighing in relief at finally having his arms free. For a moment he contemplated attacking him. Maybe, somehow, he could overpower him. Will looked him over, trying to get an idea of what was under that ridiculous suit. He was probably pretty built... This was probably a sort of trick. for the moment he stayed still and flexed his arms, only now feeling embarrassed as Hannibal knelt to undo the buckle around his ankles. He had some older strange man touching him and he was entirely naked... and aroused! He realized upon looking down. He quickly covered himself, eyes wide. Hannibal finished releasing him from his restraints and stood. Will watched him carefully, occasionally flicking his eyes around the room, trying to gage where he possibly was within the house. The other male seemed to be gauging his reactions.

"Would you like to borrow some clothes for now?" Hannibal asked. Will looked surprised. He had assumed he would just remain naked for however long he remained captive. He nodded quickly and the older man helped him to his feet. Will let him lead him out of the room. He was in a hallway. Will licked his lips, heart racing. The older man seemed to look back at him every couple of moments to analyze his reactions. Will tried to discreetly look behind him and realized he didn't have a whole lot to lose and a whole lot to gain if he could try to escape now. He quickly turned on his heel and fled down the opposite way of the hallway, running as fast as he could, trying to find the quickest way out. He saw an opening to a set of stairs going down and he near-jumped down the entire flight, only to see he was in some sort of landing out onto another flight with two opposite directions. He hurried down one, trying to think of what he might do once he got out onto the street. Just as his foot touched the floor of the next hallway he saw a flash of his captor, and barely turned before he was slammed onto the floor, his arms quickly wrangled behind his back, and the older male's knee pressed into the small of his back. Will gasped into the hardwood floor.

"You made a valiant attempt..." Hannibal huffed out, holding his arms tightly behind his back. Will groaned. "But all the doors are locked with a key."

"Then why did you tackle me...?" Will groaned out. The older male was heavy against his back and it was oddly arousing. He supposed everything would be arousing if he was hungry enough.

"In case you figured another way out." He grinned before pulling Will up and marching him up the stairs with his arms held back.

"You're a sadistic bastard..." Will growled. "But I guess I already knew that... You're fast for someone who's old enough to be my father..." Will said slyly, looking behind him with narrowed eyes. The other man's eyes glinted. He was firmly pushed up the now three stair cases and down a hallway before entering a well-kept bedroom. He supposed it was his captor's by a few personal items left here and there. Once in, Hannibal closed the door and released his arms.

"I would expect you know better than to try anything for now." He said. Will shrugged and the older male went into a rather large walk-in closet while Will looked around the room. It had a blue theme to it; blue comforter on the bed, blue foot stool, blue chairs. He wondered if the man had gotten an interior designer to do his house or if he had done it himself. Looking at the guy, he wasn't sure. He looked at the bed and wondered if Hannibal did end up feeding him if he would do it in his own. He assumed the man had plenty of guest rooms. Maybe he thought Will was dirty and didn't want him in his own bed?

Will went to the window and peeked through the curtains, careful not to expose himself since he was naked. He was in a rather tall house by a busy street. Maybe he could try to wave for help? He wouldn't try now. Best to try again later.

"You're quite a lot thinner than me so for now I'll give you some sweatpants and an undershirt. Is that fine with you?" Hannibal asked as he exited the closet. Will looked at the man, surprised he would own sweatpants at all. When handed them he saw they were black with pockets, and somewhat fitted instead of baggy. The undershirt was black as well. He shrugged and pulled on the pants first. They definitely didn't fit him but he pulled the drawstring tight and tied it before putting on the shirt. It was very loose fitting but at least he wasn't naked anymore. He looked up to see his captor staring at him with a slight frown, as if missing his nakedness.

"You are very beautiful. It's a shame to cover you up in plain clothes. I'll order some better ones for you." Hannibal said softly. Will blushed and turned away, crossing his arms over his chest. He was hungry... but he wasn't going to ask for anything. "I have a room for you down the hall. It's quite late and I know you have been asleep for a good part of the night but I must keep you confined. I hope you understand." Will shrugged. "I'll lead the way."

Will turned and followed him glumly down the hall to a guest bedroom. It was artfully decorated and similar to Hannibal's room, though smaller. Will went and sat on the bed, staring at the wall.

"Good night, Will." The man said before closing and locking the door. Will got up to check it just in case but it was definitely locked. He sighed and looked around realizing there was no window. Of course there was no window. He didn't want him signaling someone down. Will groaned and fell down on the bed, shoving his face in the pillow. There had to be a way out. There was no way this sicko could just keep him in here the rest of his life... however, he could decide on reselling him at some point. Will groaned again and clenched his eyes shut, trying to stop imagining how many horrible things could go wrong.

Laying in the dark Will thought hard about his options. He realized he needed to get a hold of the "owner's manual" that the auctioneer had mentioned. He needed to know about his situation and he needed to know what Hannibal planned on doing with him. He would keep small goals... Keep himself going.

-

Will awoke to a knock on his door. He made a face. What, did he expect him to open it? But then he heard the key in the lock and the door opened to his captor now wearing only slacks and a dress shirt. It was apparently morning. Will sat up, hair mussed and sticking up in every direction. He glared.

"Good morning, Will. I would like you to come down to breakfast." He said in his deep accented voice. Will made a face.

"I don't eat." The younger man explained.

"Nonetheless, I would enjoy your presence." Hannibal said. Will sighed and got out of bed realizing he was very hungry. He stood for a second in shock. He couldn't be that hungry already. He had fed only a day ago. He made a noise of irritation. He had managed a week before, he could do it again. He tried to keep a straight face and brushed past Hannibal only to get a small taste from him that had him stopping in his tracks. He turned and looked at him, scandalized.

"Stop it." He hissed. Hannibal raised an eyebrow.

"I have no idea what you are referring to, Will. Are you alright?" The older man asked. Will glared at him.

"Just go eat your damned breakfast, Hannibal." He hissed and started down stairs. His captor followed him down and showed him into the kitchen. Will saw Hannibal was only partially through making what looked like a very intricate breakfast. He sighed and sat at the counter, watching as he continued to prepare. The man definitely had a "taste" right now, though just a little. He wondered how often a man like Hannibal got around. Surely it wasn't hard for him.

Will watched him move gracefully around the kitchen, watching how his pants strained over his ass when appropriate and raised an eyebrow. He wondered what he looked like when his shirt was off. He was glad to see the bit of skin when he pulled his sleeves up to chop vegetables. It made him seem a little more human and he could see he had muscled forearms at the very least. Sometimes when he bent forward Will could see how his dress shirt went taut over his shoulders.

"Do you have a girlfriend? Boyfriend? Spouse? I'm sort of guessing not a spouse." Will said. Hannibal looked up from working on what appeared to be a sort of breakfast soufle. A bit of his hair had come loose and was hanging in front of his eyes.

"I have a close relationship with a female friend, yes, though I would not consider her a girlfriend." He explained. Will arched a brow.

"Does she know about me?" He asked.

"I only purchased you last night." He said, finishing off an artful decoration atop the soufflé.

"Yes but you could have texted her or something: 'Look, Honey, I bought a succubus from an auction last night!'" He said dryly. The older male looked amused.

"She would at least have an interesting reaction. However, when she comes over I expect you to behave as my guest and be polite. I would hate to have to confine you downstairs." Hannibal explained. Will glared and Hannibal picked up his tray before bringing it in to the dining room. Will followed and sat down beside Hannibal, watching him and trying to be as annoying as possible.

"Is that a threat? I feel like you would be okay with doing anything to me. You're rich. You're beyond the law. You bought me illegally from some freak auction house with the intent to fuck me and uh... eat my eggs? Which honestly, I highly doubt is something I can actually do. I feel like I would know if I could lay eggs." Will said. Hannibal seemed to be enjoying his souffle and contemplated what Will said.

"In actuality it is entirely legal to own any creature that is not a human being if one has the proper license. I bought the license last night. But yes, I agree with you, if one has enough money there is not much one can't get away with. If you are referencing my cruelty, I am not without some mercy, however, no, there is not much I would not do if I had the want to do so." He explained. Will blinked at him, wondering if that went as far as he seemed to be referring to. He supposed if one was willing to buy a person they could possibly be willing to kill one as well. He studied him at length, considering it. The man seemed perfectly capable of killing with his bare hands. His hands seemed both worthy of making art as well as strangling someone. He eyed his hands curiously, watching as he used them to delicately move his fork and knife. He wondered what they would feel like on his skin and he shivered, feeling a pang of hunger deep inside of him, mouth salivating. His captor looked at him for a moment.

"I believe I was correct about your pheromones, Will. Are you aware that you are producing them?" He asked. Will's eyes widened and he blinked at the older male, mouth opening slightly.

"Why...?" He said carefully. "Are they affecting you?" He asked, studying the man's reaction. Hannibal thought for a moment.

"Yes. Slightly. Possibly more than I'm aware of." Hannibal said before taking another bite of his food. Will watched as he swallowed, enjoying seeing how his throat moved. The man did everything precisely, delicately. Yet he seemed to be able to produce a great amount of force when warranted. Will swallowed as well. Perhaps now was a good time to see if he could figure out how to use his "wooing" voice. He tried to focus on the feeling he had before at the party with Todd. He felt powerful, but also, out of control. His whole mind was intent on taking from the other male. He needed to be in that same mindset. The mindset he had when he felt he had been most succubus-like as of yet.

"T-take off your shirt." Will said, deciding on a simple sexual-based command. His cheeks heated up despite himself. Hannibal stopped for a moment and looked at Will before looking amused.

"Are you hungry, Will?" He asked. Will's eyes grew wide and tried to control the embarrassment creeping up on him. How was he supposed to feel sexually in-charge of a fifty-year-old man?

"U-um..." He said, beginning to pant. He was both panicking and getting aroused at the same time. Apparently his thinking about feeding was triggering his hunger more. He swallowed and told himself to try again.

"Stand up." He said. Maybe a less embarrassing command? Hannibal did no such thing, looking increasingly more amused and smug.

"Are you practicing your 'voice' on me? I think you might be getting a little ahead of yourself, Will." The older man said. Will felt hot. His cheeks were burning. This wasn't the same as the situation with Todd at all. He had no control. Those eyes; they were like amber and they were boring into him. He felt an odd sensation inside him and between his legs. Hannibal reached over and stroked his cheek and Will froze. This was the first time he had really touched him.

"You're getting quite warm." Will whimpered and before he could even think properly he stumbled back and quickly exited the room, practically running upstairs. He entered the guest room his captor had deemed as his and slammed the door, pacing. He felt weak.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks everybody for reading! Pumping out these chapters fast. :D

Hunger

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal contemplated his little succubus; getting quite hot and bothered after attempting to seduce him. He was sure the boy's true focus was only on escaping but he was very tempting. Thankfully Hannibal prided himself on extreme self-control and discipline. Will's 'manual' had explained normal feeding habits and that young succubi normally needed a meal a day to sustain proper energy unless they drained their victim. He wondered how long Will intended to last. The manual also explained it was best to train a young succubi by not keeping them starving. However, Hannibal was interested. He felt he could handle the boy should he get too riled up.

After finishing his meal he saw it was almost time for his first appointment. He headed upstairs to Will's room and knocked before entering. The boy was curled up on the bed, shaking. He hadn't expected this much of a reaction. He carefully came around the side of the bed before stroking back his curls. The succubus groaned and swatted at his hand.

"D-don't you dare, old man." He hissed, keeping his face hidden. Hannibal assumed it was in order to stop himself from being tempted. He wondered if the boy would be willing to do degrading things in order to get a meal, should he be hungry enough. It was an entertaining thought.

"Will, this is your last chance before my work day and I will not be disturbed during it. I finish up at seven-o'clock. Do you need to feed?" He asked, holding back a smirk. Will groaned loudly and blindly grabbed a pillow before throwing it in his direction. He caught it, amused, before setting it back down. "Alright then. I will be locking the door." He informed him before leaving. Upon closing the door he heard a soft 'smack' against it. The boy had most likely thrown the pillow again. He took out his key and carefully locked the door before pocketing it.

-

Hannibal was having another rather boring session with his rather ridiculous patient, Franklin. It was half-way through the day and the man was rambling about his fear of abandonment. Hannibal was sketching a picture of his decapitated head here and there as if he were writing notes when they heard a loud "bang" from upstairs followed by a clatter. Franklin looked startled.

"What was that?" He asked.

"I have a rather unruly nephew who is under my supervision currently." He said, thinking about what Will could be up to. His portly patient blinked at him.

"Is he from Transylvania too?" Hannibal retracted the urge to make his sketch more realistic with Franklin's actual blood.

"I am Lithuanian. And no. He is American." He said, dryly.

"What sort of trouble is he?" Franklin asked curiously.

"Franklin, this is your time to speak about yourself." He said in irritation.

"But, I feel I barely know you! Just, I want to know more. Does your immediate family live here? Is your nephew a drug addict or something? What's your favorite food?" Hannibal sighed.

"My nephew is a recovering delinquent and his parents have entrusted him with me in order to rehabilitate him..." There was a rather rough bang followed by subsequent bangs every few moments and then followed by a series of muffled swearing. He knew he should have put him in the basement. That, at least, was sound-proof.

-

After Franklin's appointment, Hannibal went upstairs to check on his little succubus and was amused to hear he was leaning against the door and groaning, occasionally uttering a "fuck" before moving back and slamming against the door again, trying to break it down with no success. Hannibal had made sure all doors in his house were quite impenetrable.

After trying to break down the door another few times, based on the sounds, the boy had fallen to the floor, gasping and swearing. The pheromones were quite heavy even out in the hallway and he wondered if the boy knew he was there.

After listening for a little longer, he adjusted himself in his trousers and retreated downstairs to await his next appointment.

-

Will lay gasping into the carpet, feeling his hunger buzzing through him with a vengeance. He was thinking about his captor. Surely Hannibal would be back soon. He had no idea of the time. It could be seven o'clock already for all he knew.

God, he just wanted to writhe against the older man, rut against him, suck at his cock and drink it... Will groaned.

As he sat up he realized his pants were wet in the seat. He blinked and spread his legs, seeing the dark patch on the fabric. He felt wet between his legs. What the hell?

Will sat on the floor and pulled the sweats off before feeling between his legs and realizing he was wet around his hole. He brought his fingers up and saw a clear viscous fluid on his fingers and blinked at it. Was he getting wet? Like a girl? He thought back to what the auctioneer had said. He had said something about his hole being "like the real thing" hadn't he? Will made a face and slipped his hand between his legs again, feeling over his hole. It didn't actually feel like he remembered it feeling before. It felt more... open? And soft. He took a breath before pressing his finger to it. It slid in a little and his hips jerked. He blinked a

few times. It felt tight and wet. He slipped his finger in further and dropped his head back, moving his digit around a little bit until he was gasping. No. Fucking. Way.

He groaned, cursing himself and laid back, spreading his legs before slipping another finger in. The stretch was a little much but at the same time he couldn't get enough of it. He filled himself with the two fingers and slowly moved them in and out. His toes curled and he moaned.

No. No. No! He shouldn't be doing this. This shouldn't be happening. He was male. He'd always been male. He squeezed his eyes shut but he couldn't stop fingering himself. It felt so good... He curled his fingers and that seemed to do it. He cried out and did it some more, moaning over and over, thrusting his fingers faster into his hole until it was making slick little sounds. Then he was coming, his insides tightening around his fingers as he cried out, loudly. He shuddered and went still, mind blessedly blank for a moment before he pulled out his digits, gasping.

He lay there on the dark carpet panting for a few moments. What the hell had he just done? He realized he wasn't any less hungry and he groaned in frustration. Of course he wasn't. All he had done was fuck himself.

-

Later on, Will was lying in bed, panting from need, when there was the inevitable knock on the door before the click of the lock and his captor entered. Will sat up and gaped at him, eyes lidded and blinking slowly. He closed his eyes, trying to control himself.

"Will, you're looking a little worse for wear. Are you hungry?" The older male asked, knowing well enough that Will was starving. Will shook his head, eyes still closed and propped up on his elbows. It was taking everything in him not to beg. "Alright... Well then, I would appreciate if you came down for dinner." He said. Will could barely speak, let alone think. He just nodded and slowly got up from bed. His sweatpants had at least dried.

-

In the dining room Will stared blankly at the wall, not daring to look at Hannibal, who was looking more and more tasty with every second. His pants were getting wet again and he wondered if he was ruining the chair. He smirked and rubbed his ass into it a little bit. Good. He would be fine with ruining every bit of furniture in the entire house.

"You seem stressed, Will..." Hannibal said. Will could tell the little bastard was enjoying this. He was shaking now. He had never felt so much need, so much hunger. Will swallowed dryly.

"Well, that could be because I'm being held captive by some sort of sadist." Will said sarcastically. Hannibal was delicately cutting up some sort of pork roast. At least it smelled like it. Will eyed it with a raised brow.

"You smell overwhelmingly of pheromones... Well, in any case I have a friend coming over later tonight for a drink. I expect you to be polite. I have acquired some new clothes for you that I think should fit you nicely and I would like you to wear them." Will looked at him. Bad

mistake. He salivated. Those cheekbones... God, what did he look like under the suit? Will stopped himself and closed his eyes, shaking his head of the thoughts. He held his eyes tightly shut.

"What, are you going to parade your new succubus around for your rich friends?" Will asked.

"No, I will be introducing you as my nephew. You may stay as polite company. However, if you refuse to be polite you may stay in the basement, confined, for the rest of your stay." The older male said. Will was panting. He could taste him... It was so succulent... so delicious... he wanted to devour him.

Before he even knew what he planned he was out of his seat and shoving the table back a foot before straddling his captor's lap. He was too far gone. He couldn't resist. His mouth watered and he pressed his face in against the older male's neck, taking in the scent of his aftershave and licking at his skin. Fuck yes. He groaned and sucked at his neck, beginning to grind his ass into his lap, feeling the older male's erection growing. He moaned, cheeks burning, but he couldn't stop himself. He felt large hands grip his hips and he squeaked a little, jerking and looking at the man as if he hadn't expected him to touch him. His amber eyes glittered and Will panted, mouth open and lips wet. He began to keen in earnest and Hannibal slid a hand to the back of his neck as if to comfort him, leaning in close.

"Shh... I'll feed you... You did very well, Little Succubus." He purred to him before leaning in and taking his lips. Will whimpered and let him take control, the kiss first soft before becoming increasingly more possessive, tongue licking into his mouth, invading him. One hand slid up under the loose shirt against naked skin as Will's hips rolled against him, a thumb sliding over the nub of his nipple and rubbing. Will shuddered and wrapped his arms around the male's neck, moaning into his mouth. He was feeling himself getting slicker as he fed on his prey. He would devour him. Every inch.

The erection beneath him was large and thick and he wondered what it would feel like inside. He ran his hands over his pray's strong chest, knowing he was a good meal, that he would not be left wanting, and he groaned loudly, grinding his ass more earnestly against the thickness between the other's legs. He pulled back from the soft unyielding lips and looked at the handsome face of his meal. His graying hair was falling into his eyes and it was incredibly sexy. He ran his hands through it, mussing it more as he looked at him through heavy-lidded red eyes. His prey would not look in his eyes, instead focusing on his lips. Will grew irritated.

"Shirt. Off." He demanded breathlessly. As soon as he spoke he was lifted and pinned roughly on the floor, a finger over his lips. Now his prey was looking into his eyes, Will's now wide with confusion.

"No speaking while feeding." The other male said, accent thick. Will blinked at him and spread his legs, pulling them up towards his chest in invitation. He never knew he could be such a slut. Hannibal's eyes were narrowed at him and he was suddenly being turned over. Will blinked, thinking maybe he was going to rut against him from behind but instead he found his arms being held back and he felt a rope wrapping around his wrists. Will whined.

"Wh-what-" He gasped, hoping at least maybe he would continue with him confined. He grabbed Will's ankles and actually hog-tied them together with his wrists. Will's eyes grew

wide when the gag was shoved in his mouth. What the hell? Had the bastard been keeping all of that in his pockets? God he hoped he was still going to touch him... Will gasped in horror upon realizing his prey was now walking away and he screamed. The strange noise erupted from him; a weird growl he felt deep in his chest and he struggled violently.

"Any speaking while feeding will result in immediate cancelation of your meal, understand?" Hannibal said coldly. Will screamed again, furiously, glaring in Hannibal's direction. The older male went to sit back at his seat at the table to finish his meal, all while Will lay next to it hog-tied like an animal on the floor.

Chapter End Notes

Whoo! I'm just pumping these out. I guess I've been thinking about this story for a long time... Thanks so much for sticking with it and for reading!

Garden of Earthly Delights

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will lay there on his stomach thinking of how best to murder the other man. At least he had gotten a little bit of "food" per-say. He didn't feel horribly starving anymore. Hannibal finished his food after an achingly long time before beginning to clean up. Will heard him bustling around, cleaning dishes, and calmed down some, no longer ridiculously furious and screaming.

After another half-hour the older male crouched down beside him, holding a box. He rolled will onto his side, grabbing his chin. Will glared. There was still a taste to his captor but it was dulled. Not exquisite and mouth watering like before.

"If you think you can behave yourself I will un-tie you and you may put on the clothes I ordered. Can you behave?" He asked. Will glared for a moment before nodding curtly. Hannibal gave him a barely-there smile before removing the gag and grabbing a chunk of his hair, forcing his head back and kissing him, roughly, with teeth. Will groaned before he was suddenly released and fell on his side again. Hannibal began to untie him and Will closed his eyes, panting a little. He would have been fine if he hadn't just riled him up again, he thought in irritation.

Eventually he was untied and Will rolled onto his back, stretching out the sore muscles. How many times was he going to be tied up like that? He glared at Hannibal who was watching him with an unreadable look on his sharp features. Will sat up and opened the box, rifling through to see it contained black slacks, a blue button-down, socks, and underwear.

"You may go upstairs to your room and change." Hannibal informed him. Will stood and gritted his teeth, thinking about possibly stripping down right there to see if he could get another meal but decided otherwise. He wasn't going to let the little bastard see how much he wanted it. He slowly turned and proceeded upstairs with the box.

Winding down the hallways he thought about escaping by breaking a window... He didn't think he had enough energy right now. He entered his room and closed the door, stripping. There was a mirror in the corner and Will caught a look of himself in it and blinked in shock. Since when had he started looking like that? He had a an almost unearthly beauty. His skin nearly glowed in perfection, eyes bright and glittering a brilliant blue. His hair was perfectly curled and tussled and he noticed his ass was rounder. Will's mouth dropped open, coming closer to the mirror and turning in different directions.

Was this because he had started feeding? He hadn't really looked at himself since before the party a few days ago. Will turned away and shook his head before grabbing the silky boxer shorts out of the box and pulling them on, then the pants, then the shirt, leaving it open a few buttons. He pulled on the black socks and inspected himself in the mirror again. The clothes fit surprisingly well. How the hell did Hannibal even know his size? These fit better than any clothes he had ever had. He noticed the pants were tight in just the right areas; showcasing

his ass and thighs. He blushed. Did he really want anyone else seeing him like this? In the mirror without even being that hungry his lips pouted, fat and wet as if he were ready to give head right then and there. He looked like sex personified. He sighed and ran a hand through his hair before moving away and leaving the room, a little uncomfortable with himself. he didn't want to be this... distracting.

Will met Hannibal back in the kitchen. He seemed to be contemplating different bottles of wine when he looked up to see Will and smiled.

"That is a very nice change to see. You look very dignified." He said, eyes roving. Will snorted.

"Is that why you bought me? To look dignified?" Hannibal looked amused. "Who is coming over? Won't they wonder why I'm here? Like, what, am I just 'visiting my Uncle Hannibal because he's just the funnest?'" He said, putting on an act with a cheesy smile as if he were just a normal teenage boy while doing air quotes. Hannibal was looking at his bottles of wine again, contemplating.

"I have said you are staying with me as part of your rehabilitation." The other male explained. Will blinked at him.

"What, am I a drug addict?" He asked incredulously.

"No, you are recovering from being a juvenile delinquent. You got in too many fights and were selling party drugs so your parents had you sent to me to straighten you out since I am a psychiatrist." Hannibal informed him. Will raised an eyebrow.

"Now," Hannibal continued, "it is up to you to make sure that no one finds out you are being held here because of any other reasons. If Alana were to find out, I will have to dispose of her, which I would really rather not do. She has been a good friend of mine for a long time. Is that understood?" Will stared at him. Dispose of her? He cocked his head, eyebrows furrowed.

"Are you telling me you'll murder your friend if she finds out I'm your captive?" He asked in disbelief. Hannibal nodded, then seemed to have decided on his wine choice and put the others away as if he hadn't just told Will he was willing to kill someone.

"I thought you said keeping me was somehow legal." Will said with a cocked brow.

"It is but very few government officials know of such things and very few people know about your kind. It would be overly troublesome to go through the right channels of authority in order to be considered innocent and in the meantime all of my associates would think me a kidnapper." Hannibal explained casually.

"You ARE a kidnapper." He growled through his teeth. Hannibal raised his brows at him.

"I am not. I bought a dangerous demon from an auction house in the hopes of keeping it safely away from the general population." He informed him. Will gaped at him.

"I am not dangerous!" Hannibal came around the kitchen island and nearer to Will before leaning up against the counter in front of him. He cocked his head to the side.

"What were you doing when you were caught, Will?" Hannibal asked. Will furrowed his brows at him, glaring ruefully. He swallowed.

"I was... at a party...." He muttered.

"Doing what?" Hannibal asked innocently, crossing his arms over his chest. Will made a face.

"I was with a boy from my class..." He grumbled. He could see a smirk, just barely there on his captor's face.

"And what were you and that boy doing?" He asked. Will scowled.

"I was... giving him head..." He muttered. Hannibal raised his brows at him.

"And if you hadn't been caught, would you have continued?" He asked. Will chewed on his lip.

"Probably... I dunno..." He grumbled, crossing his own arms over his chest.

"As you mature you will continue to grow hungrier, Will. At which point, the urge to feed and feed until your partner dies will grow stronger. How long would it be before you had killed a classmate? Possibly even the classmate you had been feeding on when you were caught? What would you have done with the body? If you got away with leaving it there, how would you find your next victim? Would you keep killing? How long before the police collected you? How long before they either locked you in prison or sold you? Your capture was inevitable, Will." Hannibal said with assurance. Will rolled his eyes.

"I'm not an idiot. If I didn't get off of him I would have left him. What evidence would be there to show I somehow killed him? I'm sure it would show up as some sort of brain hemorrhage, correct? If I was really unable to control myself, I dunno, I'd find random men outside bars. Maybe I'd be a prostitute. I dunno. It's not as simple as people deciding I'm just some random monster, Hannibal. If it was so inevitable that I be caught, how is it there are only fourteen known succubi in captivity right now? It's not usual for succubi to be caught. There has to be more than a few dozen of us around. My mother has to be around here somewhere, doesn't she?" Will said pointedly.

"You have a point, Will, yes. However, that is 'known' succubi. I'm sure plenty are in jail for prostitution and murder with no one having known they were succubi at all. I would assume many die of hunger in prison. I'm sure we could go on and on speculating but without any real numbers this is pointless. You are legally in my care, Will. And under specific legal acts, you are considered a danger to society that must either be exterminated or contained." The older male said. Will stared icily at him, wondering if it would be easy enough to grab one of his knives and slit his throat. Probably not. Will huffed and sat down at a stool.

"You have my manual, don't you?" He asked. Hannibal raised an inquisitive brow.

"Yes..."

"Can I see it?" Will asked.

"No." Hannibal said simply, before taking out two wine glasses. Will stared daggers at him.

"Why? I can't learn about myself?" Will asked in irritation.

"No, because I hold the knowledge of your abilities and physiology above you in order to control you more effectively." Hannibal said, pouring himself a glass. Will couldn't exactly argue with that. He sulked for a while, avoiding looking at Hannibal and walked around the kitchen before walking out into the living room. Hannibal followed, keeping close watch of him. Will looked at various items his captor had on display, noting a few pictures of odd-looking creatures, a horn on display that he couldn't identify, and a statue of a stag. He eventually came to a hand-drawn picture of a large castle-like manor at the base of a mountain. He peered at it for a few moments, pondering it. Did Hannibal draw it? Was it somewhere he had been? He looked back at his captor and sized him up.

"Lithuania, huh? Is this in Lithuania?" Will asked. Hannibal nodded.

"It was my family home." He said. Will blinked at him in disbelief.

"You lived in a castle." Will said, narrowing his eyes at him.

"Hardly a castle, but that was where I lived with my parents when I was a child, yes." Will turned back away from him and looked at more art, running his fingertips absently over a small imitation of the David before standing in front of a framed print of Bosch's third panel of The Garden of Earthly Delights, eyes roaming over the strange hellscape it depicted. In the middle of the chaos was a large bird-like creature sitting upon a throne in the process of devouring an unlucky human figure. The creature was the prince of hell. Will thought it quite fitting for Hannibal to have this painting in his home. Despite Will being the one who fed from people, he could quite easily see Hannibal devouring him just as the creature in the painting was doing. He shivered at the image and turned to look at Hannibal, raising an eyebrow.

"I swear this is some sort of joke..." He said, his mind automatically replacing his head with that of the bird-like head of the creature's. He blinked a few times before the disturbing image went away.

"What are you referring to, Will?" The other male asked, sipping his wine. Will nodded to the painting.

"Bosch. It seems so weirdly fitting. I can see you devouring everything in your path... and you have." Will said, coming to a sudden conclusion and truly looking at the man for the first time. He was more monster than Will, himself, was. What secrets was he hiding? "Am I next? Will I fall by your hands?" Will asked, more interested than anything, as if inspecting his situation from afar. Hannibal looked over him curiously.

"No. Not for a while yet." The other man said, sipping his wine again. "You have quite a bit of use still." Will crossed his arms over his chest and leaned against the back of a high-backed arm chair. The door suddenly rang and Will looked in the direction of it, eyebrow raised. Hannibal turned and went to the door, opening it and saying his hellos to his friend before graciously taking her coat. The woman was statuesque and graceful, in a jewel-tone wrap dress that accentuated her curves. Her hair was dark and tumbling over her shoulders and Will's automatic read of her was of a genuine kindness that surprised him. She stopped as she entered and saw Will, looking surprised.

"Oh. Hello. Are you... Hannibal's Nephew?" She asked, eyes wide.

"Oh, yes, let me introduce you, Alana. This is my nephew, Will, I was telling you about." He said. Will felt shy for a moment and looked away before holding out his hand and looking around about her chin instead of directly into her eyes. He swallowed. He was embarrassed. His cheeks felt hot. Someone so obviously kind and beautiful shouldn't see him in such a predicament, whether she knew it or not.

"Um, Hi.... Will. Nice to meet you." He said softly, before eventually glancing at her eyes. She smiled brightly at him, and it was like she was a summer breeze after a harsh winter. The fact that Hannibal, The Prince of Hell, had someone like this in his clutches was profoundly confusing to him. Was his act that good? He looked at Hannibal skeptically and saw indeed, a veil had been placed over the monster, instead a very lovely human suit. He narrowed his eyes at him.

"If there's anything you need while you're staying in Baltimore, Will, just let me know." She said. Will blinked at her, mouth opening for a second in shock. Baltimore? He had been in Louisiana last time he knew. Had he been knocked out for that long that they had actually shipped him all the way to Baltimore? He looked quickly at Hannibal, eyes flashing and wide. Hannibal looked at him curiously as if he hadn't the faintest idea why Will was so shocked. Will eventually composed himself and gave Alana a weak smile.

"Thanks..." He said softly.

"Alana, allow me to pour you some wine." Hannibal said, showing her to the kitchen. Will followed behind, unsure what else to do.

"Oh, did you acquire some more of that Gruner Veltliner?" She asked excitedly. Hannibal looked back at her with a charming smile.

"Yes, I did. A whole stock just for when you might grace me with your presence, of course." The older man said, going to pour her some. Alana looked back at Will.

"I'm not usually a wine girl but Hannibal somehow managed to find the one wine I actually liked." She said, smiling at him pleasantly. Will gave her a shy smile back. "Oh, Hannibal, do you have some juice or something Will can sip on with us?" She asked, being kind enough to try to include him.

"Oh- um, I'm fine, thanks." He said quickly, knowing full well if he did even try to drink it he would be spitting it right back up almost immediately. He must have looked a little down

without realizing it because Alana was now looking at him with drawn eyebrows, concerned.

"Will, I understand sometimes it's better to talk to someone who isn't family... so If you ever need to talk give me a call, alright?" She said. Will gave her a tiny smile and nodded. "Are you having a good time here so far?" She asked.

"Well, I'm not exactly here to have a good time, am I?" He said truthfully, with a little wry smirk.

"I think rehabilitation can be both discipline and fun. It's psychology, not a punishment." She said. Will shrugged.

"I'm a bad egg, what can I say?" He said, with more humor than he was letting on. Hannibal looked at him knowingly.

"I highly doubt that, Will. You don't seem like the type to be prone to bad behavior so much as you might be bored. Gifted minds often turn towards what others would consider more unsavory behaviors when unable to pursue more challenging curriculum." Alana said. Will raised an eyebrow.

"And what makes you so sure I'm a gifted mind?" He asked. Alana smiled.

"I can just tell. You aren't like others your age." She said. Will tipped his head to the side and shrugged. "You know, Hannibal has hardly ever told me about his family, nor that he had any living in the states." She said, almost as if suspicious.

"My mother came to the states before my uncle and I was born here. My dad is American." Will said simply enough.

"He's my only sister's boy." Hannibal said.

"I see. There doesn't seem to be much family resemblance." She said.

"I take after my father." Will said, paying special attention to some lint on his pants. He wasn't sure if Alana was truly suspicious or what she really thought but it was making him nervous.

"Since I haven't said much on the subject, I'll tell you I was quite a lot of trouble as a school boy, myself. I didn't get along with many of my classmates and often got into fights. I became quite rebellious and at one point attacked a particularly strict teacher that was rather unkind to me. Things were smoothed over, though, and I was not expelled." Hannibal said, sipping on his wine. Alana raised her brows in surprise before smiling. Will stared at his captor, wondering how much of this was true. He definitely didn't look the type, but the man had said he was capable of murder; of even murdering his own friend. And why would he really lie about being a 'delinquent' in school?

"Really? I can't imagine that. How interesting. I wasn't too rebellious. I mean sure, I went to parties and drank but I wasn't much of a handful to deal with." Alana said, contemplative.

Will suddenly felt a pang of hunger, his mouth salivating and looking toward Hannibal; his food source, eyes narrowed as if looking upon prey. He swallowed, trying to ignore it. Surely he had fed at least enough for an hour? What more did he need? Will suddenly envisioned Hannibal on top of him, grinding against him, then inside him, filling him, feeding him as Will milked him of everything he had... Will groaned suddenly, too caught up in his own mind until he heard himself aloud. His eyes widened as he was swept back into reality to see both of his current companions staring at him.

"Will, are you alright?" Hannibal asked. Will shifted uncomfortably in his seat, feeling his cheeks heat up.

"Um... I have a stomach ache... maybe I should go lay down for a bit..." Will said, slowly getting up before hurrying to his room, Alana staring after him in confusion.

"He is a peculiar young man..." She said thoughtfully.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you very much for all your support. I appreciate each one of your comments and kudos. Thank you for reading and I hope you are enjoying it!

For Hannibal's "delinquent" times in school I was thinking of Hannibal rising when he was in the orphanage and stabbed that kid with a fork etc... lol

Spotted Hyena

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will lay in his room and tried not to think about his agonizing hunger. Would he have to go completely through with having sex in order to fully sate it? He flipped over and groaned into his pillow. He didn't want to have sex with Hannibal! It was like giving in. It was Hannibal winning. And he didn't want that.

Will realized after a while that he could hear some of Hannibal and Alana's conversation downstairs. It seemed somewhat impossible due to the fact that they were down two levels but he seemed to be able to make out quite a few words. He wondered if, maybe his hearing was getting better because he wasn't exactly human? The two downstairs were talking about psychology. He could hear that clearly enough. He wondered how many other abilities would come through? This particular ability seemed newer, as he hadn't been able to hear Hannibal in his office when he was working with his patients before.

Will struggled for what felt like hours with the ache of his hunger. It felt like his very bones craved it. He felt it deep inside him; throbbing. He throbbed between his legs, his cock heavy, his hole wet. His nipples felt sensitive. He touched them experimentally and shivered.

Will heard the two downstairs getting closer. Soon they were upstairs and in Hannibal's room. Will could hear them very clearly now. They were kissing... he heard Alana giggle, clothes rustling, Hannibal murmuring about her being beautiful, more kissing... then moaning.

Will groaned into his pillow again. He could feel the heat... the taste... it wasn't as sharp as he would like it but he would take what he could get. He moaned and rolled onto his back, arching. He heard slick noises and groans... something inside him stopped and he furrowed his brows, wondering what was the matter. His chest hurt and he was filled with... rage? Alana was taking from him. Hannibal was his. Will realized he was jealous and he shook his head, sickened with himself. He grew more and more incensed as the two got louder; as the telltale sign of flesh slapping against flesh was audible. He growled, deep, low, and inhuman.

He couldn't stop them... That could possibly kill Alana. And he certainly didn't blame Alana for Hannibal fucking her. She had no clue. He blamed Hannibal. Hannibal was playing them both... especially Will.

Will blushed despite himself when he heard a deep groan from Hannibal. It was... delicious. He closed his eyes and laid back against the pillows, caught between seething jealousy and ecstasy. Hannibal's taste... So pleasured... he could practically feel it like he himself was pounding into the hot wet... Will groaned and reached between his legs. That should be him. He should be getting his brains fucked out... He growled. He felt insane; going back and forth between roiling anger and needful pleasure. He rutted against his hand through his trousers, gritting his teeth. Will panted, feeling the pleasure rolling through him as Hannibal's hips smacked against thighs. He heard Alana cry out, heard Hannibal growl and then groan as he spilled. Will gasped, shuddering all over. More kissing... muttered sweet nothings...

Will growled, un-sated. He sat up, running a hand through his hair before clutching at his head in agony. This was torture! He grabbed his pillow and screamed into it; that odd, growling, yowling, deep-in-his-chest thing that didn't sound human. He thought it sounded vaguely like that of a some sort of large wild cat. He dropped the pillow and swallowed, feeling a little better for letting his anger out. It still wasn't enough to completely curb his jealousy, though.

He stood and checked his door, seeing it was open. He knew better than to try the door downstairs. Will had seen him lock it with his key before pocketing it. He decided he could at least wander, and he slowly crept out of his room, down the hall and to the stairs before walking through the hallway of the second floor. Will found that this floor had a library as well as some sort of green room. He entered the library, awe-struck by the large collection. It had two floors as well as a moving ladder to access books. He went to the second floor of it and ran his fingers along the spines as he read the titles. He realized they were sorted by genre, subject, then author. He first checked subjects, eventually finding history. He wondered if Hannibal had read all these books.

Once he got further down the shelf in history, reading the titles, he saw a section on what he would assume would be mythology. They were all books on ancient creatures and monsters. Will blinked in realization. One of these books couldn't possibly have information of succubi, could it? Were they real books about real creatures? or were they just mythology? He wondered, figuring it would be obvious enough once he started reading. He pulled several books out, stacking them beside him before seeing a large ancient-looking tome. It was bound in a dark brown fabric and the title read "Beasts of the Other Realm." It seemed promising. .

Will sat back, crossing his legs on the floor and opened the book, reading the beginning and seeing it seemed rather serious. He flipped through it and saw drawings of different human-like creatures; some more human, some less. One was an aquatic man almost like the creature from the black lagoon... but less ugly. Another was some sort of bat-like creature. Another yet appeared to be a ghoul. Will noticed that the print seemed to have been done by an old letter-press. Surely someone wouldn't have gone to the trouble of using a letter press if this book wasn't important? Will flipped back, hoping to find a glossary. He did find one. He scrolled down the list, seeing "Vampire," "Yokai," "Ningen," "Wendigo," and eventually... "Succubus" and "Ancient Succubi and Incubi." Will's heart sputtered in excitement and he quickly flipped to the page for Succubi. The picture showed a beautiful, lusty, human-looking man. There were several pages on it and when he read it, it seemed to be talking about them as though they were real. This had to be what he was looking for.

"The succubus; a demon of human and demon parentage that looks to corrupt men into sodomy before feasting upon their souls, rendering them lifeless." Will made a face. He wasn't corrupting anyone... they were already like that! Will figured of course this was before people were openly gay or bisexual, so he just sighed and read on.

"These creatures of the other plane feast only on sexual energy to survive. They will feast until their victim is dead and may claw out their victim's throat with their retractable talons or with their beast-like canines. It is unknown whether they also extract the soul in the process, get extra energy from the death, or simply enjoy it. In more recent ages it seems some

Succubi do not possess talons or beastly canines. This may be because of a mixture of bloodlines or as a further effort to hide amongst humans." Will stopped and looked at his fingers, flexing them. They seemed normal. He swiped his tongue over his teeth, finding them the same as always. He continued reading, going over several paragraphs.

"Succubi do not age past their twenty-fifth year, when they are fully developed. The lifespan of a succubus is unknown though there are reports that they may live as long as two-hundred years or as short as ninety. They keep their beauty throughout their life in order to easily seduce their prey. A succubi may only be destroyed through means of decapitation." Will stopped, thinking. He would stay mostly as he was for the rest of his life? He blinked a few times, trying to process this. He had never really been bothered by the thought of aging. The idea that he never would was so strange to him.

"The succubi lay eggs four times in one year for each season. They are laid whether or not they have been fertilized and produce 2-4 throughout the course of one week. If fertilized they will be left in a burning fire. When the fire has died the demon will emerge and remain human-like until it's sixteenth or seventeenth year. Most Succubi abandon their offspring, leaving it to be raised by a human couple. The Succubus does not know it is a demon until it has begun to hunger for men." Well, that explained Will's entire situation. Will realized it was not an accident at all as to how he was found. The idea that he had crawled out of a fire was bizarre to him.

"The eggs resemble a large opalescent pearl and once laid grow further to encase the succubus until it is full human infant size. It is advisable that an infant found in the woods remain in the woods lest you raise a Changeling or Succubus in your home." Will sat for a moment, eyes wide. He didn't think he was ready to just lay an egg. A "large" egg. How fucking large?! Just larger than a pearl? or just large in general? Will scanned the page, looking for any more suggestion as to the size. He found nothing and covered his eyes, groaning. Why did this insanity seem to never end?

"Succubi have several distinct characteristics which distinguish them from humans. Their first is the presence of black downy feathers at the nape of their neck and in place of pubic hair. Succubi have red eyes when feasting on a human being. It has been noted that some have seen the presence of a slick lubricant when copulating that would not be present in a human male. Some Succubi have long sharp canines which are present in their earlier ancestors, while some lack them all together. This also is the same with their retractable claws and pointed ears. Since the extinction of the Incubi the secondary characteristics have grown fewer and fewer." Will looked over the text trying to find information on "taming" a succubus but found nothing. This text seemed more as if they were speaking to some sort of demon hunter, not an owner, of course. He had no clue how Hannibal planned to "train" him.

"A fully mature Succubus must feed from a human man once every other day but many are prone to feeding once or twice a day. Generally the Succubus must go through the entire process of copulating in order to receive a full meal, though they do not need to kill to remain healthy. The succubus is a greedy demon and most often will make sure they are completely sated, leading to them draining their victim of all life force. Immature Succubi must feed twice a week or may feed in small amounts throughout the week to survive though many choose to feast completely several times a week. Through testing it has been seen that a

Succubus can go an entire month without feeding but it's energy is severely depleted after the first week and it begins to look malnourished. The Succubus will die if starved longer than a month. This is a means to kill the succubus, but in order to do so it must be captured. As with most demons, a fully mature Succubus is unnaturally strong and hard to keep captive. It is therefore the most preferred method to simply decapitate it." Will swallowed and absently touched his neck. The idea that anyone would want to decapitate him was strange.

Just as he was turning the next page, the door to the library opened. Hannibal walked in wearing sleep pants and a sweater. Will snarled at him.

"Will..." He said, coming up the stairs to the second floor of the library, "I see you found 'Beasts of the Other Realm." Will glared and looked back down at the book, scanning it further. Hannibal stood in front of him, looking down at him. "I think it's time you went to bed." Will looked up, baring his teeth.

"Oh fuck you..." He growled, looking around for a book that looked chuckable though he didn't like the thought of harming perfectly innocent books...

"Will, I don't want you wandering around during the night while we are trying to rest." Hannibal said. Will made a face.

"I heard you two. How was your fuck? Does she know you have a bitch on the side?" Will asked, rolling his eyes. "I suppose she wouldn't like the idea of you fucking your supposed nephew..."

"Will, I understand you are jealous but Alana and I have been in a mutual relationship for a few years. It is not monogamous by any means. It is more of a friendship. I think you are behaving irrationally because you are in need of feeding. You will have to learn to control yourself, understood?" Will narrowed his eyes, shooting daggers, and got up, standing nearly eye-level with the older man.

"You are not my uncle. You're some sort of psychotic, domineering, pretentious, stupid-accented fuck who thinks he has power because he's rich." Will growled in his face. Hannibal stared blankly at him, though there was a sort of glimmer in his amber eyes.

"Will you follow me back to your room now or would you like to do this the hard way?" The other male asked in his low tenor, almost as though he were amused. Will felt his anger rising up inside of him, suffocating him as if submerged in some sort of thick black slime. He screamed, the sound barreling out of his chest before he shoved the other male into the book case and grabbed his neck with both hands, squeezing, fingers digging into his skin. Hannibal looked at him almost calmly as he did it before twisting, wrapping his arm over Will's, grabbing his own hand, then yanking down with full force. It dislodged the younger male's hands and the larger man grabbed his arm before he could react, a leg going out and tripping him before throwing him on the ground with tremendous strength, wrangling him to stillness on his belly with his knee in the small of his back. Will struggled and yelled but Hannibal forcefully grabbed him by his curls and slammed his forehead into the ground. Will closed his eyes in pain, wincing. For a moment he lay, pinned, panting from the fight. He had never been so furious in his life; had never been in a fight like that before. It was... sort of exhilarating. The older male was panting above him, he could hear it.

Will swallowed, some sanity coming back to him. He had just tried to strangle someone... Hannibal got off of him and Will slowly stood up, blinking a few times in a sort of shock. Hannibal moved forward and bent before grabbing Will by the knees and lifting, slinging Will over his shoulder like he weighed nothing. He yelled in surprise as he fell over his broad back, grabbing handfuls of the other male's sweater, wide-eyed as Hannibal stood and began to walk down the steps to the main floor of the library. The older male had tight hold of his legs or he would have at least kicked a bit. Instead he sort of just hung there, confused, as he was carried down the hallway and up a flight of steps.

They entered his room and Hannibal closed the door before flinging him down onto his bed where he bounced a little before sitting at the edge of the mattress dejectedly, having lost his little battle. Hannibal stared at him for a minute, Will staring down at his hands, feeling lost.

After a few more moments the older male knelt down in front of Will and began to unbutton his shirt. Will stared down blankly at his hands as he did it; fingers delicately working on each button and hole before sliding his shirt off his shoulders. He then undid his pants and tugged them off of him as well. Will let him do as he wanted, too beaten to care.

Hannibal stood when Will was bereft of all but his boxers and went to the dresser, retrieving a pair of new pajamas. He knelt again and took Will's foot, sliding it into the leg of a pair of plaid green sleep pants, then did the same with the other, before sliding them up and over his hips. Will swallowed, staring away from him, silent. His captor began sliding his arms into a sleep shirt before slipping it over his head and mussing his curls, then tugged it down over his chest. Without further ado he picked Will up under his arms and pulled him up the bed to lie against the pillows. He looked down at him, into his eyes and Will looked away, licking his lips. His cheeks stung and his eyes watered.

Hannibal grabbed his chin and turned his head to look at him, face expressionless before leaning down to give him a chaste kiss that left Will rather confused. He furrowed his eyebrows and turned away onto his side, grabbing the blankets and pulling them over himself. Hannibal left, turning off the light and closing then locking the door behind him. Will slept, having fitful dreams.

-

The next day Hannibal didn't collect him for breakfast and only came to his room after lunch, knocking before unlocking the door and entering. Will was resting under the covers, shaking. Upon Hannibal's entrance he quickly threw the covers over his head, hiding childishly from the man.

"Will, I understand you are angry... rightfully so, but I must keep you in line." Hannibal said. Will huffed and curled up into a ball, trying his damnedest not to plead for... anything. He would probably let him do anything he wanted right now if he even tried to speak. Will panted, trying to ignore that his food source was in the room with him.

Hannibal sighed and came forward before pulling the comforter down off of him, seeing he was shaking and pale. The older male furrowed his eyebrows in concern and moved onto the bed, moving Will to lay on his back. Will whined and closed his eyes, panting. He didn't think he could resist. Hannibal gently pulled his shirt up and over his head before leaning

down to kiss him. Will moaned weakly into his mouth. He could feel the energy running from Hannibal and into him, a feeling similar to static at first before rolling through him in a pleasurable wave, making him wet between his legs.

Will trembled, Hannibal's hands running down his sides, feeling his smooth skin. It was divine. His hands eventually found the waist of his pants and pulled them over his hips, catching his boxers on the way. Will whined again, at a loss for words. He blushed hotly as he was exposed and didn't protest only because he felt a strong pulse of desire from his captor run through him. His eyes grew lidded and he whimpered, unable to look away. His sleep pants were stripped completely away from him, leaving him naked, feeling the older male's eyes raking over him hungrily. Hannibal's hands went down his flat stomach, thumbs pressing in at his hips before experimentally threading his fingers into the soft patch of feathers between his legs. Will squeaked a little at the touch before scrunching up his face, cheeks heating in embarrassment. Hannibal smirked at him. It was a definite smirk.

"Remember, no speaking while I touch you, Will. You may make noises, however." He reminded him. Will furrowed his brows and nodded, watching, rapt, as the older man gently wrapped his hand around his hardening length. Will bucked into his hand, crying out quickly before getting a hold of himself. No one had ever touched him like this. He panted, feeling the pleasure raking through him, making him tremble; making him wetter. He spread his legs, not even aware he had done so until Hannibal's hand slipped further between his thighs, fingers running through the wetness gathering there. The other male licked his lips enticingly, Will watching, growing hot and his skin starting to dampen with sweat. He felt Hannibal's forefinger running around the edge of his entrance, teasing the sensitive flesh until Will was wiggling his hips impatiently and pulled his legs up, bending his knees and exposing himself more to his captor's amber eyes. He whimpered again in shame, feeling Hannibal spread his cheeks with his thumbs, eyeing his hole. He didn't know why but being so exposed and embarrassed made him tingle all over and his nipples hardened.

Hannibal pressed the pad of his finger against Will's hole, testing the give and smiled when the boy jerked. He slid one hand up to his hip while he began to press his forefinger into him. Will gasped, eyes widening as it slid inside him; past one knuckle, then two, until it was sheathed completely within. He wiggled on it, panting desperately and whimpering like he couldn't contain it. He arched his back as he began to slide it out then in again, beginning to thrust regularly until it was a fast rhythm. Will cried out and grabbed hold of the bed sheets, knuckles turning white. He made a protesting whine when he slowed down but was rewarded with another finger pressing inside him, stretching him wider. Will's eyes widened, his mouth falling open as two of Hannibal's thick fingers speared him open, his body willingly parting for it. As his fingers thrust into him it began to make slick noises that made Will flush, his body wet with desire and feeding on Hannibal's succulent taste. He couldn't get enough.

Will began to push back in earnest against his captor's thrusting fingers, delighting in the friction. He wondered what it would feel like with the larger male's cock instead. Will shuddered at the thought, close to completion, and Hannibal ducked his head between his legs, taking his cock in his wet, hot mouth. Will cried out, coming around his fingers and between captor's lush lips. He whimpered as he came down from the high, panting hard, and the older male pulled away from him, licking his lips of his seed. He pulled his fingers out as well, wet and shiny with Will's slick. Will watched in confusion as Hannibal looked curiously

at his fingers. After a moment he ran his tongue over them before taking them in his mouth to suck the fingers clean. Will's mouth watered, watching his lips wrap around the digits. It was obscene. He groaned. Hannibal looked in his direction and raised an eyebrow.

"Have you not had enough, Will?" He asked, almost humorously. Will bit at his lips and looked away, too prideful to admit he wanted any more from this demented creature who held him captive. Will didn't notice what the older male was doing until his hand was wrapped around his balls, moving them as if exploring. Will yelped and scrunched up his face in confusion.

"Wh-what are you doing?" He gasped. Hannibal seemed to be contemplating something.

"You have no prostate..." He said absently, rolling his balls in his hand.

"Wh-what?" He asked, distracted by his fondling but baffled none-the-less. Hannibal released him and looked Will in the eyes.

"You have no prostate. When I was touching you I noticed your inner walls became further engorged and had a different texture than is normal with men and you seemed to experience pleasure like a female, with no need to press on your prostate. I also noticed your taste was off when you came but not foreign. When tasting your slick I realized it was the same. You have no prostate and seem to ejaculate only slick; No semen. I was examining your testicles to see if they seemed abnormal." He explained. Will furrowed his brows.

"Uh... do they?" He asked. It hadn't occurred to him that he wouldn't produce semen at all just because he could supposedly produce eggs. It was an odd realization. Hannibal nodded slowly.

"Yes and no. I will have to do more tests." He said. Will furrowed his brows.

"So... it's all... vestigial?" He asked in confusion. Hannibal looked thoughtful.

"Not necessarily. Your penis seems to function fine but it may be simply something akin to that of... a female hyena's clitoris." Will blinked at him, wide eyed in disbelief.

"A clitoris." He muttered incredulously. Hannibal nodded.

"The female spotted hyena has a pseudo-penis and pseudo-scrotum. It does not ejaculate sperm so it cannot be considered a penis. Although they must retract it to have sex. That is not the case with you, of course. It's a very interesting discovery." Will looked at him suspiciously.

"Are you... studying me...?" He asked in irritation. Hannibal shrugged.

"More or less. Succubi are something we don't have much information on considering most of the population don't know they exist. It is a great opportunity for study." For some reason Will was irritated by this. He sat up and crossed his arms over his chest, doing his best not to pout.

"Is that why you came in here?" He growled. The elder man raised an eyebrow, watching Will pout for a moment before considering something and leaned forward, gently stroking his cheek, then kissed him. It was a deep possessive kiss that made Will moan softly, reaching up to wrap his arms around his neck. Hannibal moved them both down to lay on their sides against the pillows as they kissed, open-mouthed and hungry. Eventually Hannibal pulled back and Will was left slack-mouthed with eyes heavily lidded.

"I came in here because I wanted to touch you." The older male reassured him honestly. Will nodded and leaned in to rest his head against his bicep, noting the muscle he felt.

"Damn right you did..." He muttered.

Chapter End Notes

Wooh! Thank you for your continued support, everyone that kudo'd and commented. It means a lot to me. I hope you're enjoying this ridiculous story... I just keep throwing my super weird fantasies out into the void... each time people like them I get more bold. woops! I know a lot about random animals... sorry for comparing Will to a female hyena. lmfao. It seemed like something Hannibal would know.

Please leave a comment of encouragement if you're so inclined. As much as it makes me embarrassed to say so, it does keep me going and makes my day a bit brighter.

Trained

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will awoke groggily, grumpily, realizing he was not in his soft bed in the guest room but on a cold metal table. Last he remembered he was at dinner with Hannibal. It had been a few days since their little spat in the library and Hannibal had been sustaining Will with small make-out sessions alone. Will was sitting idly by as he ate, hoping for a small morsel of his own, when Hannibal had procured a syringe and without further ado had injected something into his arm. Only for Will to wake up here, god knows how much later on. Will assumed Hannibal had finished his food after that.

His lashes fluttered as he grew used to the bright light and moved to rub at his eyes only to find his arms were held above his head and strapped down.

'Again?' He thought in irritation before lifting his head to see he was naked and Hannibal was standing nearby with a little rolling tray like a surgeon would have. He furrowed his brows and blinked at him.

"What the hell are you doing?" He growled, seeing his ankles were also strapped down. The elder man was currently working on disinfecting a strange metal tool with a handle connected to what looked like a duck bill.

"I'm disinfecting instruments for your physical." He said without looking up. Will glared.

"Somehow, I don't remember calling to schedule a physical, could you enlighten me?" Will said sarcastically. Hannibal glanced up and Will saw a smirk grace his lips for but a moment.

"It has come to my attention that I may be the only recent doctor to have procured a Succubus and I thought it would be helpful for the community to have true research done on your anatomy." He explained. Hannibal had taken off his suit jacket, and was just wearing the vest and shirt now and began to roll up his sleeves before picking up a stethoscope.

"So, it hadn't occurred to you to just, I dunno, ask me?" Will seethed through his teeth.

"I thought you might be less than agreeable to the type of exploration I would be doing." The older male said and put the stethoscope to his ears.

"I thought you were a psychiatrist." Will said suspiciously. Hannibal quirked his lips into a smile for just a moment.

"I am, but previously I was also a surgeon." He said before coming forward and putting the round bit of the stethoscope to Will's chest. "If you are a good boy and do as I instruct, I will feed you well tonight. Understood?" Will glared at him, considering it. He was positively aching. "Please take a deep breath in and out" Hannibal instructed. Will bared his teeth for a moment but eventually did as he was told, Hannibal listening intently to his heartbeat. The

metal part against his skin was cold and Will shivered as Hannibal moved it to another area of his chest and told him to breathe again. He removed the stethoscope from his chest and brought it to his belly, listening some more. He raised an eyebrow.

"No gastrointestinal noises. Interesting though not surprising considering you don't eat in a traditional sense." He said as he removed the stethoscope from his ears and placed it back on the tray. Will furrowed his brows.

"You know, if you asked I would have let you listen to my heartbeat or whatever." Will said in irritation. Hannibal raised his brows.

"No doubt. It is simply that I thought you would be testy upon realizing I wanted to do a full examination of your reproductive organs as well, and what that would entail." His captor explained as he began gently pressing at his chest, around his nipples. Will's eyes widened and he tried to ignore how Hannibal was touching him, despite his nipples growing hard under his ministrations. His large hands moved onward to begin pressing at his belly in different areas.

"and w-what would that entail, exactly...?" Will asked nervously. He shuddered as his captor's large hands pressed deep into his lower belly, searching for something. Will noted that his pale eyebrows were furrowed as he concentrated and he looked actually quite clinical as he worked. Maybe he really had been a doctor. He seemed to know what he was doing. Will also noted that he could certainly taste his arousal, though it wasn't very strong, his concentration overpowering it.

"I will be doing an ultrasound, externally as well as internally, and a pelvic exam." The elder male said, thinking for a moment as he pressed a little to the right. Will huffed a little, uncomfortable, and tried to shift his legs. Eventually he let up and withdrew from the younger man to retrieve a machine from the corner of the room, wheeling it forward. It had a screen on it, buttons, and some sort of tool connected by a long wire. Hannibal fiddled with the buttons and typed something in, then grabbed a bottle of some sort of gel from his tray.

Will blanched. He really had no idea what an ultrasound entailed. He remembered seeing something on TV with pregnant women...

"J-just tell m-me what you're doing..." Will said, his voice shaky. Hannibal tipped his head to the side, considering him, before leaning down and stroking his curly dark hair back. He gave him a soft kiss on the lips, as if to reassure him.

"Shhh... just relax. I want to see if you're currently ovulating or about to. I think it's best we know these things so you can be prepared for when you might be gravid instead of upset, yes?" He said, raising an eyebrow. Will scrunched his face up, preferring to not have to think about it.

"Gravid?" Will asked, swallowing. Hannibal nodded.

"It is called being 'gravid' instead of 'pregnant' when you are carrying an egg." He explained. Will winced and scrunched up his face again. He assumed he would be upset whenever it did decide to happen but he figured he would deal with it when it happened. Having to think

about it now was a bit much. It was also a bit much having Hannibal tie him down to get information.

"D-don't you think I might be upset, oh, I dunno, just BEING here?" He hissed. Hannibal raised his brows and un-capped the bottle of gel, squirting some on his belly. Will's stomach twitched as the cool liquid landed on his hot skin.

"Yes, Will, I'm aware of your opinion on being held here against your will, however, that cannot be changed lest I let a demon loose on the city, now can it? I could be held liable if you were to kill someone with your appetite." Hannibal said as he took the tool connected by wire to the machine and began rubbing it into the gel, using it to spread the gel around Will's belly as he began to watch the monitor. He started at the upper part of his stomach, going around in slow small circles. It felt almost like static against his belly, and it was very warm. Will furrowed his brows, head up as he watched Hannibal move the tool around. He looked at the monitor, not able to make out anything truly distinguishable. Hannibal seemed rapt, paying close attention as he slowly moved the ultrasound tool around. He was pressing it against him fairly deep but not so deep as to be very uncomfortable. Will was uncomfortable nonetheless. His captor eventually got to the lower part of his belly, pressing even deeper into his flesh and Will whined a little despite himself.

"Shhh. You're doing very well, Will. Keep still." He said surprisingly gently. Will swallowed and gritted his teeth nervously. He dropped his head back and looked at the bright lights directly above him. He realized he had never been in this room before and he looked around, seeing it was a more of a space for use than for relaxation. Everything was either white or chrome. It seemed that its very use might actually be for medical exams. There were a few machines, most of which had sheets thrown over them. Will wondered why that might be. There was also what appeared to be a very large fridge against one wall.

Will looked up when Hannibal clicked his tongue and removed the ultrasound tool from his skin.

"As I thought, I will need to do the internal ultrasound as well." He said, grabbing a clean white towel and gently wiping Will's belly of the gel. He leaned over Will again and stroked his cheek when he saw the boy was shaking. "You did very well and didn't move. Good boy." He purred to him. Will shivered, eyelashes fluttering. God, he was hungry. He could be a good boy, couldn't he? If he could be fed, he would be good. He swallowed thickly and whimpered. At that he felt a deep need coming from the other man, the taste delicious and heavy on his tongue. "If you continue to be a good boy I will feed you soon. Do you understand, Will?" He asked. Will whimpered again and nodded.

Hannibal smiled and stroked his hip with his thumb before standing up straight and changing out the tools on the ultrasound machine. He then went around to the end of the table Will was laying on and seemed to be unlatching things under the table by his legs. Will lifted his head to see that the table could be assembled to lift up certain parts, transforming into stirrups. His eyes widened upon seeing that Hannibal was bending his knees up towards his chest and spreading his legs wide open. Will whimpered audibly, pulling on his restraints.

"H-Hannibal..." He protested. The older gentleman took his cock in his hand, and Will was embarrassed to see he was hard and leaking. He studied his length and retracted his foreskin,

making the boy whine. His fingers went to his balls, testing, before they slid deliberately down his perineum to his already slick hole. They thrust into him, not entirely gently, and Will squeaked, back arching as they slid in in their entirety down to just before the third knuckle. Will panted, chest heaving, and Hannibal studied him clinically, pressing up firmly with his fingers as he brought his other hand down to his stomach, pressing in the same area. Will squirmed and clenched his eyes shut. He pressed in various places, both inside and out before finally pulling the digits out of him. Will was a wreck; swallowing, shaking, breathless.

"A-are you... going to... to stop soon...?" He managed to murmur, weak. This was torture, if only from the humiliation alone. Will felt hot from the tips of his ears down to his belly. The older male was now taking the metal tool with the duck bill and spreading liberal amounts of lube on it with his fingers.

"Soon, Will. Be still and relax for me. Take a deep breath and let it out slowly." Hannibal instructed him. Will whimpered and did as he was told before Hannibal was pressing the end of the metal tool at his entrance and sliding it inside him. Will's eyes widened and he jerked in surprise. Hannibal glanced up at him, a warning in his eyes and Will stilled, panting hard as it slid the rest of the way in. His captor pressed on the handle and the tool spread him open wide. Will's thighs shook and he tried to look away as Hannibal turned a dial on the tool, spreading him even wider. Will felt horribly exposed; too exposed, and his eyes watered. He felt like he was being dissected. And worse yet, he was getting off on it. Will whined despite himself, feeling Hannibal's eyes on him, exploring every inch of him as if he were a science project.

"G-god- What are you... doing to me?" Will whimpered between labored breaths. Hannibal glanced up for a moment.

"It's called a speculum. I'm looking at your cervix right now. You do indeed have one." Hannibal explained. Will blinked away tears and worried at his lip, trying to hold back a sob. The doctor was so cruel. After a moment he released the mechanism holding the speculum open, withdrawing it from him. Will sighed in relief and swallowed, trying to get a hold of himself. His eyes were tearing up badly. He didn't think to watch as Hannibal grabbed the wand from the ultrasound machine and began to press that inside him instead. Will cried out as it entered him in a swift slow thrust and he arched his back, pleasure raking down his spine.

"Good boy." Hannibal purred as he began moving the wand this way and that, watching the monitor with furrowed brows.

"This one isn't ready yet..." He murmured, then moved the wand to the other side, tipping his head slightly as if that would give him a different perspective. "This one should be releasing a yolk or two soon." He said, eyebrows raised, more to himself than anything. Will opened one eye to look at the screen, unsure what he was referring to.

"Wh-what?" He panted, becoming foggy with need. Hannibal pointed with his other hand to the monitor.

"That would be your ovary." He explained, "And that is a yolk forming." He pointed to a round blur on the screen. Will's eyes grew wide and he looked at Hannibal in disbelief.

"A-an egg?" Will near-whispered.

"Not quite yet. It would be an egg once it forms completely in your uterus." He said, looking at the monitor as he moved the wand some more, twisting it slightly. Will clenched his eyes shut, trying to get over the shock. It was all too much to take in. He had a uterus, and he was growing an egg. He winced as Hannibal withdrew the wand and put it on the tray.

"Wh-when am I- going to... lay... it?" Will said with difficulty, swallowing and looking down at his stomach expectantly. Hannibal hummed and began cleaning his tools.

"Possibly within two weeks to a month would be my guess." The doctor said, wiping off the speculum and washing it carefully with some sort of liquid Will wasn't sure of. "We'll keep monitoring it once a week to be sure." Will glared.

"You're going to just be fucking with my body like this on a weekly basis?" He growled. Hannibal nodded, unperturbed by Will's anger.

"In reward you may take what you want from me... to a certain extent." The other man said, raising his eyes from the tools to meet Will's, looking mischievous. Will narrowed his eyes at him, thinking of refusing. His hunger seemed to near claw at him in response, particularly offended. Will swallowed. He could do this... He wasn't going to be trained quite so easily. He shook his head. Hannibal raised a pale brow.

"You don't want to feed?" He said skeptically. Will shook his head and bared his teeth.

"I want nothing to do with you." He spat. "Let me off this fucking table so I can go to my room." He demanded. The other man looked surprised for a moment before shrugging and coming forward to begin loosening the straps holding him down.

As soon as each one was loose enough Will yanked free of it. Once he was released he sat up and hopped off the table, quickly leaving the room and holding up a middle finger in the doctor's direction without looking behind him to see how it was received.

Will hurried to his room and slammed the door before falling against it, feeling his pulse racing, body aching with need. He could do this! He had gotten enough of a meal from Hannibal just touching him... maybe.... NO! He was fine. That was all he needed. He could restrain himself. Will leaned against the door, fighting with himself as he tried to calm down his screaming body. He was dripping copious amounts of slick from his hole, as if in invitation. Will tried to will it to stop, closing his eyes and gritting his teeth.

Will pulled away from the door, standing up straight. This was ridiculous. He was perfectly able to control himself. This was simply a matter of wills. Maybe if Hannibal stopped acting like being fed was a privilege Will had to earn he wouldn't be so disagreeable to it. He huffed and crossed his arms over his chest, trying to ignore his eye twitching.

-

Will felt like he was quite literally going insane. He had restrained himself for the last thirty hours. He had counted. Hannibal was in the kitchen now as Will paced his room. He could hear the older man shuffling about down there, working with pans and utensils as he cooked. The bastard was taunting him. How could Will THINK with all the noise he was making?! Will clutched at his head and screamed, the strange noise erupting from him, loud enough he was sure Hannibal had heard it.

Will stopped pacing, dropping down on the bed and shoving his boxers down off his hips, palming at his weeping erection.

Without further ado, as if time had raced forward and his body had gone about without his mind present, Will found himself standing in the doorway to the kitchen, stark naked. Hannibal looked up from sataying something and smiled.

"So you have decided to grace me with your presence once again..." He said smugly. Will growled and moved forward, feeling the slick sliding down his inner thighs as he moved. Hannibal finished sataying, turning the flame on the burner off and began chopping up more ingredients, as if ignoring Will once again. Will narrowed his eyes, furious that the older male would outright pretend he wasn't naked and leaking all over the place in want for him. He prowled around the island like a predator before propping himself up and onto the marble counter top, bare ass against the cool stone. Hannibal did look up at that, looking quite surprised, and Will was satisfied to know the man was aroused, practically tasting it on his tongue.

"Will, you're getting slick on the counter..." He said, as if it wasn't obvious he was interested. Will smirked and spread his legs, grinding down against the marble. He licked his lips suggestively, eyes lidded and wicked. "Will, if you are to get any assistance from me regarding what you want, I insist that you clean up your mess." The older male said, lips quirking only slightly in a smirk. Will pouted and moved off the counter, leaving a smear. He went to get a paper towel and Hannibal cleared his throat. "That's not what I mean, Will. Lick it up like a good boy."

Will stopped in his tracks, beginning to shake a little. He turned back around. Anything to get what he desperately needed. He moved back over to his spot on the counter and bent over, ass in the air and hands splayed out on the counter as he leant down to lick languidly at the slick he had left there like a cat to cream. He could feel more slick leak down his inner thigh and he groaned. The taste of Hannibal's arousal was thick in the air.

As he licked up his mess his captor moved around behind him, placing his hand on his lower back to keep him in place and his other hand ran between his thighs and to his hole before sliding his middle finger inside him. Will whimpered and ran his tongue over the spot again. Surely it was all cleaned up now. He felt Hannibal's thick digit slide in and out of him and his legs shook with the effort to keep standing, weak with need. His mouth salivated, thinking of taking the older man's cock in his mouth and he groaned before collapsing onto his knees, Hannibal's finger sliding out of him. He turned and knelt at the other male's feet, looking up at him and sliding his hands up his legs, fingers sliding over the expensive fabric before finding his fly, undoing it, and tugging. He felt like he was on auto pilot; his body doing everything of it's own volition to sate it's hunger.

He felt his prey's finger's slide through his hair before taking a handful roughly in his fist. Will's eyes grew lidded with lust. He managed to free Hannibal's cock from his trousers, groaning from the spike of arousal he received, unsure if it was his own or his captor's. It was long, thick, and uncut. Will licked his lips, about to put his mouth on it when the hand in his hair tugged, pulling his head back to force him to look up at the older man. Will whined, eyebrows drawn, finger's clutching his hips.

"I feel any hint of teeth, any idea that you wish to incapacitate me, it will be very bad for you. Do you understand?" Hannibal asked, serious, eyes dark. Will swallowed and nodded, the doctor immediately letting up to allow him to lean forward, before mouthing at the head of his cock as if in a kiss. Will felt the energy from the older man run through him like electricity and he shuddered, leaning in to lick a long stripe up the underside of his captor's girth.

Hannibal's hand was still in his hair and he was standing still, allowing Will his meal, eyes lidded, chest rising and falling faster than usual. These were the only signs that he was at all interested, with the exception of the increasing energy he was providing to his succubus. Will moaned, a tear dripping down his cheek from the overwhelming feeling of satisfaction at finally getting a decent meal. He felt utterly wrecked with abandon; willing to do anything to slake his hunger. He took the older man's cock deep in his mouth, then, wanting all of it, the head dipping down into the back of his throat. Will watched, rapt, up at his captor's face, seeing him close his eyes for a moment, slightly tilt his regal chin up, and lick his lips, in response to Will's ministrations. Will bobbed his head, letting his cock slide in and out of his mouth until the hand in his hair stopped him from continuing. He blinked up at Hannibal in confusion, mouth half-filled with cock, and swallowed. He hoped to whatever god that his meal wasn't being cut short. Maybe Hannibal was his god now... He whimpered, a plea to him.

"You are being very good, Will. I want you to go to my bedroom and lay on the bed and wait for me. I'm going to put the food away." Hannibal said to him, gently brushing his wild curls back from his face. Will nodded and carefully pulled away with an obscene slurping noise. His cheeks grew hot but he stood and turned around, walking robotically up to his captor's room as he had been instructed.

Will's heart was beating fast as he climbed the stairs, feeling half mad with ravenous hunger. His lips twitched in a snarl as he wrestled the growing beast inside him to at least remain somewhat decent.

He entered his captor's bedroom, eyeing the dark blue duvet and moving towards the bed. He crawled up onto it, shuddering as he thought of what he might do there. He must wait for Hannibal to come upstairs and feed him. That's all he had to do. He could be good. Will whimpered and covered his eyes, crossing his legs as he tried to stop from all but humping the bed, feeling tears running down his cheeks again. He felt so weak. He NEEDED to be sated. He ached for it with every cell of his body. He rolled over onto his back and willed himself to lay still and wait.

The next few minutes of wait were pure agony and when Hannibal finally came into the room Will quickly got onto his knees on the bed, panting, wide-eyed and eager. Hannibal strode

towards the bed; looking so posh in his carefully pressed suit pants and crisp green shirt; sleeves pulled up to his elbows. He let Will crawl to the edge of the bed and reached out to slide his fingers into his curls again, looking at him almost adoringly; like a king to his favorite servant. Will stared up at him through his lashes, waiting, pleading silently. He eventually reached out to try to unbutton Hannibal's trousers again but the man tugged on his hair, stopping him. Will swallowed and closed his eyes.

"Pl-please..." He stuttered softly, turning red at hearing himself beg. Hannibal kept one hand in his hair while he used the other to stroke under his chin, making the boy look up at him.

"Please, what?" Hannibal asked, pale brows raised. Will blinked up at him in confusion, almost innocent in his expression.

"Please...Hannibal?" He said. Hannibal shook his head gently.

" I am your master now and you will address me as such or there will be no feedings. Is that understood?" asked, head tipped slightly to the side. It didn't sound like a demand. Will's eyes went wide and he tried to rationalize with himself in his head... but nothing was making sense. His end game was... food. Feed. Feed from Hannibal in any way possible. Feed from his master... Will panted, letting thoughts of anything but his aching need go. He swallowed and wet his lips, nodding to Hannibal's request. The older male's lips curled in just the barest hint of a smirk.

"So what do we say, Will?" Hannibal asked.

"Please.... Master..." Will begged.

Chapter End Notes

I appreciate all your love and comments brighten my day. Just be nice, kay?

Thanks for reading my smut~~~~ More to come!

Monster

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will was in full-on worship. His hips were placed on Hannibal's shoulders, belly against chest as his lips worked down over his erection. He was acutely aware of Hannibal kneading his buttocks before pulling his hips closer to his mouth, spreading him open, and licking over his entrance. He stopped, cock stuck deep in his throat, eyes wide, and shuddered all through his body. He wanted it. Desperately. He whined as he pulled off his cock, lips making a popping noise as he released it.

"Ha-han-.... Master..." He whimpered, hips shaking. Hannibal did not stop in his pursuit, mouthing at his hole as if it were another pair of lips. He didn't think he could bare this, yet he couldn't bare the thought of ending it. He closed his eyes, licking kitten-like at his staff in front of him, whimpering more as he did it, knees squeezing at wide shoulders. When he didn't think he could hold back a scream as Hannibal's lascivious tongue speared him, he swallowed the older male's cock down, moaning around it. The arousal in the other male was delicious, sating, mouth-watering. Though he didn't particularly feel his hunger in his belly, he fancied his belly beginning to feel full. He rocked his hips against his captor's plush lips, felt his fingers dig into the flesh of his ass.

Will groaned as he sucked him down into his throat then out again, feeling the man underneath him stiffen, then shudder as he began to release. Will growled suddenly, demanding, taking his cock back deep into his throat to take the very essence of what he fed upon into him. He began to come like that, feeling Hannibal's tongue lapping at him as he released and he threw his head back, crying out, spilling onto his prey's stomach, as if marking him as his to hunt alone.

Afterward, he continued to grind down against the older male's chest, only for him to be pushed off balance and onto his back, pinned beneath the stronger body like an insect. Will snarled at him, bucking. Hannibal's eyebrows rose in amusement.

"That's enough for now. You are sated." He said, a demand. Will bared his teeth and tried to bite at him, chomping at the air. How dare he try to interrupt his feast!

Hannibal's eyes focused in on his teeth and he brought the wrist his right hand was holding over to be held by the left with the other before firmly grabbing hold of his jaw and using his thumb and forefinger to push back his lips. He raised an eyebrow, looking intrigued if not completely entranced.

"Grazus..." He muttered in another language. Will snarled again and writhed in his grip.

"Release me!" He demanded, voice low, an odd purr to it. His prey's eyes grew wide and he quickly slapped his hand over Will's mouth before narrowing his dark amber eyes.

"You will not speak when we are like this together. Only 'Please Master,' 'Yes, Master,' or 'No Master.' Anything further and there will be repercussions." He informed him curtly. Will narrowed his eyes in rage and tried to fight him off, screaming into the large hand covering his mouth. "Will!" Hannibal said sharply. "You will behave yourself. Do I make that clear?" His voice was low and held menace. Will didn't like how his meal protested so much and if he was thinking even a little he would have probably tried to appease him in order to receive more sustenance. Instead he screamed louder and tried to bite at his hand to no avail.

Without further ado his captor picked Will up, slinging him over his shoulder as he had done in the library, before walking naked out of the room, his equally naked little succubus screaming and clawing at him before unwittingly sinking newly-formed fangs into his side. He did nothing to stop him from trying to rip into him, just walked calmly down the stairs and into his room in the basement specifically designed to keep prisoners. It was connected to the room he had examined Will in and there was a table saw in the corner next to a length of wall where shackles hung from the ceiling.

He brought Will to that wall before grabbing hold of him and throwing him up against it, Will snarling and struggling with him like a rabid beast. He wanted to tear his damned throat out! Let whatever left he had to give flow into him and sate him until he was full.

The older man seemed to have difficulty as he did it, but managed to eventually hang Will from restraints by his wrists, feet hanging about six inches off the ground. The succubus writhed and bared his teeth, snarled and screamed, and Hannibal stood back to watch with extreme satisfaction upon seeing how wild his little beast was.

After about ten minutes Will's furious hunger seemed to subside and he began to come back to himself, still feeling full but exhausted. He hung his head, looking up through his eyelashes at Hannibal, looking irritated.

"You're trying to train me... it won't work. You're not my damned 'master'... I will devour you..." Will mumbled, hardly feeling calm, but too tired to fight any longer.

"Will you?" Hannibal asked, captivated. Will licked his lips, eyeing him, only now beginning to realize he had grown fangs when he ran his tongue over a pointed canine. He blinked a few times, realizing how much of a monster he had become. He had been in a near-insane rage for the last ten minutes and now he had fangs. He started to shake and he closed his eyes, willing himself to be calm. Hannibal came forward and stroked his cheek, looking at him with adoration.

"It's alright, darling." He purred to him, as if trying to soothe. Will blinked slowly at him, resigned for now.

"How long do you plan on keeping me here?" He asked. Hannibal licked his lips, looking over him thoughtfully.

"Until I am confident you have calmed yourself and gotten over your feeding frenzy." He murmured, stroking down his side with reverence. He leaned in after a few moments of touching him, kissing his lips, soft but with meaning, as if savoring his flavor. His tongue licked along the younger male's pert bottom lip and Will shivered. "You gave me quite a

wound... I may need stitches." Hannibal said against his lips, as if proud of him. Will smirked, looking straight into the strange dark eyes of his captor.

"I can give you more." He offered, tipping his head to the side when Hannibal pulled back. The older man smiled softly. He was incredibly sexy... and charming despite how vicious he was. Will wasn't sure at this point if he wanted to kiss him again, kill him, or fuck him. He struggled again for a moment, whimpering. "You are a greedy little thing, aren't you, Darling?" Hannibal said fondly as he surveyed him. It wasn't a question. He pet Will's hair once more before leaving the room. He left the door open and Will watched as he strode out, whining a little. The bite he had given him was on his right side and it looked deep; blood dripping down from the wound over his hip.

It took Will another ten minutes to fully come back to himself, calming substantially. He had called Hannibal 'Master' as if he were... what? His pet? Will snarled. He didn't like that one bit. He was the predator. Hannibal was his prey. Yet he had willingly submitted in order to be given his meal. Was he not a predator but simply a scavenger begging for scraps? His body had told him to annihilate him; take him into his body until all the remained was a husk and his belly was full. It seemed he had tried his hardest to manipulate, playing Hannibal's games, but then when it hadn't worked he had gone mad, bent on destroying the man by any means possible. Will wasn't sure that he liked the idea of completely destroying his captor. It would be much easier on him if he did... but he just couldn't land on a decision as easily as that.

He hung his head and remembered how the energy flowed through him, how it felt as Hannibal tongued at his hole. He shivered, and blushed upon realizing he still had his own come smeared over his belly. He was sure Hannibal did too, though, and that made him quite satisfied. He had marked him twice as his. Will smiled.

He hung there for about an hour before Hannibal came back downstairs. The older man's hair was wet as if he had taken a shower, and he was wearing trousers, a dress shirt, and a vest. Will glared at him and wet his lips.

"Are you feeling any better, Will?" He asked, tipping his head slightly. Will narrowed his eyes, thinking about misbehaving but decided against it. He wanted to get down from there. He was tired of hanging by his wrists. The younger male nodded and Hannibal seemed pleased by that. He moved forward and used one strong arm to wrap around Will's waist as he reached up and undid one wrist restraint and then the other before setting him down. Will chewed on his lip and looked away from his captor, blushing a little, and looked up at the restraints. He didn't think they had been there for him alone.

"You... regularly kill people, don't you?" He said, coming to a conclusion. The table saw in the corner made little sense considering he saw no wood-working tools. There was a meat slicer in the other corner, and Will remembered the examination table he had been on previously had built-in restraints as well. Hannibal looked at him for a moment, considering, before nodding.

"Yes." He confirmed it. Will swallowed, not really perturbed by that. He was already a hostage. What else was there to be terrified of? He at least had a reason to be kept alive.

"You eat them." He said, not really a question. Hannibal nodded. "But... you don't do anything... sexual to them, like me, do you?" He asked. Hannibal shook his head, expression curious by Will's curiosity. Will breathed a sigh of relief and ran a hand through his hair, turning away again. There were two doors in the room and Will went towards the one he was sure led to the room Hannibal had examined him in. He opened it and saw that was indeed the case. He went over to the large freezer and pulled on the handle, opening the door to see a large stock-pile of meets carefully packaged in air-tight plastic.

Will's eyebrows rose. The horror just simply wasn't there. He expected it, but found none. Perhaps it was because he was a monster himself, now. He closed the door and turned to see Hannibal had followed him in. Hannibal raised an eyebrow and Will just shrugged, walking past him.

"You know... I was thinking of being a criminal investigator... If I wasn't a succubus I probably would have hunted down people like you..." Will said, leaving the room and moving up the stairs. Hannibal was right behind him. Will could feel his eyes on his ass as he climbed the stairs. "Actually, as a succubus, if I ever get out of here... the perfect cover would be for me to be a criminal investigator. No one would suspect what I was." He said thoughtfully.

"Many criminals hide within the criminal justice system or in places of power such as government, the clergy, or medicine." Hannibal informed him, seemingly pleased with this conversation. Will glanced behind him for a moment.

"That explains you then, doesn't it?" He said, coming up to the ground floor in the kitchen. He hadn't realized they had been in a hidden area. They had just gone through a trap door in the kitchen. Will quirked his head to the side and Hannibal covered the door back over with an ornate rug before sliding the table back over it.

"Did you expect to have to bring me down there?" Will asked. In his rage he didn't even remember they had gone down into such an area. Hannibal certainly wouldn't have pulled the table back with Will over his shoulder so it must have been moved before he had even been engaged in feasting on him.

"I thought it was a possibility, yes. You are not yet able to control yourself properly and I was not sure how long it would take for you to contain your hunger." Will sighed and looked down at himself, blushing a little again and ran his fingers over the drying come on his belly.

"I should... probably take a shower..." He said, turning red at Hannibal seeing him like this despite the man previously having his tongue in his ass. Without another glance at the now known cannibal, he turned quickly and hurried out of the kitchen.

-

Later on Will came downstairs, fresh and in new clothes Hannibal had gotten for him. Hannibal was enjoying a meal alone and Will came to the table before slamming his hands down on it. Hannibal looked up and looked pleased Will had decided to grace him with his company.

"You need me. You are the loneliest, loathsome person I have ever met! I know what makes you tick, Master." Will said, smiling wide and vicious and drawing out the last word, letting it slide off his tongue. Hannibal looked thoroughly amused and took a sip of his sauvignon blanc.

"Ah, is that the conclusion you have come upon, Will?" He asked. Will nodded and sat down.

"Something... horrible, happened to you. You are on the outside looking in and everyone is beneath you. No one knows your secret... except me. I am here to provide a service. I am here to provide... solace. You can't possibly allow anyone to live with you who isn't held captive because you can't risk them finding out that you're a murderer. You can't trust anyone even if they were to know. I'm a monster. I'm like you whether I like it or not. We are equals." Will said, leaning back and crossing his legs, raising an eyebrow at the older man. Hannibal appeared to be savoring the conversation like he did with his wine, running it over in his mind.

"You may be entirely correct, Will." He said before spearing a piece of undoubtedly human meat and bringing it up to his lush lips. Will sighed and looked up at the ceiling.

"Two lonely monsters together." He said, softly, running his tongue over his newly sharp canines; first the top, then the bottom. "What happened to you? You don't do something like eat people unless you're extremely damaged." Will said bluntly. Hannibal chuckled very softly; merely clipped tutting breaths through his nose.

"What do you think happened, Will?" He asked, intrigued. Will shrugged.

"You're an aristocrat, European... probably went to some very expensive influential schools... Boarding school, maybe. Probably. Notorious killers who mutilate often have a history of abuse... but they aren't usually very well educated... Maybe you had something happen where you were forced to kill in order to defend yourself at an early age... If I get too close to the truth will you hurt me?" Will asked, studying his captor. Hannibal thought about it for a minute and shook his head.

"Go on. You're not wrong about any of it so far. I can see that you would have been quite good at criminal investigations." Hannibal said, swirling around his wine and looking into it as if he might be able to see the future in the yellowy liquid. Maybe he was seeing the past.

"You would have had to of been extremely traumatized, then adapted, changed, and become someone else altogether. Maybe you saw someone you loved die in the process." Will said. Hannibal nodded, seemingly completely detached from whatever memories Will might be bringing up, though Will noted he looked at his glass instead of into Will's eyes. "Who was it?" Hannibal looked up and Will finally, finally, saw something human in his eyes, for just a fraction of a second.

"My sister,... father, mother." He said. Will looked at him for a long moment, both staring, and Will nodded, almost in sympathy. "You have an astounding skill at psychoanalysis, Will, though I think it mainly stems from what I would call pure empathy. I'm not sure if it comes from your genetic design as a succubus, or your own specific trait. You're... quite remarkable." Hannibal said, setting down his glass and leaning towards him before stroking

under the younger male's chin. Will allowed it, though he remembered never really allowing much touch from anyone else. Was it because of their recent close proximity, or something about the cannibal himself? He wondered as he looked at the man with lidded eyes.

"Does Alana know about your family?" Will asked.

"No. I am not generally likely to bring up my family in social situations." Hannibal said, dropping the hand he was stroking Will's jaw with to pick up his wine glass again, sipping. Will felt a childish urge to pluck the glass from his hands. He didn't, though he eyed the glass with narrowed eyes. "You're envious of Alana. Then you will be happy to know she has taken up a monogamous relationship with a young man." Hannibal said, gauging his reaction carefully. Will knew he looked even just minutely satisfied; enough so that the other man noticed.

"Are you upset about that?" Will asked, smirking. Hannibal shook his head.

"We were not monogamous. It doesn't generally suit my lifestyle." He explained. Will placed his hands under his chin and nodded, thinking.

"Do you usually go after boys my age?" He asked. Hannibal shook his head.

"No. You are an outlier." Hannibal explained.

"I'm missing school because of this..." Will said. Hannibal nodded.

"You would have regardless of me. I am sure you are above public school and would be more at ease educating yourself. I have plenty of resources available." Will shrugged. He had always excelled above his classmates in school; had usually already learned what they were teaching in class. He was the sort of learner that devoured knowledge like food. He had already finished quite a few books while in Hannibal's residence.

"Do you like pretending you're my teacher or something when we're doing things?" Will asked. He wanted to know how far his perversions went. Hannibal shook his head.

"I have no such fantasies. You are already a fantasy all your own." The man said, flattering him. Will swallowed and blushed a little, looking away. He believed him on not fantasizing about how young he was. It seemed unlikely once he said it aloud. "You are quick of wit and, although temperamental, it is not without due cause. I do not infantilize you. That would be an insult. It is enough having a little imp like you in my bed." Will tipped his head to the side, smirking a little. Things were getting a little more interesting.

-

That night, Will followed Hannibal to his room when he said he was turning in for the night. Hannibal looked at him curiously but said nothing as he dressed in sleeping pants, foregoing the shirt. Will sat on the end of the bed, watching him like a cat might watch an grasshopper not really hoping for food, but intrigued by just everyday things the man might be doing, studying his movements, the way his muscles moved under his skin. Will saw he had bandaged his bite. He wanted to see if it had scabbed.

Hannibal passed him as he came around the side of the bed, hand skimming one of his shoulders before sliding in under the sheets and grabbing a book. Will turned and crawled up the mattress to the headboard, looking at the book title and seeing it was in another language. French, maybe. He sat beside him before eventually laying down on his side, closing his eyes. He didn't exactly know why he wanted to be at his captor's side instead of in the guest room. Maybe he really was just a lonely monster at this point.

He barely stirred when he felt the older man's hand brush through his hair, soothing him to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I love you all for being great and supportive and kind. I appreciate it!

Ravenous

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will was ravenous. It seemed his appetite kept growing. Maybe at first just kissing helped sate his hunger, but now he seemed to be in full predatory mode. He wouldn't leave Hannibal alone as he ate; would climb atop his lap and grind his ass against him until Hannibal either commanded he stop or fingered him to completion before returning to his meal.

He was currently back on the examination table, of his own will since Hannibal had told him he would be fed if he did so. Will whimpered when his legs were pulled up and spread in the stirrups. This was so humiliating. His blush spread down from the tips of his ears, to his cheeks, to his chest. He made a noise as Hannibal pressed the ultrasound wand inside of him.

"Y-you know maybe I don't w-wanna know when I'm gonna... lay... eggs..." Will stuttered, looking away in embarrassment. Hannibal just hummed, looking at the screen.

"This is just until we know your cycle. Perhaps you don't wish me to fertilize your egg when you are ovulating if it isn't allowed to hatch. What if we decide to go out and you don't know when you are due and you have to lay an egg in public?" Hannibal asked. Will froze for a moment and got up to lean back on his elbows, staring at him.

"You plan on... letting me outside?" Will asked softly. Hannibal didn't look up from the screen.

"Once I think you are trustworthy, yes. Under my supervision, of course." He said, moving the wand around slowly. Will was in shock. He didn't think he would ever be outside again. He was a prisoner, wasn't he? Will noticed Hannibal raise his brows as he looked at the screen.

"Wh-what?" He asked, nervous. Hannibal pointed to a blob on the screen.

"The yolks are much larger now. I wouldn't be surprised if you began ovulating next week." He said. Will narrowed his eyes at the screen. He saw the round thing Hannibal was pointing at but didn't really have much to go off of.

"How... big... are they...?" He asked, looking away and blushing furiously. Hannibal hummed again.

"The largest yolk is maybe about an inch and a half wide." Hannibal said. Will's eyes widened.

"Th-then how big are the eggs going to be?" He asked, alarmed.

"I'm not sure yet. I have nothing to reference. Anywhere from two to three inches?" Will stared at him as if the man was raving mad.

"Are you KIDDING me?" He asked incredulously. Hannibal raised a brow.

"I assure you, I'm not, Will." He said, tipping his head to the side. Will saw a hint of amusement in his eyes and he growled.

"I am NOT laying that!" Will yelled. "L-let me off of here-" Will tried to squirm back but Hannibal grabbed hold of his hips and stood to lean over him, pinning him to the table. Will stilled, feeling like a rat in a trap with Hannibal above him.

"You don't really have a choice, Will." Hannibal said seriously. Will furrowed his brows, trying to get a hold of his rising panic. The older man looked down at him in a curious manner before stroking back Will's hair in a soothing fashion. "Just stay still for another moment." He said softly. Will swallowed and whimpered a little but remained on the table as Hannibal removed the wand from inside him and turned off the machine. He brought the stirrups down and returned the table to its flat position and came around the side, helping Will up to sit, shaking.

"C-can't you just... you're a surgeon, right? Can't you just take it all out?" Will asked. Hannibal shook his head.

"I have no idea how that will affect you, Will. What if you are unable to feed because of something like that? You could starve. You have no other ways of consuming energy; your bowels no longer work." Will made a pained face and closed his eyes, taking in a deep breath. To his surprise he felt his captor's strong arms around him, stroking his hair. Will blinked a few times at the sudden gentleness before relaxing into it, resting his head on his shoulder.

"Shh... it's alright, darling." The older man murmured against his temple. Will shivered and after a few moments he began to feel... calm. He realized this with a little surprise. It shouldn't have been a surprise. The man radiated calm always. It was refreshing; much better than being amongst his peers who were always frazzled, angry, upset, or completely overzealous.

He let out a little sigh and listened to Hannibal's even breathing, eventually lifting his head to look the man in the eyes. He leaned up, hands on his chest before kissing him, pressing his cupid's bow lips to the others, soft and tentative. Hannibal kissed him back and it made Will tremble, thankful he wasn't standing even if he was sitting naked on the cold metal of the table. He opened his legs to allow Hannibal's hips to slide between them, letting him closer. It was an oddly intimate moment for them. Will mewed into his mouth, wrapping his arms around the older man's neck and his legs around his waist. He ached and he could feel himself getting wet, slick dripping onto the table. He pulled back from Hannibal's lips and looked up at him, panting, feeling vulnerable.

"C-can you...?" He couldn't quite get the words out, they stuck in his throat like thick honey. Hannibal however, knew what he was asking. He licked his lips, considering.

"I don't know if you're ready. It's dangerous." He said. Will furrowed his brows and shook his head, feeling urgent.

"I- I can be ready." He said, looking up to him pleadingly. "M-master-please. I need it." Will knew that part of him that couldn't hold back- the monster- was already trying to lure in his prey by placating him. He wrestled it back and lent forward to rest his forehead against Hannibal's chest, taking in a deep shuddering breath, trying to cage the thing inside of him. Hannibal's hand stroked through his hair.

"You'll have to be gagged." Hannibal said, after another moment of consideration. Will's breath caught in his throat, eyes widening. He licked his lips and looked up at him, nodding eagerly. "And bound." He nodded again. "You're most dangerous when engaging in penetrative sex. We have to have safety measures in place." He explained. Will whimpered and nodded some more, desperate.

"Pl-please-" Will breathed out. Hannibal's eyes were narrowed in on him and predatory. He began to pick him up and Will whined. "N-no! Here. Now. I can't-" Hannibal licked his lips before nodding. He placed him back on the table and moved over to a cabinet, pulling a gag and some rope out from a drawer. He brought it over and placed the ball in Will's mouth, the boy willingly accepting it before it was buckled around his head. He then grabbed both Will's wrists, pulling them behind his back and tying them together with soft red rope.

Will groaned around the gag and brought his feet up on either side of him on the edge of the metal table, presenting himself wide-open for his master. Hannibal eyed him hungrily, seeing Will's hole was dripping and eager for him. Will whined helplessly, unable to talk around the gag but pleading nonetheless. He needed it. He begged for it. He was starved for it.

Hannibal wrapped one hand around the back of Will's neck, keeping him upright, the other sliding between his legs and through the hot slick, finger sliding into him. Will moaned out around the gag, toes curling, and Hannibal thrust his finger into him fast, Will only getting slicker for him. Hannibal slid another finger into him and Will jerked, crying out. He could already feel saliva dripping down his chin. He was so needy for it he felt tears prick his eyes and run down his cheeks. He was so hungry...

Hannibal leaned in and kissed along his neck, biting, not hard enough to break skin but hard enough that Will jerked and cried. He found he liked it. The older man made a little pleased noise and pressed a third finger into him. Will's eyes widened and he bucked a little, panting hard through his nose. He had never been stretched so wide. So far all Hannibal had put in him was two and his own fingers were smaller than the elder gentleman's.

Once Hannibal saw that Will was properly stretched and his slick was pooling on the table under his ass he pulled back, withdrawing his fingers and smiling when he heard Will whine in protest. He undid his fly and pulled his cock out from the trunks he was wearing, fisting it a little. Will forgot how big he was, remembering it had been a little difficult, though not impossible with his nonexistent gag reflex, to swallow him. He raised his brows and whimpered a little as he thought about how it would feel with that stretching him open.

"Shh... relax..." Hannibal murmured to him, stroking his hair back and kissing his temple as he lined himself up with his opening. Will moaned, eyes lidded, ready.

Hannibal began to press into him, cock head spearing him open. Will moaned, watching with fascination; anxious and eager all at once. He wiggled his hips and Hannibal stopped him,

grabbing onto them before pulling him forward so he hung slightly off the table. It was awkward but doable with his arms tied behind him, though Will really didn't care. Especially when about half-way inside, his lover began to thrust. He made a strangled noise of pleasure, the friction deliciously satisfying, and felt pierced as though with a sword; the sensation so sharp and raw. It was double edged. He could feel his lover's heady arousal, animalistic and raunchy, wanting to carve his insides out and replace it with himself.

The energy was electric and threading through Will's limbs like a current. It was different from before; stronger and more exhilarating. The energy was freely moving from Hannibal and into Will like a plug to socket. His skin tingled and his flesh twitched with it. Will groaned low in his throat and Hannibal thrust in deep until his hips met the younger male's haunches. He screamed, though it was muffled by the gag. He was impaled and full and writhing in ecstasy. Will dug his heels into the edge of the table and tried to buck his hips to get his lover to go deeper still. He wanted to envelop him; keep him inside forever. Hannibal stopped him however, and pulled his legs up so they hung over his broad shoulders before thrusting in, hard. Will cried out again and Hannibal let go of his neck so he fell back on the table, arms trapped beneath him.

Will could care less that his arms were uncomfortable. His whole body sang. It was incredible. The pleasure, the satisfaction, the deep overwhelming urge for more. He would eat him up until he was a withered husk if he had to. The monster that took over Will's mind told him he would do just that, despite the boy knowing well enough he was hindered by his bounds; that Hannibal would stop before Will could get a full meal. Will struggled for a moment and Hannibal stopped, raising his eyebrows.

"Do you want me to stop, Will? Nod if you want me to stop." He said even as he was still sheathed inside him. Will stilled, eyes widening before shaking his head quickly. 'NO! Never stop.' His mind practically screamed.

Hannibal gave him a true smile and leaned in to kiss at his neck, grinding slow and deep into him for a few moments as Will's eyes rolled back in pleasure. Will's thighs pressed to his chest, Hannibal's weight bending him. The boy was much more flexible than he had even thought. Will whimpered, squirming and wanting more, wanting the older man's full strength ramming into him. He looked into the other man's eyes, trying to convey this, and to his surprise Hannibal picked him up, cock sliding out of him and flipped him over, Will hanging from the table, naked chest against the cold metal and toes on the floor. Hannibal spread his legs and his ass cheeks apart before pressing into him again, Will stiffening and shuddering as a wave of pleasure ran through him like a tsunami. He panted hard through his nose and groaned out loudly as the thrusts became more violent, Hannibal's hips meeting his ass in hard slaps that had him shaking and breathless. He began coming, body squeezing around the other's tightly, letting out little cries through the gag which seemed to barely hold back the noise. He felt Hannibal's hand on his cock, long forgotten but the touch was very welcome, Will spurting hot into his palm.

Will's eyes grew wide when he felt his captor coming inside him; the sensation almost too good to bare. The waves of energy ran like lightning over his skin and Will wouldn't have been surprised if it had left evidence there; hundreds of lines etched into his skin as a

reminder. His insides milked Hannibal greedily, squeezing around the man's member to get everything he had from him.

Will came again from the energy alone, felt the hot fluid spurting into him. He wiggled his hips as if that would persuade him to release more inside, as if he could make the man give him more with the language of his hips alone. Hannibal groaned into the back of his neck as he came, biting right at his nape, and Will felt like he had been caught; ensnared by a hook. He whimpered loudly, clenching his eyes shut. It wasn't painful; quite the opposite, but Will wasn't sure if he could endure more of this. Yet he couldn't get enough, could he? He wanted the creature atop him to collapse from fucking him; to die blissfully, cock buried deep in his little pet after having come in him too many times to count. Will growled low in his throat; an alien noise from the monster inside him demanding he be released and be allowed to persuade his victim to give him more.

Hannibal ran his tongue over the bite at Will's nape, humming and trying to soothe the little animal underneath him. He didn't pull out yet, stroking at Will's hair and trying to calm him with gentle touch. Will clenched his teeth around the ball gag, panting hard, but leaned into the touch of the man on his back.

Eventually Hannibal pulled out and turned Will around, setting him back to sit on the table. Will dripped come and slick onto the metal. He was somewhat irritated that the older man wasn't more tired; that he had barely drained him at all. Surely the man could spare another fuck. He snarled again and shook his shoulders back and forth as he tried to pull from his bounds. His captor smiled toothily.

"Mm... I like seeing this in you... You are getting feistier, Will. It's exhilarating having you in my care; as if I could tame you. I'm not sure I can... I'm not sure I want to completely. We'll see." Hannibal said, pleased with his little succubus, who growled at him in response. He smiled again and lifted Will from the table and over his shoulder, slung over it again. Will was furious. He knew he wasn't getting more. He screamed that alien succubus scream, he writhed, but the older man had quite a good grip of him.

He brought him to his room and dropped Will onto the bed, the boy laying there, seething, with his arms trapped underneath him. Hannibal pulled his suit off, watching Will on the bed, until he was in his black trunks alone, before moving onto the bed beside him. He pulled Will up to lay against the pillows before leaning on his elbow on his side, stroking Will's face, making him look him in the eyes.

"Calm yourself, Will. Your little beast is angry. You are not. Remember that. You aren't being fed any more today so you must submit to that fact. I will feed you tomorrow. Understood?" He asked him. Will huffed, rolling his shoulders. "Nod if you understand, Will." Hannibal said softly but in a demanding tone. Will stared at him for a moment, trying to think before eventually nodding. The older male's lips curled in a smile. "Good boy." He purred, kissing his brow. Will closed his eyes, breathing deep as he tried to relax and will the beast in him to retreat. Hannibal stroked his hair back, and after about ten minutes felt it was reasonable to finally release him from the gag.

He unbuckled it from behind Will's head before gently removing it from his mouth for him. Will groaned when he was finally allowed to swallow and close his mouth. After a moment

of working his jaw Hannibal touched a knuckle to just under his chin, tipping his face up so he could kiss him. The boy allowed it, eyes fluttering closed and letting out a soft moan, pleased when the beast didn't flare up again.

"Better, Darling?" The older male asked, stroking his curly locks some more. Will swallowed and nodded. Hannibal used the sheet to wipe Will's chin of saliva for him.

Will felt sated. It was a dramatic difference. His body felt more alive; stronger and more at ease. He lay there for a moment, processing it, letting his lover stroke him like a cat.

"You'll let me have that tomorrow?" Will asked softly, not looking him in the eyes, cheeks reddening that he would ask that, but needing to know the answer. Hannibal stroked his cheek.

"Yes, Will." He answered. Will sighed and closed his eyes, relaxing into the pillows.

"Will you let me out of this rope, now?" He questioned. Hannibal hummed, thinking.

"I suppose so." Will let him turn him over onto his belly. He turned his head to watch over his shoulder as Hannibal worked at the knot, eventually letting him free. Will sighed in relief and pulled himself up off his belly, sitting back on his legs and stretching the sore limbs out. He eyed Hannibal as he laid back down. His body was so distinctly masculine; heavy and muscled. He had a very adequate amount of hair on his chest that Will liked and wanted to tug on. He knew Hannibal often went to the gym, leaving him alone in the house. Will imagined him swimming and wondered if the man did that there.

Will moved forward before laying down beside his lover, moving up against him and running a hand up his chest to play with his chest hair like he wanted. He felt the man's arm wrap around his waist and he felt comforted.

For a while they rested and Hannibal seemed to be dozing but Will had questions.

"Hannibal..." He murmured. The man's amber eyes immediately opened. Apparently he was awake. "Do you think my... mother... is somewhere in Louisiana?" Will asked softly, fingers playing more with his older lover's chest hair.

"Possibly. I can see it as being a smart place to set up as a succubus." Hannibal said, looking at Will.

"There are a lot of prostitutes there... strip joints... clubs... It's got a good night life. It makes perfect sense. It's so weird to think my mother is- well, looks male... and is just out perusing the streets as a, I dunno, male escort or something... And... and my dad, who is he? Is he dead? My mother would have had to feed on him to have me...That book of yours, it said succubi don't look after their own young. They just leave their eggs in a fire or something. Why? Why eggs? And why not take care of it?" Will said, feeling awfully alone. Hannibal ran his hand up and down the smooth plane of his back as he considered this.

"I suppose having a regular pregnancy as a succubus would be difficult. If they were to have a human pregnancy they would have to try and feed on someone whilst pregnant. Identifying

as male, they would have a hard time pulling that off without raising suspicion depending on how far along they were. Even if they were to identify as female, they would have a hard time feeding since there is a certain taboo about sleeping with someone pregnant that one didn't personally impregnate. There is also the matter of gestation period... It all seems rather hard to keep secret. If they were to hide they would starve. Then, with the matter of trying to raise the child, I would assume that also has to do with difficulty feeding. Succubi have been said to be solitary creatures with the exception of when they are hunting and feeding. In order to hunt someone else would have to watch the child. If they couldn't have someone else do so, they would again, starve. Better to leave the child to the devices of men; a cowbird amongst robins. It's a fairly normal occurrence in nature; a brood parasite." Hannibal said thoughtfully. Will furrowed his brows. He didn't like being called a "parasite." It brought to mind ticks or leaches.

"Do you think I'm a parasite?" Will asked, troubled. Hannibal licked his lips and shook his head.

"What you take is willingly given." He said. It was comforting to at least hear it from Hannibal's mouth. Will knew he still fit the definition of a parasite but he tried to think of it more as a symbiotic relationship. He felt, for now... maybe he could enjoy that.

Chapter End Notes

I'm having a lot of fun with this fic and I have some great ideas. I have an idea where it's going and how it will end which is unusual for me. Yay! Maybe five more chapters? Thanks everyone for your support. Love to you all. You are amazing.

Amore e Morte

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will had read through a variety of books now. It had been a month since he had been confined to Hannibal's house. He was back on succubi and reading about a particular "cryptid scientist" from the Victorian era who had a captured succubus and had noted it's feeding patterns before capture.

The succubus had apparently been a cabin boy on several sailing vessels, amongst all sorts from navy to pirates; each ship coming back with naught but a hundred men out of the three-hundred or so that had first left. The men had always assumed the others had died of some sort of disease or malady -and some certainly had-, unknowing that the killer was in their midst and had kept them alive for the sake of the boat being returned to land.

The scientist had seen this happen several times and became suspicious. He noted the unearthly beauty of the cabin boy and how others seemed easily drawn to him and was fairly certain the boy was some sort of demon. He managed to capture the boy and did as many scientific tests as they had had back then, learning from the creature, examining it, until it starved to death, wasting away to a near-skeleton within the course of two weeks.

The text had pictures of the original journal entries by the cryptid scientist as well as drawings he had done of the cabin boy. It was a young beautiful man in his early twenties. His eyes were large and unintimidating, hair soft and supposedly blond, lips plump and luscious. There was another picture focusing in on the boy's pointed eye teeth. It was haunting to Will, looking at this boy who was just as he was, who had died so long ago, denied what he needed to survive.

Was it so evil to give in to one's nature? Was it evil to simply exist as he was? He was a predator, and human men were his prey. And who better than human men? Men killed. They killed more than any creature on earth and often for no other reason than pleasure. His kind gave the pleasure back, and the men paid for it with their lives. Very fitting.

Will sat, pondering for a long time, until the feint discomfort in his belly that he had woken up with intensified. He squinted and clutched at his stomach for a moment. It wasn't just in his lower belly, but his hips and lower back. He doubled over. It wasn't horrible, but it was unpleasant. He closed his eyes and breathed slowly through his nose. He hadn't had a sensation quite like this one before. It was strange, and he wondered what was wrong with him. It wasn't as if his stomach worked to digest food anymore. Why would it hurt?

After a little while the pain subsided to a dull ache, then subsided altogether after a few hours. With the withdrawal of pain his other needs came into the forefront; he was hungry. Incredibly so.

Hannibal had left hours ago. To where, Will had no idea, but often times the man would come back with a cooler that he went down into the hidden room in the basement with. Will

assumed it was meat. Human meat, most probably. Will wondered if he was out hunting again. He wondered how the man did it; how he hunted his prey. They both were predators. Just different kinds.

Will imagined him with his hands deep in the chest cavity of a nameless victim, grasping the heart even as it futilely tried to continue pumping blood into its host. Will felt a sudden shiver and licked his lips. Why was that... arousing? He swallowed and started to panic at a sudden thought; what if Hannibal didn't come home? What if one of his victims got the better of him? His eyes grew wide and he hurried out of the library and down the stairs, hoping the man would open the door at any moment. He paced anxiously, before realizing his monster was getting the better of him; that the thing inside him was making him worry for his meal. Hannibal would be fine. The man was also a monster. He was strong and much too quick for a man of his size and age. He was cunning, malicious, and brutal. It was all too obvious to Will what he was. He slouched and leaned against the wall, trying to calm his inner beast. It made him think foolishly. What would it matter if Hannibal did die? Eventually he could find his way out of the house. He could break a window right now, could he not? And yet... Will looked at a window, furrowing his brows. He would wait for his meal.

Will sat in an armchair, eyes closed, resting, his imagination going a little wild on him, but he was allowing it. Sometimes he needed to let his mind roam without inhibitions. He could think with less distraction sometimes because of it. Although he was allowing himself time to simply think, he still kept his monster in check, trying to push off the need to feed; at least until Hannibal arrived home. Unfortunately, his body was beginning to protest; he felt hot. Too hot. He was panting, and he was wet between his legs.

More anxious paranoid thoughts wiggled their way into his brain; What if Hannibal had no intention of feeding him today? What if he wouldn't feed him for DAYS? What if he didn't want to fuck him? Only to finger him, or let Will suck him off or something? He just couldn't abide by that!

Will growled loudly, baring his teeth in anger at his lover for denying him, despite the fact that it had yet to even happen. God, he was so hot! He pulled his shirt of quickly, finding it damp with sweat. Then he pulled off the sweat pants he had been wearing; Hannibal's. Also damp. He sat in his boxers and listened carefully for the sound of a car pulling into the underground garage, and to the sound of Hannibal's key in the lock. He would ambush him. There was no way in hell that he would go hungry today.

When Will heard the mechanical noise of the garage door opening, he moved toward the door that led up from the garage and into the living room. He crouched just to the side of it, heart beating fast, as if he were a lion to hunt a gazelle, hiding in the long grass.

When Will at last heard the footsteps, the key turning in the lock, and then the door opening, he sprang onto his prey, tackling the older man to the ground, who looked genuinely surprised. His amber eyes were wide as he worked to try to grab literally anything to stop Will from whatever he was doing. Will growled, tearing at buttons, and ripping at fabric as though he had gone mad with hunger.

Hannibal realized Will was not trying to kill him, but in actuality trying to force himself on the older man. Unfortunately, the creature was in want to be penetrated and that required more effort than to just impale oneself; especially after having just surprised a man who was clearly not aroused seconds before. Hannibal allowed some angry pawing, amused, before eventually managing to grab Will's arms and roll them over with some effort. Will writhed, panting, sweaty, and beautiful underneath him. He smiled when Will pressed his thigh between his legs, rubbing, finding the man was getting hard and smirking as if triumphant.

"Fuck me. Now." Will demanded. There was a low growl in his voice, and Hannibal shook his head, shoving two fingers into his mouth and pulling so Will's mouth was held open, unable to speak. It was crude, but effective, and he smirked. Will looked indignantly up at him. He wondered if the boy would try and bite him but he seemed docile with the arousal that was already giving him some relief.

"Manners, Will." Hannibal murmured, fighting the strange urge to do what the boy asked of him immediately. The words definitely had an effect even if the boy had no idea he was using his Voice. It was like an odd pull from just behind the eyes, drawing him toward the younger male, almost like plucking the strings of a puppet but not quite trying to control it. It was a suggestion; and if he didn't know better and had excellent control of his own mind, he was sure he would fall to it as any other. The boy was not accustomed to it yet and thankfully it was still a burgeoning talent.

Hannibal allowed his hips to slide between the other's open legs, grinding against his ass to appease the little beast as he let go of his wrists. He kept his fingers in his mouth but brought the other hand to his forehead, feeling that his flesh was quite hot to the touch. He raised his pale brows and licked his lips.

"Will, I believe you're in estrus." Hannibal stated, pulling his fingers from the boy's mouth. Will closed his mouth and swallowed, arching and wiggling his hips to feel the grind of the older man's cock against his opening, almost as if not realizing he was doing it. He furrowed his brows after processing what Hannibal had just said.

"Estrus...?" He said, apparently trying to remember feebly what the word meant. The poor boy could barely think in his current state. Hannibal pinned him down, pressing on his shoulders so Will stopped wiggling so much. He continued to gently grind against him, but wasn't allowing the sort of mindless fucking Will wanted until he got a coherent response.

"Heat. You're ovulating." Hannibal explained. Will gritted his teeth and shook his head.

"J-just... shut up... for five seconds..." Will hissed through his teeth. The older male shook his head.

"Will, listen. You're in heat. You're ovulating." Hannibal repeated. At this point Will seemed to understand what he was saying and his large blue eyes grew wide, cheeks darkening to a pretty pink on his pale cheeks before he averted his eyes.

"Shut up..." He whimpered. Hannibal sighed.

"If I come inside you now the egg will be fertilized. And I will not allow it to be anything but destroyed once laid. Do you still want me to?" He asked seriously. Yes, it was technically illegal to allow a Succubus egg to hatch, however, Hannibal cared little about laws. It just wasn't in his current plan to have offspring wandering around nor to have Will deal with it however he might.

Will blinked up at him, unperturbed by his statement and simply nodded.

"It-it doesn't start to develop until it's in fire, right?" He said, obviously having a hard time concentrating. His eyelashes fluttered as he blinked several times quickly, trying to process information as his body tried to persuade him to do otherwise. Hannibal nodded. "Then... then why does it matter?" He asked. Hannibal shrugged.

"I thought it might matter to you that you would technically be carrying a potential for life. I have no preference one way or another." The older man said. "I always want your consent, Will." He added. Will huffed and rolled his eyes, his chest rising and falling with each quick breath.

"J-just fuck me before I bite you." He muttered. Hannibal smiled and peeled the damp boxers away from Will's body, leaving him naked and trembling beneath him. His inner thighs were wet with slick and his skin damp with sweat. Hannibal pulled his legs up, sliding down between them to mouth at his twitching cock and then at his hole, tasting his slick with reverence, dutiful to his little pet. Will's hips jerked and he let out a small cry, Hannibal watching him with dark eyes, seeing the way he was tearing up at the intensity of his pleasure already.

Hannibal thought it curious he could not feel the pull of Will taking from him; feeding off his energy and life force. He had noticed only after the deed was done did he feel somewhat tired. He did try to pay attention now, noticing little details of the difference in how Will acted in estrus; how his body was pink, trembling, and he was unable to focus. He tried to pay attention to his own body and notice any feeling of weakness, but it was impossible. He was too wrapped up in his little succubus. He wanted to ravage him.

Hannibal pushed Will's knees all the way to his chest and licked at his hole until Will was whining and grasping futilely at the carpet beneath him. He pressed his tongue against the opening until it accepted him and he stroked inside, making his boy wail.

"God- just fuck me already!" Will cried. Hannibal stopped, knowing well enough that he couldn't allow Will to say whatever he liked while they touch, lest he command him with his Voice and enrapture him until he was too weak to resist. He quickly clasped his hand over the boy's mouth, who froze in response, eye's wide.

"What did I say about speaking while you feed? You may only say 'Yes Master,' 'No Master,' Or 'Please, Master.' Next time it happens we stop and you will have to go through estrus alone." Hannibal said with narrowed eyes, watching in delight as the boy panicked and nodded quickly. He spread his legs a little farther apart as if to appease him and whimpered a little; playing the perfect victim when he was anything but. "Now... we're going upstairs." Hannibal said after a thought.

He pulled Will up and into his arms, the younger male clinging to him as he walked them upstairs to his room. He felt his flat tongue against his neck and little sharp teeth nudging at his skin but not breaking it. Will's fingers dug into his shoulders and Hannibal felt the strength in them. He reminded himself that he must make sure that Will is tamed enough for him before he matures completely and is too strong. As much as he liked the boy's beastly nature he knew he couldn't allow him to feel he could take from him freely.

When they reached the bedroom Hannibal placed Will on the bed and pinned him there, looking over his thin frame and thinking. The thought that Will was going into estrus somehow changed things for them. As if he felt responsible for him; that if he came inside Will now, it would consummate their relationship. He was so young, yet he was pleading for Hannibal to mate with him, even knowing well enough he would not be able to rid himself of his mate as other young succubi would do. Hannibal wondered if the boy was still willing to kill him if given the chance. He also wondered that for himself. If he had to, would it be harder after mating to kill him?

Hannibal had never intended to buy anything from the auction. He had been to the creature auction a few times before, simply for curiosity's sake, but when he saw the boy on the stage, his intuition tugged at him and something in him told him the boy was his and his alone. No one else must have him. So yes, he bought him on a whim as he got angrier and angrier that the other bidders were interested until he eventually shut them all down with an outlandish sum. Now this beautiful creature was his.

Hannibal had always had a habit of flirting with death. And now he was doing that quite literally. The poetry of such a thing was yet another thing that made him buy the creature. He could certainly be more amicable to do things if it was poetic. Demons were rare and to hold such a creature in his confines was exciting, invigorating. It was like having a lion as a pet. There was always that danger that it would snap and rip into your neck. But it was so satisfying keeping it and believing it was yours despite that no one could ever truly own such a beast.

It was wonderful watching the boy struggle with his ownership. He wore shame so beautifully; like someone might wear expensive jewelry. His eyes shone with tears, bright and blue, cheeks a glorious pink, and trembling in his arms. Hannibal knew he would never give in but maybe... maybe he could make him love him.

Will was even shaking now, and his face was betraying his thoughts; aware of what they were about to do and caught halfway between arousal and fear. He was wrestling with his instincts, the beast telling him to mate. Will eventually gave in again and whined softly.

"Master..." He whispered, eyebrows drawn, pink lips pouting. What a little trap he made. Surely anyone who found themselves in contact with him was entranced. Probably even before he began to mature. Hannibal saw him for a moment much like himself; drawing others in with charm or beauty, like the light at the end of an angler fish's line, ready to devour any who get too close.

Hannibal stroked the boy's cheek, deciding he must restrain him. He was possibly most dangerous now that he was in estrus. But maybe, he would allow him some other lenience. He let go of Will and moved off the bed, going to his closet. Will's eyes widened and he sat

up, looking murderous that he would simply leave him on the bed like that. Hannibal looked at him in warning.

"I'm getting your restraints." He said calmly before going through his closet door and to a dresser drawer. He had recently acquired all sorts of restraints with Will in mind, and currently, had a specific one he was looking for. He spied it amongst the others; a black leather collar connected to two leather wrist restraints, held away from the collar only by a few links of chain. It would hold Will's arms up, hands near to his face. Hannibal was ever aware that his boy could grow claws at any point. He had grown little fangs so the possibility was more-so. Of course the boy had one of the older strains of succubus blood; It didn't surprise him in the least. He was too perfect, too charming despite himself, too enticing.

He came back out from the closet with the restraints and Will sat there, eyes wide.

"Oh, so now we have full-on bondage shit? No more ropes? I wonder what other stuff you're into." Will said. Where before it might have been more condescending, Will was teasing him now. His eyes glinted with mischief and he got on his knees, licking his lips. Hannibal smiled and Will sat still for him as he put the collar on, enticing as he leaned his head back, exposing the long line of his throat. Hannibal wanted to bite it.

The boy shook a little, everything still so new for him, but he was ready, aching, and willing for whatever Hannibal gave him. Hannibal took a wrist and delicately placed the leather around it, buckling it, making it tight. He then did the other and Will whined, closing his eyes and panting, almost hyperventilating.

"Shhh... good boy." Hannibal purred to him before pushing him over. Will easily lost balance, eyes wide as he landed with his back on the mattress. Hannibal left him like that as he took his time taking off his clothes and putting them away where they belonged, knowing Will was frantic with need but making him wait. He loved to hear him whine.

By the time he was bereft of clothes Will was whimpering and shaking, a wet spot on the sheets between his legs. Hannibal was impressed that he hadn't tried to order him to hurry up. He would reward that. He moved onto the bed to kneel over him, leaning down to take the boy's soft lips in a possessive kiss. His tongue pressed in, invading Will's mouth as he ran his hands down over his ribs, thumbs circling over his erect little nipples, feeling the boy arch up at his touch. His succubus was eager and he spread his legs, pulling them up to his chest to expose his opening, begging without words to be penetrated.

Hannibal pulled back, looking Will over again and seeing Will's eyes were glistening and his hands were clenched in fists where they were held by the restraints. It was horribly sinful and it made his cock swell between his legs.

"Please- master...." Will murmured, large eyes heavily lidded, looking desperate. The older man licked his lips and leaned down to press them to the boy's pert nipple, eliciting a little shriek. He grinned against his smooth skin and bit at the nub as his fingers slid into his body. Hot and tight inside him. He spread his fingers, feeling how wet he was, hearing the obscene noises it made as he moved the digits inside.

The succubus arched up and moved his hips, wanting more and more. Greedy little thing. Hannibal suckled at the other nipple, spreading him open with his two fingers, sliding them in and out of his soft wet body. It was lovely. He could do this to him all day; hear his whimpers and little cries, smell the heady aroma of his pheromones. He inhaled deep at his neck now, smelling it most there. He was aware that there, Will could get at him with his fingers, but he would not be able to do much lest he grow his claws. Hannibal didn't think that would happen until he got at least another good feeding.

Will was meeting each thrust of the older male's fingers with his hips, eyes closed and mouth open and lax as he fell into the pleasure. He was ready. He was aching for Hannibal to fill him. He smiled, lips twitching, moving off the succubus and laying down beside him. Will opened his eyes and blinked, struggling before sitting up and looking at Hannibal, perturbed and eyes narrowed in irritation.

Hannibal wrapped his hand around his growing member and stroked it a few times, getting it very stiff before grabbing Will by his hips and pulling him over and on top of him. Will swallowed, blinking at him, lashes fluttering.

"I want you to do it yourself." Hannibal said, eyes glinting. Will furrowed his brows before his mouth dropped open, as if that was the most obscene thing he had ever heard. The older man grinned. Will got over his shock after a moment and his eyes grew lidded again, looking sinful as he imagined it. Obviously he was more amicable to it now. Will wiggled down his captor's chest, closer to his hips.

"My... my arms are restrained... it'll be difficult..." Will muttered. Hannibal nodded.

"I know. I want to see you try." He said, licking his lips. He felt Will's cock twitch against his belly and Will moaned, closing his eyes. His boy liked the suggestion.

He watched as Will managed to sit up and straddle his hips, on his knees directly over his lover's large arousal. Hannibal helped only by taking his cock in hand and holding it at a ninety degree angle for his young lover. Will whimpered, looking down as he positioned himself. He carefully brought his hips down, pressing his hole to the head of his cock and began to slide down onto it, slow. His eyes closed and clenched shut as his mouth dropped open at the feeling of being spread open. Hannibal let go of his cock and placed his hands on the boy's hips instead.

Will stopped, swallowing, his lover's cock half-way inside him. Hannibal felt him pulsing around him with the beat of his heart; so tight and wet. Will was trembling, as if his legs could barely support him. He lifted a little before sliding down again, pressing Hannibal deeper inside him. He whined when his hips finally met the other's. Hannibal practically purred.

"Good boy." He murmured, reaching up to stroke back sweat-drenched locks from Will's forehead. Will whimpered, still enraptured by the feeling of Hannibal filling him so completely. He seemed unable to move, just impaled there on him. Hannibal let him do as he pleased. He stroked fingers over his quivering jaw, down his neck, before pinching a nipple which made him jerk. Will opened his eyes, panting and looking down at him. He made a little movement with his hips, feeling the short sensation of friction, as if testing it, and let out

a little moan. Hannibal watched with fascination. It was very satisfying watching the boy's burgeoning sexuality. Each new experience something almost mind-blowing to him, it seemed.

Will closed his eyes again, swallowing, before pulling up off him a little and falling back down on it. He let out a cry, throwing his head back, then did it again, and again, getting more bold as he went on, before pulling up almost all the way and sinking back down onto him with a long moan, beginning a series of slow thrusts, hips shaking, mouth hanging open. He was doing his best to stay upright with no leverage; his hands bound up near his face. He whimpered when he almost fell forward but Hannibal caught him and pushed him back down onto his length, hard. The boy cried out loudly, stiffening, while Hannibal held him from under his arms. He rubbed his stiff nipples with his thumbs, as if to comfort, and Will moaned.

He eventually straightened up again, his movements slowly getting faster, Hannibal moving his hips to meet him. Will was letting out little cries with each push into his body. He began to move earnestly, hips rolling and moving and bouncing on top of Hannibal. He enjoyed the sound of their bodies slapping together; watched Will's cock bobbing with the rhythm, untouched. He groaned and arched his head back a little as Will sank down on him again and Will apparently liked that because he seemed to be working to do it again, going faster as he got used to the odd position he was in, bound as he was and unable to use his hands.

"M-ma-master-" Will whimpered, hips jerking and then falling onto his length again, rolling his hips, then lifting, and impaling himself. Will's eyes were glinting with unshed tears and Hannibal pulled him down suddenly to him, taking his lips with his own in a rough kiss, continuing their fucking by thrusting his hips up into his boy's tight wet sheath. Will moaned into his kiss, lips moving against his in equal hunger.

"You look so beautiful atop me, darling." He murmured against his lips as he thrust up into him. Will wailed, clenching down on him. He came against Hannibal's belly, and Hannibal came with him, letting the younger male milk him of his release.

Will whimpered once he finished and collapsed, cheek against his lover's chest and eyes closed. Hannibal smiled and stroked his hair. Apparently, this time, he was full. At least for now.

He indulged his succubus another time that night before making him stop. Insatiable little beast.

-

Will was in a dazed state. His hips and back hurt, and he was very tired. He followed Hannibal around the kitchen like a zombie as he prepared his breakfast. He wasn't even sure why he was following him around.

"It saddens me that you cannot partake in meals with me, Will..." The older man said as he put the finishing touches to his omelet. Will didn't answer. He stared at the omelet, eyes heavy-lidded and unfocused. Hannibal gave him a look and went out into the living room to eat his breakfast. Will followed and Hannibal sat in his chair before holding out his hand.

Will blinked at it. "Come. Sit here, Will." Will slowly took his hand and Hannibal pulled him over to sit in his lap. Will rested back against his chest and closed his eyes. It felt nice. That is until his lover began pressing at his stomach. He whined in discomfort and squirmed.

"Is this uncomfortable?" Hannibal asked, tipping his head to the side as he felt over Will's belly, pressing at a specific spot. Will panted.

"Y-yes-" He gasped and Hannibal stopped, considering for a moment before reaching around Will to cut a piece from his omelet, bringing it up to his mouth and chewing as he thought. Will heard him swallow, his ear close to his neck.

"I think your egg may be almost ready." Hannibal said thoughtfully. Will made a face and shook his head quite vehemently, denying it. "I can verify it if you like, though... I do have a fairly early appointment." He murmured. Will shook his head again, trying to get the thought out of his head. He was NOT laying an egg. Absolutely not. NO. ABSOLUTELY not.

Will swallowed and tried to get a hold of himself. He was shaking. Hannibal gently rubbed his belly, this time comforting instead of bothering him. Will thought it was strange how easily the man went from clinical to comforting; from domineering to thoughtful. He went from frightening to gentle in the blink of an eye. Will assumed it was something to do with him being a sort of psychopath, though he knew the man felt a great deal. The man simply had control of his emotions. He felt... barely human to Will, even though he, himself, was not human.

He watched as Hannibal cut another piece of omelet and brought it up to his mouth; watched the way his lips wrapped around the fork, the way he chewed, mouth closed, and swallowed. He watched the way the man's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. It was oddly arousing. That is until he looked at the omelet again and for some reason only just realized it was eggs. As if Hannibal were taunting him. He narrowed his eyes at the omelet as if it were the perpetrator.

"You sick little freak..." He muttered. Hannibal raised an eyebrow.

"I beg your pardon?" Hannibal said, but Will knew he knew. Will continued to glare at the omelet.

"You're such a dick." Will growled, getting up. He held up his middle finger as he left the room, not looking back.

Will headed up to his room, slowly, on account of his back and hips, which ached as he marched upstairs. Lately... he hadn't been in there. He had been sleeping in Hannibal's room. Will thought of it as if he hadn't noticed it until now, as if it was an unconscious decision to sleep beside the older man. He made a face and laid down on the bed, closing his eyes and covering them with his arm.

He was trying not to think but that was kind of impossible for him. He took in a deep breath, slowly, then exhaled, slowly... Nope, still thinking about how he's... egg pregnant... with Hannibal's sperm. Yup. This is happening... Will groaned and rolled over, shoving his face into his pillow.

Nope. Nope. He didn't have to think of it this way. It wasn't going to be a baby. It was just an egg... a large egg... That he was going to lay soon... Will yelled into his pillow.

He didn't notice when Hannibal opened the door until he was sitting on the bed beside him. Will ignored him.

"Will, I didn't intentionally mean to upset you." Hannibal said. Will made a face into the pillow and thought about kicking him. He turned over, leaning back on his elbows, and scowled at him.

"Yes you did. You're going to eat my eggs too, right? What are you gonna do with this one?" Will asked with narrowed eyes. Hannibal gave him one of those barely-there smirks.

"I was planning on it, yes. I haven't decided yet. Does it bother you that much?" He asked. Will blinked at him, confused, before looking away.

"I... I guess not. It's not conscious... or even going to begin to exist. It's just... an egg. Like... like the ones you were eating downstairs. But... I am NOT a chicken." Will growled at him.

"I don't think of you as a chicken, Will. Do you think that you are like one because you produce eggs? Does this thought that you are somehow... livestock upset you? Is that your main concern?" He asked. Will made a face of distaste. Hearing it out loud was not favorable.

"Stop psychoanalyzing me." Will said in irritation. Hannibal reached out and touched his thigh, stroking with his thumb.

"I'm trying to reassure you. You are much more to me than livestock." Hannibal said. Will glanced at him for a moment.

"I was under the impression you thought literally everything was livestock." Will said with a roll of his eyes. Hannibal shrugged, the corners of his mouth curling, finding this humorous.

"Some people, I feel need to be elevated from their distasteful lives and be given tasteful ones. Even if they must be dead to attempt that. And some,... some I wish to keep a piece of, only to experience them completely. With you, I do not have to cut pieces off to achieve that concept. You simply create a piece of yourself to be given over willingly. It's a rare and interesting opportunity." Hannibal explained. Will looked at him and raised an eyebrow.

"I guess it's only fair since I eat you on a regular basis..." Will said, beginning to find it funny as well. Nevertheless he tried to keep a straight face. Hannibal gave him a genuine smile at that before leaning in to give him a chaste kiss.

"I must attend to my patients now. My last client is at five." He said, stroking Will's hair back before the curls fell back in his face. Will chewed on his lip as he watched him go.

-

Will slept a good part of the day, much too tired despite having a good night's sleep the night before. He had eventually returned to Hannibal's room to sleep, missing the smell of his older

lover. He smelled of some specific -no doubt, expensive- cologne and it was in the sheets and on the pillows.

Will only awoke when he felt too uncomfortable to sleep any longer. His hips hurt, his back hurt, and he was sweating through his clothes. There was pressure in his lower belly and he looked down at it with furrowed brows, heart beginning to beat fast. It wasn't happening now, was it? Hannibal wasn't even back yet!

Will pushed back the covers and hurriedly pulled his damp shirt off, then his pants which were equally as wet with his boxers. He sighed in relief, happy to not be in the sticky clothes any longer. He laid back and tried to relax, hoping the discomfort would pass.

He tried to distract himself by listening to Hannibal's voice from in his office. He and a client were speaking. The other's voice was female and throaty. She was speaking of her horrible brother and how he was ruining all her hopes and dreams. Hannibal seemed to at least think this was interesting, unlike a client that came by at least twice a week whom Will had listened in on before. He thought his name was Franklin and the man was always whining about odd phobias, or about how someone he was probably stalking wasn't responding to his affections. A few times he had tried to get Hannibal to meet him outside of therapy sessions to which he refused. Will thought this was hilarious. He could hear the boredom in the other male's voice, though he suspected that that was not the case for other people. Will could tell Hannibal hated the man. There were little telltale signs; the way he answered questions, puns he made, the tone of his voice.

Now though, it seemed he was talking to a woman named Margot, and it almost seemed as though Hannibal was pushing her to kill her brother. Interesting... That is, it was interesting until the pressure in Will's belly got too intense. He whimpered a little and his body started going into contractions and pushing. Will gasped, head falling back.

"F-fuck! Hannibal!" He cried out. But he knew the man couldn't hear him from so far across the large house. The only reason he could hear Hannibal was because of his preternatural abilities. Hannibal was only human. Will looked at the alarm clock by Hannibal's side of the bed. It was two o'clock. Three hours until Hannibal's workday was over. He would have to do this alone.

Will got up on his elbows and spread his legs as he felt he should do, pushing as he gnashed his teeth together. It wasn't necessarily painful so much as a strange uncomfortable sensation like his body absolutely REFUSED to hold the egg anymore. It was coming out no matter what. Will kept pushing; could feel his body parting around it as the egg came out of his womb and into his channel. He panted harshly, clenching his eyes shut, hoping it would end soon. Surely it was almost done? He pushed and pushed, but at this point it simply wasn't moving anymore.

Will gritted his teeth and reached between his legs. He felt at his hole. It was wet with slick and slightly open, not tight like normal. Surely the egg was near to coming out? Will kept trying; he didn't have a choice. His body demanded it.

It went on for a long time, Will gasping now with each push. It was getting exhausting, and his body was screaming at him to get rid of it but he just couldn't! What was wrong? Was it

supposed to be like this? It had been too long. Will fell back off his elbows, panting and gasping. What if he couldn't get it out? Will began to panic, breathing too fast, eyes tearing up.

He shook his head. No. This was stupid. He looked at the clock. FUCK! He still had an hour! He moved to sit up, his body protesting. The egg inside him was pressing against organs and making it difficult. He whimpered and moved to the edge of the bed, grabbing the bedside table and trying to pull himself up to stand. He immediately crumpled onto the floor.

"Seriously?" He muttered, on his hands and knees on the rug. He was much too weak now. How the hell did other succubi do this? Was something wrong with him?

He tried to lean back and push from on his knees but that actually hurt and he shuddered before falling onto his stomach. He yelped, the contact with the floor against soft tender organs and the egg too much. He quickly rolled onto his back before eventually working to get back on the bed. It took time and many tries between contractions, but eventually he fell back against the pillows, sighing in relief before another contraction hit him. He whined it protest and squirmed, pushing again even though it was no use. It was stuck or something!

How long had it been? He felt as if it had been the entire day. Hannibal must have left. He didn't think to try and listen anymore or look at the clock; too dazed to think clearly. Maybe he had gone to hunt. But hadn't he known Will was close?! He felt tears slipping down the sides of his face. He was alone. He had been alone all along. Surely the man couldn't love him. He was his slave or his pet, or a curiosity. Nothing more. Did Will need him to love him? He wondered as he began to grow hazy.

-

Hannibal climbed the stairs up to his room, surprised Will wasn't in the library. The boy was as curious as himself and had already read so many of his volumes. He loved that about Will. His next spot would probably be his own bedroom so he had proceeded there.

As he neared his room he felt something was wrong. He hurried in and saw his little succubus on the bed, breathing harshly, tense, and clearly uncomfortable. He quickly came to his side and Will, though his eyes were a little open, didn't seem to even notice he was there. He suddenly jerked and whined, huffing as he closed his eyes and arched his back, seemingly pushing. He panted heavily and opened his eyes; bleary and red, finally noticing Hannibal was there. He whimpered, falling back against the pillows again, looking dazedly up at him.

"C-can't do it anymore..." He whimpered. Hannibal furrowed his brows, feeling sympathetic. The poor creature had been in labor for a while now, he was sure.

"Will..." He said softly, stroking back sweat-soaked strands of his hair.

"I-it won't come out... 'sbeen... hours..." He mumbled, closing his eyes again. Hannibal felt truly sorry that his little succubus had been trying for so long. He found it strange how much he felt for the boy.

"I'm sorry, Darling. I shouldn't have left you." Hannibal said, taking off his coat and tie quickly and yanking up his shirt sleeves. He moved up onto the bed and knelt between Will's legs, moving them up to look between them. Will whimpered and tried to shy away but Hannibal stopped him. "Let me help, Ma Cheri..." Will furrowed his brows before eventually letting up. Will's hole was a little dilated and Hannibal spread his cheeks to open it more, seeing the pearlescent cream color of the egg, near to exiting but stuck at the edge. The succubus was just a little too small and tight for it to get through properly. And he was so weak. Hannibal could see the boy was tired; all his energy going into laying the egg only for it to not come out as it should.

Hannibal pressed both his thumbs into his hole and gently massaged it further open. It was very wet and Will's slick was working overtime to get the egg out. It had made a wide dark spot on the bed. Hannibal sat back on his legs and gently grabbed Will's hips to pull them up onto his thighs, then pushed Will's knees back till they hit his chest, giving him a better view.

The boy whimpered and swallowed, closing his eyes, and Hannibal pressed his thumbs back in, gently massaging him further open. It was fascinating, and Will was getting slightly worked up from it; his cock was twitching on his stomach and his cheeks were red. It seemed labor was not painful as much as just exhausting and uncomfortable. That was good.

As Hannibal was working him open Will stiffened and whined, inner walls contracting again. The egg was at the tips of his thumbs and it may have been pushing forward a little. That was encouraging. Hannibal continued working him open as he went through the contraction. He was widening and making good enough progress that Hannibal slid his fingers in now, massaging with three on each hand.

Will's contractions finally let up and he sighed, relaxing into Hannibal's touch again. He just needed maybe another centimeter. He pressed his fingers in deeper until they pressed in around the egg. It was about three inches wide. Will huffed, feeling the fullness of the egg and fingers inside him.

"Shh... it's almost there, Darling. A little more." He murmured as he slid his fingers along the edges of Will's rim, stretching him wider and wider. "Alright. Push, Will." Hannibal instructed when he felt he had enough room. Will whimpered, panicking. "It's alright, Darling. Just push." Will hesitated but began to push when at just the right time he went through another contraction and the egg slipped further down, the tip just at the edge. Hannibal pulled his fingers free and let Will push it out the rest of the way. It finally slid out and onto Hannibal's lap; shining and pearlescent pink in the light.

Will let out a sigh of relief, collapsing against the sheets. Hannibal sighed as well. Until just then, he hadn't realized he had been anxious. He let Will's legs fall back on either side of him and looked down at the egg in wonder. It was beautiful. It was a piece of Will.

He looked back up at Will and saw his eyes were closed and his breathing was slowing. He had passed out. Hannibal gently placed the egg beside him before leaning up and checking his pulse at his neck. It was regular. The boy was simply exhausted. He leaned in closer before pressing a gentle kiss to his pink bow lips. The boy didn't stir but he wasn't worried. He would nurse him back to full energy soon enough.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah... Should I be embarrassed? I don't even know anymore. Here it is! I wrote succubus Will laying a giant egg. I mean is that any different from the alien eggs? I don't know. You got me. It's not even that big. It's like an emu egg. So is that kinky? It is the only way succubi made any sense to me! OMG I'm tired and I'm not making any sense. There you go. Have at it. This is weird but I couldn't stop thinking about Will laying a big emu egg. lmfao.

umm <3<3<3<3 Thanks for reading my weird shit. Kisses~~

Quiche

Chapter Notes

Lol hope last chapter wasn't too weird for you....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will sat cross-legged on the bed, staring. He had laid a fucking egg. An EGG. It sat on the bed in front of him; oblong and a pearlescent pink in the light.

He had awoken to Hannibal gently stroking his hair, an hour and a half or so after he had passed out, and now he was in a dazed sort of shock. He was still weak and exhausted but the idea that he had pushed something like this out of him was so incredibly bizarre. He picked it up for maybe the third time, trembling as he held it in his hand.

He felt Hannibal's eyes on him. The older man was sitting back against the headboard of the bed, still dressed in his slacks and shirt. He had refused to leave when Will had told him he could. Will wondered if maybe... maybe he was concerned for him. Will could see a sort of reflection of him in the egg; not clear, really, just a blur of color.

Will found that he had the strangest urge to put the egg somewhere warm; as if it was being whispered to him by his subconscious. Apparently that was his instincts telling him to put the egg in a fire. Maybe... before electricity there was more fire around so it was more likely a succubus would actually make or come across a fire and just drop the egg in. It was not as if his instincts were giving him specific instructions so he thought it odd that in order for the egg to gestate it needed to be in fire.

He groaned and rubbed at his eye, holding the egg in his other hand. He felt exhausted but otherwise he didn't hurt or feel sore. Everything was back to the way it was before. He vaguely thought about sucking Hannibal's cock to get a little energy back, but even that sounded like too much to deal with right then. He assumed his difficulty laying the egg wasn't entirely normal and wild non-captive succubi were able to lay eggs without going through three hours of labor and running too low on energy. That or maybe many died from being low on energy and unable to go out and find new victims, eventually starving to death. He didn't want to voice his concerns that this would happen again. Things felt... incredibly lonely to him right then.

"How are you feeling?" Hannibal asked. Will broke out of his daze to look at the older man. He swallowed dryly.

"Okay... I guess." He murmured. Hannibal's expression was unreadable but he held out his hand to him.

"Come here, Will." He said. Will stared at his outstretched hand for a while before eventually taking it and letting him pull him up into his arms, laying them on their sides with Will's back to his chest. It was warm and Will felt a little comforted by his presence. The egg was still in the crook of his arm and Hannibal leaned over to the bedside table, opening the drawer before gently taking the egg from Will and placing it there for safekeeping. Will stared at it some more.

What the hell was he going to feel like when they... got rid of it? Did he care? Why should he care? It wasn't alive.

He roused a little from his thoughts when Hannibal moved his hand over his belly, rubbing there gently, then moving to kiss at his neck.

"What are you thinking?" Hannibal murmured against his skin. Will blushed. This was so... familiar... intimate. He swallowed.

"I dunno... I just laid an egg. How do you think you would feel?" Will asked. He meant for it to come out condescending. Instead it came out in a whisper.

"Profoundly disturbed, I suppose. And elated. And baffled, of course." He responded. Will felt him nuzzle his lips and nose into his hairline at the back of his neck. He closed his eyes, allowing the gentle touches. It wasn't usually gentle touches. Usually it was all for a purpose. This was... something like affection. Yes, he felt a little energy from it, but not enough to get excited over. This was just... nice. It was comforting.

"It's all of that. And more. I don't know what to feel... I was... scared. You weren't coming back and... I thought maybe you never would." Will muttered. He didn't know why he was being so candid. Something about the moment. Hannibal's hand ran down his forearm before wrapping over the top of Will's.

"It won't be like that again. It shouldn't have been such. Next time I will be there and it will not be so difficult. This is... somewhat my fault. Other succubi wouldn't have the restrictions you do and would have had many partners by now. We've only had sex a few times. Your muscles haven't been stretched enough yet and you weren't properly ready. I'm sorry, Will." Hannibal said. Will laid still for a moment. Sorry... Hannibal didn't seem like the type to apologize.

"For... for what?" Will asked in barely a whisper.

"That you weren't properly prepared. And that I wasn't there. That it was difficult for you." He said. Will should have figured he wasn't sorry for keeping him. Or for using him. Will sighed and shook his head, letting it go.

"It's going to happen again...?" Will said. It wasn't really a question. He knew. Hannibal nodded behind him, stroking his hair.

"Yes. One more, I think. Are you in any pain? Any dizziness? Nausea?" He asked. Will shook his head.

"No... I'm okay." Hannibal hummed and pressed another kiss to just behind his ear. Will shivered and closed his eyes.

"You're low on energy..." Hannibal assessed. Will nodded and sighed. "Do you want me to feed you?" He asked. Will shook his head. "Do you want me to leave you alone for now? Perhaps you need more time to adjust." Will thought for a moment before nodding his head. Hannibal sat up and kissed his cheek before leaving the room and Will in peace.

Will touched his cheek where he had kissed him. Something so tender about the way he was treating him. Did he just feel sorry for the pitiful little creature he was? Was he giving him a break? He sighed. He didn't know. Maybe he was just seeing how Will would respond to it. But Will generally felt when people were being disingenuous. Maybe for now he would accept it for what it was; simple affection.

He reached out and brought the egg back to his side and he came downstairs when he was ready. He didn't know how long it had been. Maybe an hour.

Hannibal was in the kitchen making dinner. Will came forward and placed the egg on the counter in front of him. The older man tipped his head slightly to the side and looked at the succubus, as if waiting for him to speak.

"I want you to eat it." Will said. Hannibal raised his pale brows.

"Oh?" He asked. Will nodded.

"What are you going to do with it?" He asked. Hannibal thought for a moment.

"Perhaps... a quiche. It should be something delicate yet rich in taste." Will just nodded, as if this made sense. He was still staring at the egg like it was the strangest item he had ever seen. It probably was. He was still light-headed and weak so that may have been a source for how strangely he felt but he wasn't sure. He had to grab onto the counter for support and Hannibal looked at him for a moment before coming around the table to a stool. He sat down and patted his lap.

"Come here, Will." Will swallowed, eyes lidded. He was so tired. He came forward and sat on Hannibal's lap without hesitation. Hannibal pulled him a little closer to his chest and began to undo the fly of Will's jeans, tugging them down his hips a little bit with his boxers before pulling his cock forth.

Will felt the arousal in the man behind him and he sighed, letting him touch him and kiss at his neck. His cock had almost immediately sprung to attention and Hannibal stroked it slowly at first, his lips sucking at his neck, leaving little bruises here and there. Will closed his eyes, soaking in the energy. He hadn't even been feeling the devastating hunger until now; possibly the after effects of laying the egg. But no, he wasn't going into a feeding frenzy. He was lax in Hannibal's arms and allowing him to play with him as he liked without demands.

Hannibal's other hand slid up under Will's shirt, over the expanse of his belly and up to his chest to play with his nipple. Will whined a little, arching into the touch. He moved back

against the older male to feel his arousal against him and leaned his head back against his shoulder.

"We'll get you back to good health soon enough, Darling." Hannibal said with amusement; a smile playing on his lips. Will smirked a little, grinding his ass into his lap. He moaned as a bit of precome beaded at his tip and Hannibal ran his thumb over it before spreading the moisture down over his length.

"Ha-han-" Hannibal stopped at the unauthorized words, his hand stilling on his cock. Will amended himself. "Master... Yes..." Will whimpered and Hannibal continued again, stroking him faster. Will could feel the energy moving into him now in a steady current. It felt good and he could feel himself gaining back what he lost already. His skin tingled with power and he opened his mouth in a little gasp at the electric feeling of it spreading out to his limbs.

"This will be all you'll get for now. Maybe more later in the day. Will you be a good boy and not attack after I let you finish?" Hannibal asked, stroking Will faster as his urgency grew. Will nodded, panting hotly.

"Y-yes master..." He moaned. The older male smiled behind him, kissing at his neck some more as if in praise. He took Will's ear in his mouth and the boy whined, arching. He pinched his nipple and Will spiraled out of control, coming with a cry into his hand. Hannibal caught every drop, pleased, and brought his hand to his mouth, licking it of Will's release without another thought. Will watched him, eyes lidded. His inner beast was telling him to get more; to fight if need be. He wrestled it back, demanding that he be able to control himself. He whimpered a little, but otherwise stayed still, though he held onto Hannibal's arm quite tightly.

"Are you able to control yourself? Or do you think you need some time alone?" Hannibal asked, watching him carefully. Will bit at his lip and after a moment just nodded. "You can control yourself?" Hannibal asked to clarify. Will nodded again. Hannibal smiled, looking very pleased and kissed him on his forehead. "Good boy." He purred to him before lifting him off his lap. Will stood, holding onto the counter for support, his body trembling as he worked to hold back his beast.

Hannibal went and finished making his meal before continuing to the dining room to eat. Will followed and moved to sit on his lap, sideways and resting his head on his chest.

"How come I can't call you 'Hannibal' while I feed but I can call you your name when I'm not? Or is it just a kink?" Will asked, raising his brows and looking up at Hannibal for a moment. The man swallowed his bite and looked down at the boy, stroking his back.

"Names hold power over people. Not only if you have a Voice such as yours, but also in simple conversation. People are more amenable if one uses their name more when speaking to them. In the case of your Voice, you get what you want through the power of suggestion but many times over to the point where it is a true talent." Hannibal explained. Will thought it interesting that Hannibal would reveal this to him and blinked.

"You're saying you would be more likely to become entranced if I used your name? So you keep me subservient to you while feeding to lessen my power over you?" Will asked.

Hannibal nodded.

"Even without your Voice, words are powerful things. Saying something aloud even if you don't believe it to be true yourself, can make you more susceptible to it. That is why speaking aloud positive affirmations in psychology is often quite effective." Hannibal explained before taking another bite of his meal. Will licked his lips, nodding.

"You think I won't try to use your name while feeding, then?" Will asked, smirking a little despite trying NOT to flirt. Hannibal shook his head incrementally.

"I believe I have enough control over my mental state that it would not affect me enough to render me helpless but I have no intent to let you run wild with it so I wouldn't try, Will. That is, unless you want to be chained in the basement for a period of time." Hannibal threatened, though not in a dark manner. He seemed to be enjoying the conversation and pecked Will on the cheek. Will blushed.

"Are you so sure you aren't having me call you 'Master' as a kink?" Will teased. Hannibal's lips curled and he didn't answer.

-

Will watched Hannibal the next morning with wide eyes as he cracked the egg open over a bowl. It was much harder than a chicken egg, apparently, but Hannibal seemed to have been prepared for that. He had very carefully scored it with a saw before then using a knife, then gently tapping with the back of the knife until it began to crack before pulling off the top piece of the shell. What came out was a large yolk and white with a slightly more custard-like texture than the normal eggs one would use from the supermarket. Will raised his brows at it.

"You know it has, like, your semen in it, right?" Hannibal looked amused.

"I would assume if it was fertilized, it would indeed hold my DNA." He said. Will snorted, thinking this all ridiculous. Hannibal began to whisk the yolk and white together with Will looking on in a sort of mock-horror, though he honestly didn't know what to feel about it.

"That's like... me... mostly..." He muttered.

"Actually, at this point I think it would be a combination of us. It isn't ready to start forming anything but the DNA runs throughout it." Hannibal explained. Will blinked, realizing he really had been carrying something close to being alive. That the egg was both him and Hannibal. He stared at it in the bowl.

"So you're eating... both of us." Hannibal nodded.

After a few minutes Will was holding back laughter at his next thought. "Hmm...I wonder if I'm considered more bird or mammal..."

"Mammals produce milk. I am not sure if you produce milk but I would assume not based on the fact that your species are brood parasites and the fact that you have yet to show any signs of lactation. Which would make you more bird than mammal. If you did produce milk you

would possibly be considered a monotreme. Like a platypus." He said. Will wrinkled his nose.

"A platypus." He stated flatly.

"That or an Echidna." Hannibal explained and began adding cream to the egg. Will couldn't hold in his laughter anymore and started up snorting into his hand. Hannibal raised his eyebrows at him but smirked as well. He began adding other ingredients to the egg mixture as Will let out a few giggles. It was all too absurd to take too seriously at the moment.

He eventually took the pie crust out of the oven and poured the egg mixture into it before adding a few touches to the top. As he did this Will started to feel a little dizzy and nauseous, his belly aching faintly. He watched as Hannibal placed the pastry back into the oven to cook to completion. When Hannibal turned he noticed Will looked a little pale and he furrowed his brows.

"Are you alright, Will?" He asked, coming over to put a hand to his forehead. Will nodded.

"A little nauseous..." He muttered. "Stomach hurts..."

"Did you feel this way on Wednesday before your heat?" He asked. Will nodded and swallowed. He leaned into Hannibal's touch.

"You're probably beginning to ovulate again." He said. Will furrowed his brows and groaned.

"Really?" He asked. Hannibal nodded.

"We have a while for the quiche to bake. I would like to examine you. Let's go downstairs." He said, moving over to the table and pushing it aside before pulling back the carpet. He unlatched the door and pulled it open before descending down the stairs. Will groaned.

"Do I have to?" He asked, standing at the top of the stairs. Hannibal looked behind him and raised his pale brows.

"Well, if you would like to spend your heat alone, then no, you don't have to." Hannibal said simply as if it weren't a threat. Will bared his teeth, snarling before stomping down the stairs.

"You're an evil little git..." Will muttered. "I'm just an experiment to you."

"You're much more than that, Will." Hannibal said softly. Will furrowed his brows.

"Like a plaything? Or livestock?" He snapped.

"More than that as well." Hannibal said before bringing Will into the room with chains which currently had another occupant in it strapped to a chair. Will's eyes grew wide. It was a man Hannibal's age and his legs were recently amputated. Hannibal strode past as if the man wasn't there, but Will stopped, his mouth open in shock. The captive had several IVs connected to him and the stumps of his legs were bandaged. The man looked up groggily and raised his brows at Hannibal.

"Interesting that you would bring this boy down here, Hannibal. Another snack?" He said wryly, as if he hadn't been disassembled. He had a rough beard and dark eyes and didn't seem to be a simple innocent bystander by the way he was acting.

"Gideon, this is Will. Will, this is Abel Gideon. He has been taking credit for my artwork and I have been marinating his legs." Hannibal said as if this were a normal meeting. Will's mouth remained open.

"Pleasure to meet you, Will." Gideon said. Will blinked a few times at him and swallowed before looking at Hannibal.

"Were you going to tell me you were torturing and eating someone down here or were you just going to keep it a secret?" He asked Hannibal. Hannibal stared at him neutrally.

"I didn't think it was anything to discuss. You know my habits." Hannibal explained. Will furrowed his brows.

"I-I don't- I... didn't know you were doing it down here-"

"Hush, of course you did, Will. I have all of this down here for a reason and it wasn't made recently just to hold you. You knew that." Hannibal said, exposing the truth to even Will. Will didn't want to admit what part he played in all this; being complacent to the murder of other people.

"I- I don't want to see this!" Will cried. Hannibal sighed.

"Gideon is hardly innocent, Will. He murdered his family among other things. Now come into the examination room." He said. Will shook his head.

"No." He began backing up, seeing how Gideon was looking at them with curiosity. "I'm going upstairs." He murmured.

"Will, I won't be allowing you to feed if you do that." Hannibal said. Will shook his head.

"I-I don't care. Leave me out of your sick games." He growled, hurrying up the steps and out of the basement before running up to his room. He slammed the door and paced, trying to think of why he wasn't even more horrified than he was. It was more that Hannibal had shown him it than anything. Not the action of cutting up a live person. The idea that he could simply be privy to all this; that he was barely human anymore... it wasn't right. He had been so removed from his old life and the rest of the world for over a month. The rest of his life seemed like a dream. Now he was just... a succubus. A succubus living with a murderer.

He fell into his bed and groaned.

-

Will felt like he was crawling out of his skin. He was fighting the urge to scream. Everything in him wanted to go downstairs and wrestle Hannibal into submission before forcibly fucking himself on him. But NO! He wasn't going to do that! Will gritted his teeth, whimpering as he covered his face with his hands. He rolled on the bed and onto his belly, thrusting against the

sheets. Then his hands were in his pants and he was stroking himself, then inside himself and it wasn't enough! Will sobbed, actual tears running down his face. He was going mad with the heat. His thoughts were running in continuous circles; Fuck- no don't fuck- mate- mate-he is your MEAL- resist your urges! Will covered his ears and let out a scream.

He didn't even realize he was doing it before he found himself walking down the hallway and into the kitchen, seeing that the hidden door was still open. He hurried down the steps in just his jeans. He had no idea where his shirt went. It was too damn hot. Hannibal was in the room with the man in the wheelchair and he was currently working at an arm on one of the counters. Will didn't pay it any attention and came up behind him, wrapping his arms around his waist before leaning up to lick a wet stripe up his prey's neck.

"Will, I see you've gone into heat..." Hannibal said neutrally, working with his knife on the piece of meat still.

"Come upstairs with me." Will purred in his ear. "I forgive you, just fuck me, okay?" Will paid no mind to the drugged but still lucid amputee in the corner. Hannibal shook his head.

"No, Will." Will growled, fury raging through him. He opened his mouth at Hannibal's neck and bit down, fangs and blunt teeth piercing through the skin. His nails bit into Hannibal's side, points tearing through the shirt and into flesh. Hannibal froze, eyes wide. He immediately grabbed Will's head tightly in his hands, but stayed very still. Will froze as well, blood welling up in his mouth and running down Hannibal's neck.

"Will, if you do not let go immediately I will break your neck whether or not you choose to take a piece out of me." Hannibal said calmly but with menace. Will's brain seemed to start functioning for a moment, if only for self-preservation. He carefully withdrew his teeth, blood flowing out of his mouth and released Hannibal's neck. Hannibal did not let go of the tight grip he had on his head. "And your claws." Hannibal instructed. Will blinked, confused before realizing he had sunk his nails into Hannibal's sides. He eased up and let go of Hannibal's waist, breathing hard, eyes wide. Hannibal didn't let go of his head but turned quickly before slamming Will into the wall and quickly taking hold of his wrists. Will struggled and it seemed that Hannibal was having some trouble holding him. Will snarled, his cheek against cold concrete. Hannibal eventually wrestled Will's hands up and into shackles that hung above before pulling back, looking disheveled. His hair was a mess with his bangs hanging in his eyes and he was bleeding from his neck and sides. He was panting a little, as was Will. Will snarled again, trying to pull away from the wall to no avail.

"I'm disappointed in you, Will..." Hannibal said softly. Will huffed, panting and desperate.

"Y-you don't understand- I- I need- I need-" Hannibal shook his head.

"I understand well enough. I should have thought to confine you to your room. My mistake." He said before coming closer and looking up at Will's hands. Will looked up as well. His eyes widened. He had claws. They had sprouted out of his fingertips just under his regular nails like a cat's! He whimpered, watching as he moved his fingers and clacked the claws of his thumb and forefinger together. He looked back at Hannibal, tears running down his cheeks, now.

"You-you can't just leave me here..." He whimpered. The need was a physical pain now and he would beg if he had to. "Please, Hannibal- Master- I'll be good. Just don't leave me down here." Hannibal shook his head and turned.

"I'll come back down to check on you in a few hours." He said as he left the basement. Will watched after him with wide watery eyes before looking back up at his claws, cursing his existence. How many more little surprises like this one? Would he sprout horns next? He doubted it. Based on his reading this was probably the last of his transformation. He was beginning to shake; his body going into melt-down mode. He closed his eyes tightly as if he were watching a horror movie and it was too frightening to watch anymore. Will clenched his hands into fists and let the claws dig into his palms; the pain keeping him a little more lucid. He felt blood running down from them onto his arms and focused on the dripping, the pain, and the way he could feel his claws like an extension of his fingertips.

Will began to grow steadily worse until he went frantic and screamed and cursed and fought, eventually collapsing and letting the restraints hold him up. He was overheated and damp with sweat from head to toe.

"What's wrong with you, Boy?" A voice asked him from out of the blue. Will's vision swam as he looked up from where he was hanging, confused. He had forgotten the amputee was there. He opened his eyes to see him still sitting in the wheelchair. Earlier he had had two arms. Now he was left with just the single limb. It was cuffed to the arm of the chair and the man was drumming his fingers on the end. He seemed strangely calm despite his unfortunate predicament. Will furrowed his brows at him.

"I-I-... I'm a monster..." He said, voice wavering. What the hell was he even saying? Why was he answering? He clenched his jaw and gritted his teeth, trying to control his shaking. The man raised a brow. Will could see that before he had lost most of his limbs he had probably been a rather terrifying presence.

"A monster..." The man said incredulously. Will snarled, irritated and baring his teeth, exposing his unusually sharp canines.

"Yes, you completely worthless night crawler." Will hissed. He wanted to scream at the man to fuck him but he obviously had no legs. He closed his eyes again, trying to get a hold of himself. His skin itched and he jerked his hips a little to his embarrassment.

"Well, I see there are some monster-like characteristics... but given that I have never seen a monster, I am not so convinced. Maybe you're just mutated and Hannibal has made you believe you are a monster. The man could make a lion think it was a duck if he so wanted." The man drawled. Will rolled his eyes.

"No. I promise. I'm a monster. Shit just keeps getting weirder. I'm a succubus. I'm like his PET or his guinea pig or something. He bought me." Will hissed and started struggling uselessly again. He wondered if he could break his thumb and slip out. Would it be worth it? He healed quite quickly now. Will furrowed his brows before glaring up at his restraints and newly-clawed hands.

"A succubus... How interesting. I wonder how he persuaded you into thinking that..." The amputee, Gideon, pondered. Will narrowed his eyes at him, growling low. It was that noise that would be impossible if one had human vocal cords. Gideon's eyes widened and he looked amused. "Hmm. Interesting indeed. And I see you must have attacked Hannibal to feed on him?" The man asked. Will glared but nodded.

"I am... in a predicament... in which I might go a little insane if not given my meal..." Will said, unwilling to explain he was in heat. Although as he thought about it he realized he had stopped shaking. Maybe it was passing? How long had it been? Will looked around for a clock but found none. He looked at Gideon again and gritted his teeth. "How's the dissection going?" Will asked snottily. Gideon seemed unperturbed.

"Oh... you know..." He said wryly. "Same old, same old. Are you invited to this apparent feast that Dr. Lecter is holding in my honor?" Will furrowed his brows.

"I had no idea there was going to be one. So maybe not. I couldn't eat it anyways so you can at least be happy in the fact that I won't be enjoying your meat." Will said distastefully. Gideon shrugged. "I'm surprised I didn't try to... somehow seduce you in my distress while down here... but this is most likely a supremely unsexy situation for you." Will didn't know why he was rubbing it in that Gideon was being disassembled and eventually murdered. Maybe it was just something about the guy.

"You would be correct in that assumption." Gideon said. Will closed his eyes as he shuddered involuntarily; another last ditch effort by his body to try and persuade him to mate. Will chewed on his lip before looking at Gideon curiously.

"Would you mind if I try something on you?" He asked. Gideon raised a brow.

"Suppose not. What have I got to lose?" The man said. Will smiled bitterly and thought for a moment, trying to reign in his thoughts and focus on trying to feed and maybe use his Voice. But what to demand of the other man? How far did his Voice work? Was it like hypnotizing someone? And of course the man could do very little in his current situation.

"I'm going to try to hypnotize you in order to feed just from how you feel. Just... allow it to happen." Will said, looking into the man's eyes for the first time, knowing that that might be something he had to do in order to make it work. The man nodded. Will stared into Gideon's eyes, trying to let his instincts take over; allow his monster to run wild. He moaned low, feeling his pull towards his prey. Yes, there was no taste to him yet, but he could coax it out. He could make him forget his peril. He could make him forget everything... yes. There it was; that delicious taste. He had pulled it out of him. The man looked dazed. He practically purred at him.

"Break away from your bonds and come to me, Gideon..." He said in a sweet, sultry voice. The man immediately struggled with his one arm to break away from the restraint around his wrist. He struggled until his whole body was rocking as he tried but failed to pull his wrist from the arm of the chair it was tied to. He didn't break eye contact with him, letting him struggle for a few minutes to no avail.

"Alright stop." He commanded. The man immediately stopped struggling and Will looked away, doing his best to let go of the power he was using to enthrall him. After a moment he looked up and saw Gideon looked slightly less dazed.

"Did you feel it? Did you do any of that through free will?" He asked. Gideon thought for a moment.

"I suppose I did feel it...but it felt more like... I wanted to do it even though I felt somewhat disconnected, if that makes sense." The other man said curiously. Will nodded. Gideon looked at him with a raised brow. "If you can do that why not use it against Doctor Lecter?" Will sighed.

"He uses specific measures to keep me from doing it and I think you have to not know I'm going to do it or you have to open yourself to my influence in order to make it work. He keeps himself in control at all times..." Will explained.

"Interesting... somewhat like hypnotism used by therapists: one must be open to it to benefit from it. You and Hannibal use similar techniques. I wonder if he could hypnotize you or even already has... you know those therapists, always trying to pry open your brain and stir up what they find inside.... Maybe shake it a little." He drawled. Will chewed on his lip and nodded.

"I don't think he has..." Will muttered. But why the hell had he been staying in the house when he knew he probably could have broken out by now? Was he scared of being out in the world alone? With no guidance? He sighed and let his head fall down against his chest again, exhausted.

After a little while Will heard the door above open and Hannibal's expensive Italian loafers on the steps. He came into the room and saw Will was calm, giving a little characteristic smile.

"It lasted about as long as I expected. How do you feel?" The older man asked.

"Just fucking peachy." Will said sarcastically, glaring. "I feel like shit, Hannibal."

"As I assumed, you expend a large amount of energy when in heat if you're not feeding. How does your stomach feel?" He asked, moving forward to start pressing at it. The touch was too soon. Will needed to feed. He whined helplessly and jerked. Hannibal stopped and tipped his head to the side. "You're not still in heat, are you?"

"No. I'm HUNGRY, Hannibal!" He growled. Hannibal sighed.

"You can handle it, Will. I need to prepare for my dinner party tomorrow night." He said as he began releasing Will's wrists from the restraints. Will looked back and forth between his lover and the captive man.

"Gross." Hannibal ignored his comment. Will groaned as he put his full weight on his legs again once he was released. He was much too tired for this bullshit. He glared at Hannibal. "Fine. Fucking pickle what's rest of him or whatever you need to do. You're sick." He looked to the other man. "Goodbye, Gideon. I hope your next life doesn't involve anything the likes of this sorry son of a bitch." Will waved in Hannibal's direction. "I have no idea exactly what the FUCK made him what he is but at least I have an EXCUSE for what I am." Will growled out, giving Hannibal a look that would have made anyone else shrink into the corner. He left, stomping back upstairs to leave Hannibal to his preparations.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading, everyone. Please comment if you have the time! Just for encouragement. :) Love to you all still reading.

Predator

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Will eventually calmed down enough to think properly and away from any men that might be clouding his judgment he realized he was a mess. He looked down at himself in horror to find he had dried blood running down his arms, neck, and chest and under his claws and nails. He hurried to the on-suite bathroom of Hannibal's room and turned the shower on hot, catching a look at himself in the mirror. His eyes widened in shock.

The boy in the mirror was not the boy he had known his entire life. He had been slowly getting accustomed to the changes in himself... but with all the blood and the claws and the teeth... It was undeniable. He looked older than seventeen now. He could maybe pass for twenty at this point. Will was... perfect. His skin was without blemish, his hair was perfectly shining, healthy, and curly; his eyes clear, blue, and alluring. When he bared his teeth, exposing the pointed canines he looked like a predator. He stared for a long time, unsure if he liked what he saw. On one side, he almost felt pride in his appearance; in his ability to be perfect in luring in his prey. On the other side, he was horrified that he had changed and become so monstrous.

Will looked down at the newly-formed claws at the tips of his fingers and tried to figure out the mechanics of them; flexing his fingers and watching the way the bones moved, before eventually retracting them. He stared, seeing that there were pockets of skin that held the claws and that if he looked close enough he could see the slits where the claws would come back out.

Will let the water run as he stood and examined his fingers; releasing his claws before retracting them again; over and over until he realized the room was filling with steam. He dropped his hands to his sides and hurriedly stripped out of his jeans and boxers before stepping into the shower.

-

Will came downstairs once the sun had set and his emotions had settled. He was still on edge, and hungry, and irritable... but he could handle it. He entered the kitchen in his boxers and an undershirt, crossing his arms over his chest and staring at Hannibal who was working on dinner now. It was a simpler meal than usual. The other male looked up when he came in and raked his eyes over him for a moment. Will blushed but tried to pretend he hadn't gotten flustered.

"You done with him?" Will asked. Hannibal nodded. Will sighed and looked away for a moment. He wasn't going to exactly mourn the man... nevertheless... Someone had to be the voice of reason in this house. "It's kind of fucked up, don't you think? You knew him."

"Yes, I knew him. That is entirely the point, isn't it?" The older man said, finishing up on dressing a roast before putting it in the oven. He took off his apron and came around to Will

before leaning back against the counter, arms crossed as well, mimicking his charge. The boy noticed the older male's neck now; how it had a tidy square bandage over the side of it, covering his work. He felt a pang of guilt. But also, of pride...and irritation that he would cover his mark. He chewed at his lip before moving forward. Hannibal dropped his hands to his sides to watch as Will began to un-tuck his shirt, pulling at it and pushing it up his chest to reveal the bandages on either side of his waist; five on each side. Will growled a little, upper lip curling before reaching forward and peeling a bandage off his lover's skin, revealing one of ten cuts. It had clotted. Will dropped the bandage on the floor and proceeded to peel the next off.

Hannibal said nothing as he did this, more than happy to examine his succubi's curious behavior. He watched as Will peeled each individual bandage off; until the marks from his claws were completely visible. Will had not torn at the skin but simply punctured it and he could see how his hands had lain on his skin just by where each puncture was. He dropped down on his knees, thinking in the back of his mind as to why he was doing this, but was much too enthralled to stop. He leaned forward before running his tongue over the marks on his left side. Something in him was very pleased by this. So he did it with the right side as well. He felt his lover's hand in his hair; stroking it back, and he hummed a little, closing his eyes before standing back up and reaching to pull the bandage from Hannibal's neck. Hannibal swallowed, allowing it; shirt still pulled up to his armpits. He was watching Will carefully, ready to attack if need-be; his eyes narrowed but still relaxed. Will licked his lips as his mark was exposed; it was nasty. The full bite was visible; deeper where his canines had been and bruising along where his flatter teeth had bit in. It left a somewhat circular mark and Will was happy that he had ruined something normally so perfect. Better yet that he had a dinner party the following evening. Hannibal would have to make up a lie if someone were to ask about the bandage. Will smirked and leant forward again, running the flat of his tongue over this mark as well, moaning softly. Hannibal ran his hand over Will's shoulder before cupping the back of his neck when Will pulled away. He pulled the boy back in and kissed him. Will couldn't help but shiver, leaning into it. Eventually he broke away, a little shamefully. His cheeks were pink and he was trying to rectify his actions again. He swallowed and looked away, rubbing at his jaw.

"Do you like what you did to me, Will?" Hannibal asked. Will chewed on his lip, not answering. "Is it sexual or is it more of a claiming ritual? Or is it both?" Will sighed and went over to one of the stools, sitting down and dropping his head into his arms.

"Both?" Will said, muffled. He heard the rustling as Hannibal pulled his shirt back down.

"You're a naughty boy, Will. What's to be done about that?" The older male said. Will groaned.

-

The next day Will was exhausted and his hips hurt which he supposed was just what happened when he was going to lay an egg. Hannibal was busy getting ready for his dinner party and Will was watching as he did his preparations. He was on a stool at the counter resting his chin on his arms.

"I can't eat." Will said. Hannibal turned and raised his brows.

"I am well aware of that, Will. Although you can oddly enough consume bodily fluids... you have no problem processing saliva or semen." Hannibal said thoughtfully. Will made a face.

"Thanks for noticing." He said sourly. "No I mean, why the hell would I be at a dinner party and not eat? You want me to go, right?" He watched the way Hannibal rolled his sleeves up before he began kneading some sort of dough; strong hands pushing into the flesh of it and being overly precise as he handled it. Will wondered if he practiced being perfect at everything or if it was just entirely natural.

"Well, perhaps you are Muslim or Jewish and everything is made of pork." Hannibal said with a wide smirk. Will narrowed his eyes at him.

"You are insufferable. Maybe... I got food poisoning and I'm still unable to hold anything down except water. I'll pretend to drink water just to not look super weird. You can give me an opaque cup." Will suggested. Hannibal nodded.

"That would do. It is true you are unable to keep any food down." Will nodded as he felt a cramp and he wrapped his arms around his belly, narrowing his eyes for a moment until it passed. "Are you alright, Darling?" Hannibal asked. Will flushed at the name and he just nodded again, hiding behind his hair. He felt weak and he was shaking a little. He assumed he would go into labor at any minute so he just waited, hugging himself.

"Is Alana going to be there?" Will asked softly. Hannibal looked up from kneading the dough.

"Why, yes. She is one of my closest friends." He said. Will chewed on his lip. The man had said they were no longer in a sexual relationship...but Will still didn't like it. "And of course a few others will be joining us. Some acquaintances from the opera, Jack Crawford from the FBI-" Will looked up sharply at that.

"You murder and eat people and you bring the FBI to your house and FEED THEM IT?" Will asked, staring at him like he was insane. Hannibal raised a brow.

"What better way to hide than in plain sight?" Hannibal asked. "You, yourself, have said so." Will glared at him. He didn't know why he was so upset the man was taking such risks. If he was caught Will would be freed. Will was about to let out another quip when the pressure in his belly began to intensify. He furrowed his brows and moved to feebly get off his stool, grabbing hold of the counter for support. His legs barely wanted to hold him now. Hannibal was looking at him curiously. "Are you going into labor, Will?" Will was beginning to panic a little. He felt the egg start shifting and his body beginning to contract. He gasped and fell onto his hands and knees, shaking as his body did as it pleased, beginning the labor.

Hannibal wiped his hands off and came around the counter quickly, picking the boy up in his arms. Will groaned and just let the man carry him; he really had no choice. At least he wasn't slung over his shoulder like usual. The other male swiftly proceeded to their bedroom and laid Will out on the comforter. Will was panting heavily as his body spasmed and worked to push out the egg. He moved up against the pillows more comfortably as Hannibal worked on pulling his clothes off; sliding his jeans down his legs with his boxers, then yanking his t-shirt over his head. Will was already sweating and he whimpered as he felt the egg passing out of

his uterus. He was calmed a little when his older lover moved forward to press a kiss to his forehead.

Hannibal began working at soothing him; running large hands over his sides and kissing at his jaw. It was nice and Will closed his eyes trying to focus on Hannibal's touch. He felt his strong hands pull Will's knees up higher and then felt his plush lips at his inner thigh. Passing the egg was bothersome and grueling but Hannibal's ministrations were helping to relax the succubus. He moaned when Hannibal kissed him, pressing his tongue into his mouth and stroking his hair back from his face. Will jerked a little when he felt Hannibal's hand around his length. He furrowed his brows and let him stroke him; Will's body opening up like a flower in morning light to his touch. The energy he was getting from the older man was suddenly helping tremendously. He sighed and kissed Hannibal hungrily, wrapping his arms around his neck and only stopping when another contraction hit him. He trembled and gasped as his body pushed but Hannibal kept stroking him and eventually the fullness was less uncomfortable and his arousal began to rush to the surface. Will panted and squirmed. The egg was past his cervix and just working to exit his body, stretching his inner walls as they clenched around it. Will made little needy sounds as his lover moved down between his legs to check his progress, still pumping his straining cock. He shuddered and pushed, feeling how stretched he was around the egg, and he whimpered as his body began to convulse; suddenly very aroused and leaking slick onto the bedspread.

"Mmm... good boy. Much better. I want you to feed from me and come like this." Hannibal said after taking a look between his legs. He unzipped his trousers and pulled out his own cock, grabbing Will's with it and stroking both at the same time. Will moaned loudly and jerked. It was so incredibly bizarre but at this point he was enjoying it. His little noises of pleasure were muffled as Hannibal leaned back down to kiss him; a little rough and with lots of tongue the way Will liked it. He grasped at the sheets, clenching them tight in his fists, caught in limbo between discomfort and pleasure. Will had to pull away and gasp again as he body went through another contraction. He shuddered and closed his eyes as he felt the egg slide to his entrance, almost out.

Will felt Hannibal's lips around his nipple; tugging a little with his lips as he tugged at their lengths in his hand. The boy was feeling the edge of his orgasm coming and he reveled in the energy flooding through his body; too satisfying to describe. He could feel Hannibal was getting close too. He wanted to feel him come.

"M-master-" Will gasped and that was when Hannibal came; cock pulsing in his fist and white fluid splattering on Will's chest. It was enough. Will cried out and shuddered, feeling their combined release running through him in a wave. He felt his hole begin to open up around the egg as he came, felt the egg push through, and the intense relief as it slid out.

Will collapsed boneless on the bed, chest rising and falling rapidly and feeling the sweat start to cool on his skin. He felt so incredibly content. He wasn't even really exhausted. Hannibal had fixed that by letting him feed.

"Are you alright, Will?" Hannibal asked, laying on his side next to him. Will mumbled something akin to a "yes," eyes still closed and felt Hannibal leave the bed for a moment. He ran a hand down his abdomen and swiped his fingers through the release that had splattered

there before bringing it to his lips and sucking on the digits. He got a little bit of... something, from it; similar to receiving energy when he fed and it had a taste that he enjoyed while human food no longer suited him.

He opened his eyes when he felt Hannibal move back onto the bed, fingers still in his mouth. He had a damp wash cloth and he wiped it over Will's brow. Will preened a little and the boy ran his fingers back down to slide through the rest of the liquid on his belly before Hannibal could get to it with the cloth. He slipped his fingers back into his mouth to lick the come from them, blushing a little only afterwards when he saw the way Hannibal was looking at him. He furrowed his brows, defensive.

"It-it's the only thing I can eat. Tastes... good..." He muttered. Hannibal looked amused. He wiped Will's belly off regardless of whether he had "cleaned" himself and then wiped his inner thighs off as he used his other hand to relocate the egg between them. Will stared at it, no less befuddled than before at the thing. It was like the first; a light opalescent pink color. This one did not have Hannibal's genes in it. It was only an egg. It looked the same, though. Will thought that a strange concept for some reason.

"Are you feeling alright? No pain?" Hannibal asked. Will raised an eyebrow.

"You already asked me that." He said, smiling a little as he felt his cheeks heat up. It was comforting that the man was concerned. "I'm fine." Hannibal stared at him for a moment too long then nodded curtly, placing the egg safely on the bedside table before pulling Will into his arms. Will felt taken care of and safe. He closed his eyes and rested happily in the older man's arms until Hannibal had to start getting ready again for the dinner party later that night.

Will was anxious about the party but the prospect of doing something different than sitting around reading all day was enough for him to want to go. Hannibal was working with actual professional chefs in preparation for the party and Will was content to lay on the bed listening to bits of chatter between his lover and the others along with the noises involved with cooking like pots and pans and spoons clinking. How any of the professional chefs couldn't tell the difference between pork loin and human loin, he had no idea. Perhaps it was just the fact that they would never think it was human to begin with. Will rolled his eyes as he entered the kitchen a little later on at the thought of it all.

He saw the chefs moving around quickly, Hannibal in the middle, and he wouldn't really have been surprised by any of it except that Hannibal seemed to be working on making some sort of gigantic omelet. His eyes grew wide upon realization of what it was.

"Are you fucking serious?" He asked. Hannibal raised a brow.

"No." He said, a little smile on his lips. Will blinked at him.

"Is that supposed to be a joke?" He asked incredulously. Hannibal smirked, continuing whisking.

"You're going to feed everyone-" He stopped, looking at all the people around them. "Omelets...?"

"Do you have something against dinner omelets?" Hannibal asked, eyes full of humor. Will narrowed his eyes at him.

"It's- It's weird!" Will said, holding up his hands in bafflement of Hannibal's character. Hannibal was adding some sort of fancy mushroom into it now.

"You could say a lot of my cooking interests are 'weird.' How is this any different, Will?" He asked. Will looked around at all of the meat being prepared. He supposed he was right... He huffed and folded his arms over his chest.

"So you just intend on feeding everyone omelets tonight?" He asked snippily. Hannibal smirked again.

"Yes, Will. I do."

"And will there be any OTHER weird ingredients in it?" He asked. This code speaking was irritating but if it had to be done, he would do it. He doubted he could get Hannibal out of the kitchen now.

"I would never spoil the flavor of the egg with something other than which would only complement it. Pork would defile the very nature of what is being created, if that is what you are suggesting." Hannibal said, not looking up from his preparation.

"And what type of egg is this that you will be serving our guests?" Will asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Our guests will be having a Rhea egg dinner omelet with Chanterelle mushrooms and Ricotta." Hannibal explained. Will rolled his eyes.

"Rhea egg? What does Rhea egg taste like?" Will asked, narrowing his eyes at him. Hannibal smirked, moving over to a teppanyaki grill to begin cooking it. Will followed him, not caring that he might be in the way.

"It has a bolder more rich taste than chicken or duck eggs. Hard to describe." Hannibal said, pouring the mixture out onto the grill. Will dropped his arms at his sides, rolling his eyes heavenward and sighing.

"Whatever." He said, turning and leaving the kitchen, flustered and irritated.

He was just going to sit back while other people ate his egg?! It was one thing for Hannibal to do it, but ten other people? At least it was unfertilized. Will knew Hannibal got some sort of sick pleasure out of feeding people other people. He supposed this wasn't any different. It was almost like the other male was trying to show Will off without actually telling anyone about it?

Will went upstairs and to Hannibal's room to change. Hannibal had bought him a suit, telling him that these dinners were a special occasion and that everyone who went dressed up to the

nines in their very best. Will felt he might be out of place there among all these older socialites, but the older man had explained he would do just fine and would tell the others he was not enjoying the meal with them because he had gone out to eat at a restaurant and had gotten some bad fish and was currently recovering but still wanted to enjoy the company. He could make a show of "drinking" water or something out of an opaque glass so no one would see that the liquid level never changed.

Will took the suit bag out of the closet and opened it to find a well-cut blue suit with a white shirt. He was surprised it didn't have some sort of outrageous pattern. He saw no tie so he assumed he would wear it without one. Will took off his jeans and tee shirt, pulled on some fancy socks Hannibal had set out for him, then dressed, threading a black belt through the loops on the pants. He left a few buttons of the shirt open at the top before dawning the suit jacket, then some new black loafers to go with it. When he was all dressed he went to the full-length mirror in the corner and stood in front of it, looking at his reflection, turning this way and that, admiring how well it fit before going a little pink in the cheeks. He did look good. Will wondered if Hannibal measured him in his sleep to get the perfect fit. He honestly wouldn't put it past him.

He looked at the time, seeing it was thirty minutes to seven when the guests would be arriving. He was nervous. The situation he was in was incredibly strange and at least awkward for him. No one else knew what he was or why Hannibal was keeping him there. That didn't stop him from being self-conscious of it regardless. He was just "Hannibal's nephew" as far as everyone else knew. Will wondered if the others at the party would all be snotty old rich people or if they would be attractive like Hannibal... or Alana. He felt jealousy at the thought of her. He remembered hearing her and his lover having sex shortly after he had first arrived and he made a face of displeasure. She was apparently coming as well but she was coming with her exclusive girlfriend. It didn't really make him feel any better.

Hannibal was upstairs at ten minutes to seven, seeming a little rushed. Will was sitting in an armchair reading and looked up as he came into the bedroom. He came over to Will upon seeing him dressed in the suit he had gotten him and leaned down to kiss him rather hungrily on the lips, pulling away after a moment and looking quite pleased.

"You look beautiful." He murmured, stroking his curls back from his face. Will's cheeks pinkened at that and he looked away shyly. He watched as Hannibal strode away to the closet, stripping down to his trunks to put a suit on instead of the slacks and button-down he had had on while cooking. Even while cooking he was dressed impeccably. Will shook his head in amusement but watched as Hannibal moved around in just his trunks for a moment. Hannibal wore trunks mostly for underwear; sort of like boxer briefs but shorter, accentuating his muscled ass. Will liked it. He definitely wasn't a loose cotton boxers or briefs kind of guy. Will mused that if Hannibal were a woman he would probably wear overly-sexy expensive lingerie. He watched as Hannibal pulled on a suit pants with a much less conspicuous pattern than usual of black and grey plaid. He then pulled on a burgundy dress shirt that Will found oddly appealing on his older lover. He licked his lips, watching the way Hannibal's hands worked gracefully to button it before putting on a patterned floral tie. Every gesture he made was so graceful. Will yet again wondered if he practiced. It made him snort thinking of the other man practicing being as inhuman as possible. Hannibal looked over to him at the noise with a raised eyebrow but said nothing as he pulled on a vest to match his suit pants.

"What are you reading, Will?" Hannibal asked as he pulled on his suit and began working at his pocket square.

"Lovecraft. It reminds me of you." Will said with a wide smirk. Hannibal raised his brows but didn't turn to look at him as he adjusted his suit in the mirror.

"Really? How so?" The older man asked, smiling as well.

"I can see you being some weird professor at Miskatonic who summons an elder god." Will said. "That or Wilber Whatley." Will couldn't keep a straight face. Hannibal looked at him with raised brows.

"Do you think of me as a monster, Will? I do remember you comparing me to the panel of hell in the Garden of Earthly Delights." Hannibal said curiously. He came over and sat in the chair opposite Will before putting on his shoes.

"We're both monsters, aren't we?" Will said softly.

"I suppose that depends on what you mean. I would hardly consider you a monster, Will. You are just a creature; same as I. Just because you would be considered something mysterious and unknown does not qualify you as a monster despite what society would like to believe. If you are referring to that you are a predator, that does not make you a monster. Lions are predators but are they considered monsters? Usually not. Simply a creature doing what it must to survive." Hannibal said.

"Is that how you see yourself?" Will asked.

"What I do, I consider art. Many societies have done what I do for the same reasons; it is the metaphorical idea of consuming your enemy to gain their power. Sometimes they considered it an honor to eat their enemy, or a loved one once they have died. I may also believe myself to be a predator, yes. But I do not have a set boundary when it comes to morality the way others do. They are bound by faith. I am bound by logic and sometimes emotion. I strive to find beauty in life and death. I want to live life as fully and as hedonistically as possible." He explained. Will licked his lips as he took all this in, looking at his own clasped hands and nodded after a moment.

Hannibal had finished putting on his shoes and he stood, holding out his hand to the younger man. Will bit his lip. He was still nervous. He didn't like the idea of having to meet each individual person and playing some quaint house guest. He wasn't Hannibal's nephew or his wife. He was a fucking... pet. A pet for fucking. Will furrowed his brows and looked away, feeling a little hurt by his own considerations.

"Can I just... wait for a little bit? Until everyone has arrived? Say I'm still feeling under the weather and maybe I'll come down when my stomach has settled?" Will said hopefully. Hannibal dropped his hand.

"I suppose so... you are offered some leniency in this considering your age and role as my nephew..." Hannibal said. Will was surprised he would allow it but he would definitely take what he could get.

"Thanks..." Will muttered. Hannibal leaned down and kissed Will's cheek.

"Don't be too long, Darling." Will blushed at the name and nodded, letting him leave the room.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for sticking with it this far! Not much going on in this chapter but I felt it all had to be in here...

If you are so inclined you can push me to write faster by leaving me a little praise. It brightens my day. :)

Never At His Side

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will sat in the armchair for a long time, using his preternatural hearing to listen as each guest arrived. He heard Hannibal greet each person throughout a period of thirty minutes starting with a man with a deep boisterous voice and a woman who sounded very even-toned and polite. Hannibal had called them "Jack and Bella" and Will remembered the man saying Jack was the FBI investigator. Will rolled his eyes. Little did they know they were dining with a complete psycho.

Next came a man by himself whom Hannibal had called "Dorian." They exchanged pleasantries about how the last opera they had seen was great or something along those lines and Will sighed, listening on as he was introduced to the other guests. Next was a woman named "Mrs. Komeda" and a man named "Haruto."

Will groaned when Alana arrived with her girlfriend. Hannibal had called her "Margot." The part of Will's mind that was an angry glutinous monster was concerned that Alana and Margot would not last. Perhaps Will would be pushed to wait outside like the sad pet he was when Alana came back to fuck his lover again. Will gnashed his teeth and fought with the beast inside him for a moment. He didn't know if he could trust them around each other without him there. He didn't know if he could trust HIMSELF with them around each other. Will dropped his head into his hands and forced his emotions back into himself, deep down, hoping for the best.

Eventually, when everyone was settled and talking politely Will decided to come downstairs. He didn't like that Alana and Hannibal were talking. Upon entering the dining room Hannibal turned and smiled at him. The others turned as well and for one uncomfortable moment all attention was on him. Maybe he should have come down beforehand. He was very aware that he was the youngest individual there and felt eyes raking over him like fingernails.

"Will, are you feeling better?" Hannibal asked. Will nodded silently, cheeks burning. "Everyone, this is Will, my nephew. He was feeling a little under the weather. Are you dining with us this evening, Will?" Will shook his head again and bit his lip.

"I... I'll stay... just can't keep food down... food poisoning..." He mumbled. Alana was smiling at him and Will saw he had a seat between Hannibal and her with Margot on Alana's other side. Margot was a beautiful china-doll-like woman in impeccable attire. He quickly made his way around the table to sit down, feeling incredibly shy and tried not to make eye contact. Alan put a hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry you're not feeling good, Hun. Maybe we could get you some tea? Hannibal has a lovely collection of medicinal teas although I say you look great despite being ill. You look different since last I saw you, though. Older, I guess but it hasn't been that long." She said curiously.

"Um... I'm fine. I'll just drink water... I guess I just had a growth spurt or something." Will said, looking at his hands awkwardly.

"Goodness, the men in your family are handsome, though, Hannibal!" A woman with a severe black bob said. Judging by her high-pitched voice he assumed it was Mrs. Komeda. She was looking at Will fondly. "Will, I'm Mrs. Komeda. It's a pleasure to meet you." She said. "It's rare to find much out about Hannibal's personal life. He's a very private person."

"I know... It's like pulling teeth trying to get details about something. He'd much rather play therapist." Will said, looking at Hannibal with a raised brow. Why not jab at him while he could? He eyed the bandage on the other man's neck. It was a little visible over his collar and he smirked wide upon seeing it. Good.

Mrs. Komeda laughed at his comment, as did Alana. Will detected other eyes on him and a very distinct taste in the air signaling arousal. He looked across the table to see a man of about forty with dark nearly black hair and blue eyes. He was good looking enough with a wide jaw line and a sharp nose. He was looking at Will as if he was merely curious when in fact he FELT like he was about to jump him right there. Will sent him a glace, looking into his eyes and licking his lips, testing. A spike of arousal hit him at that and he smiled. Delicious. He really hadn't been able to get a taste of anyone besides Hannibal and a little bit from Gideon (before his untimely demise) in almost two months now.

"Hi. I'm Will. How do you know my uncle?" Will asked, tipping his head to the side and all but fluttering his eyelashes. God, his beast was just chomping at the bit. The man gave him a small reserved smile, uncomfortable with his interest in the boy. Will liked that.

"Nice to meet you, Will. I'm Dorian. Hannibal and I were colleagues a while back when he was a surgeon." He explained. Will couldn't help but run his fingers over the collar of his shirt, making the movement slow and drawing hungry eyes to his neck.

"Oh. How was that? Is he as ridiculously tidy while performing surgery as he is with everything else?" Will asked.

"Surgeons need to be precise and clean but not everyone is quite as precise and orderly as Hannibal, I suppose." The man said. "I can't say I am though I deem myself pretty good at my job."

"Mm. You're skilled with your hands like he is." Will said, intending the innuendo. Another spike of arousal as Will looked up through his lashes. No one else seemed to notice their interaction. Will was enjoying this. Hannibal had left to attend to things in the kitchen.

"Oh, Will! I forgot to introduce you to my girlfriend, Margot." Alana said, tearing his gaze away from Dorian. Will looked to Margot and smiled a little.

"Um... nice to meet you." He said softly. Margot gave him an equally as uncomfortable smile. "When did you two meet?" He asked.

"A few months ago but we just started dating." Alana explained. "Are you dating anyone, Will? Or is Hannibal still being really strict about you leaving the house?" She asked. Will

raised a brow.

"Oh... I do have a boyfriend but he's kind of a pain in the ass." Will said. Alana furrowed her brows.

"Not anything really troublesome, I hope?" She said. Will shrugged.

"Not really, I guess. He's just very high maintenance and a perfectionist... and super cocky." He said with a roll of his eyes.

"Is he in your class?" She asked, unaware of who he was talking about. Will was enjoying this.

"No. He's... older." He said, smiling. Just then Hannibal entered the room with a large serving dish holding a roast. Will wondered what part of Gideon it was. Probably the calf.

"Dinner is served." Hannibal said, smiling one of those closed-lipped self-impressed smiles and setting the tray down. The rest of the chefs came out with the other serving dishes as if on parade, placing each dish down. Will had to admit it all looked beautiful and Hannibal had overseen it all. Will stared, wide-eyed when a particularly large omelet was set down amongst the dishes and he blushed beet-red.

"As usual, you have put all other meals to shame, Dr. Lecter." Said a large man with the boisterous low voice Will had heard earlier. He assigned it to the "Jack Crawford" Hannibal had been talking about.

"Will, you're looking a little red. Are you alright?" Alana said, touching his arm. Will had the impression the woman was taking on a motherly role towards him. Will thought it funny that he had fucked her previous boyfriend.

"Just... feeling a little off again... It'll pass." He said. She nodded, looking concerned. "Just let me know if I can do anything for you."

The plates were passed around one-by-one and Will pretended to sip water from his glass, sputtering when the omelet passed by and coughing on his own spit. Hannibal was looking at him in "concern" though Will was quite certain he was overly amused. He could see a glint in those amber eyes that was infuriating.

"Are you alright, Will?" He asked. Will glared at him.

"Yes. I'm fine, 'uncle'...." Will said, putting emphasis on the last word.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like a little bit of the rhea egg omelet? It might not be too hard on your stomach given the consistency." The older male said. Will wanted to jump at him but he held himself back, making a face.

"Thanks, but no thanks." Will said, sourly.

"Rhea egg? Is that what it is? I was wondering why you would serve an omelet considering your usual more unique dishes. I should have known. I'm not even sure I know what a Rhea

is." Jack said. Will stared, eyebrows raised as the man took a bite of the omelet.

"It's a bird similar to a Emu or an Ostrich, though rather prickly and hard to manage." He said, glancing at Will. Will stared daggers in his direction. "It does make delicious eggs, though. The omelet was made from a single Rhea egg which I picked myself when collecting fresh ingredients." Will looked at the bandage on Hannibal's neck, trying to quell his irritation towards the man.

"Uncle, how ever did you manage to injure yourself? You're usually so careful." Will said. Hannibal didn't skip a beat.

"Actually, I was being rather careless at the farm yesterday and the bird whose nest I had taken from lashed out and pecked me rather ferociously. Thankfully not too much harm was done." The man said, having the nerve to try and look a little embarrassed. Alana was laughing a little but trying to cover it up. Will smiled. Maybe he could learn to get over his jealousy of her.

"I've never known you to be careless like that, Hannibal..." She said, smiling with mirth. "I can't even really imagine it." Though Will thought the reason she was laughing was because she had actually imagined it, which made him snort into his hand. The thought of Hannibal getting attacked by a bird, though it wasn't true, was laughable. Jack was chuckling as well and soon everybody had the giggles due to Hannibal's misfortune, much to Will's deep satisfaction. Mrs. Komeda noticed that Hannibal was just a tiny bit miffed and spoke up.

"Oh don't be sour, Hannibal. We all love you. Next time perhaps you can bring your strapping young nephew along with to hold back the bird." She said, winking at Will. Will smiled wide at that. Hannibal smiled graciously despite the possible blow to his ego.

"Of course. That might be a wise decision when I do at some point go back." Hannibal said.

The rest of the meal went on swimmingly, though Will watched each bite taken of the omelet with a bit of squeamishness, a little pink in the cheeks the entire time. When Hannibal took bites he ate slowly and took his time savoring it. Will wanted to throw a fork at him.

Every once in a while the man, Dorian, threw a glance Will's way or Will caught him staring and felt a quick little bite of energy from him. It was incredibly enticing and after more than a few long looks between them Will was growing ravenous. His heart rate picked up and he watched the man with lidded bedroom eyes, trying best he could to give him a suggestion.

Will was all too aware of his status in Hannibal's world; a pet to be kept in his bed but never at his side. Well, then he certainly deserved to have a little nibble while his master was occupied. At least that was what the glutinous beast inside seemed to think. A third glance over to Dorian and Will could feel the thrumming tension. He looked into his eyes and without really trying, conveyed a thought; to follow him.

Will looked away and to Alana and the rest of the table.

"Um... please excuse me... feeling a little under the weather still... I think I'll go lay down." Will said, looking apologetic. Hannibal looked at him, searching his eyes, and Will furrowed

his brows before turning and leaving the table. Maybe it was suspicious... but right then he couldn't have cared less. He wandered the hallway and went into the bathroom, cracking the door, and sure enough, a few minutes later Will heard Dorian excuse himself to use the rest room. Will wondered if he had managed to hypnotize him. It all seemed too easy.

When Will heard the footsteps of the larger male coming down the hall he slipped out of the bathroom and sauntered up to the man, looking up at him with lidded eyes. He was taller than Hannibal, but much less imposing. Hannibal could seem downright frightening; this man seemed incredibly malleable. Perfect.

"Dorian, is it?" Will whispered to him, moving forward until he was inches away from him and his lips were close to the other man's thinner more masculine ones. The man looked overwhelmed and guilty. He nodded a little.

Will could feel the desperation coming off of the man like a fine cologne. It was succulent. Across Will's face spread a slow sensual smile. He grabbed hold of the man's tie and pulled him into the bathroom.

Dorian looked at Will like he was an imp of a god that had for some reason graced him with his glorious presence. Will closed his eyes and groaned. The energy ran over his skin like static. Will used his tie to yank him down and kiss him roughly. The static energy flooded into him, the direct touch creating a more even flow. Will moaned, feeling slick between his legs. God, he didn't even feel that sexually attracted to the man but the energy... he could get wet for that alone. It definitely wasn't like it was when he was with Hannibal... but this guy was giving up so much to feed off of Will couldn't refuse. The man broke away for a moment, looking a little freaked-out. Will frowned.

"I-I shouldn't be doing this to you-" Will stopped him, covering his mouth with his hand.

"Shut. Up. And. Fuck. Me." Will demanded, staring into his wide blue eyes. That seemed to do it. The man did indeed shut up. He grabbed Will by the hips and picked him up, pushing him up onto the counter of the sink. Will began unbuttoning his shirt as the other man kissed at his neck, groaning softly as Will dropped the shirt and blazer back from his shoulders and off. He undid his trousers next before shimmying them and his underwear down his hips and kicking them off with his socks. The man pulled back, eyes running over his body, and groaned like it physically hurt. He released his cock from his pants and Will was happy to see it was at least a good size. He tried not to compare it to Hannibal's, tried to think on the task at hand- Hannibal's was bigger- Will closed his eyes and took a deep breath, willing himself to shut down his higher brain functions and focus on carnal ones. Easy enough when the other man's hands clutched his hips, sliding under and kneading his ass.

Will panted and slid off the counter, turning around and leaning over the counter, offering himself up like a meal, ass in the air and thighs spread. Dorian's breathing was fast, his arousal near-stifling Will's senses as his hand slid between Will's thighs and ran a finger over his hole, feeling it was wet.

"Fuck- you already prepared... you wanted to...." The man said, staring at the slick sliding from Will's hole with lidded lascivious eyes. Will was watching him in the mirror in front of him as he leaned against the counter, shrugging with a smirk. He'd let him think it was lube.

Will felt a digit run around the pucker of his hole and press against it, testing. He shivered before crying out when the digit slipped in. The man worked at his hole for a moment, testing that he was ready before pushing his cock inside. Will gasped as it speared him open; a direct line to the thing he wanted. He was feeling the energy running into him in droves and he panted, mouth hanging open as the older man thrust into him, going quick. Will definitely wasn't as wanton or aroused as he was normally when Hannibal was fucking him. When it was Hannibal he was raw and exposed and felt like he was drowning in something but the something was warm and thick like syrup and entirely welcome.

Will heard someone coming down the hallway and he realized it was Alana, given the faint smell of her perfume that a human would not have been able to detect from there. The bathroom door was cracked and he smirked, making little noises of shocked pleasure, wanting her to hear it. If he was supposed to be the delinquent nephew then he would make it known he was a slut too. Why not let her believe he was a nymphomaniac as well? It was sort of true. He moaned as he was pounded against the counter, hearing the slick dirty noises as the older man thrust into his wet clutch. He hoped Alana heard them too. Will heard a little - normally inaudible- gasp before she hurriedly walked away, the man behind him too far-gone to have noticed the presence of anyone else, pounding into him like a machine, his eyes glazed over. Will moaned, closing his eyes and licking his lips.

"Harder-" He demanded, and felt the man thrust more aggressively. "Faster-" and he went faster. He was his. Hypnotized by him easily. And his energy was flowing into him that much more readily. It must have been because it was readily given; he had no idea Will was taking from him, feeding from his life-source. He was just fucking and not holding back. Not like Hannibal. Hannibal held back his energy, preserving himself, not readily letting Will pull him into a hypnosis; into his trap.

"More." "More." "More." Will kept telling him, feeling it all rushing into him; feeling his prey come into him, feeling him keep going even after. Then he was coming again inside him, Will clenching tight, milking everything he had. He just kept coming now; over and over until it was dry and the man was nearly convulsing behind him. Will was getting lost to the ecstasy; eyes closed as he felt the energy rushing in and lighting up all his nerves like fire. Everything was white noise. His whole being felt like its only role was to feed until...

He felt his prey suddenly collapse behind him, pulling out in the process. Will turned and saw the man dazedly blinking up at him; life-force draining but still aroused as he had ever been in his entire life. Will smiled wide; a cat who got the cream, and straddled him, taking his still achingly-hard erection and sinking it back into him, riding and riding until the energy flow spiked. Will's eyes flew open and he stiffened. It felt like nothing had before. It felt like the purest most profound high. He came, crying out and shuddering as he spilled onto the dying man's stomach.

Will pulled off of him, staring as the light was draining from his prey's eyes. He was dying and Will craved the death; still felt the energy moving through him. He felt it when it stopped; when his prey's eyes closed, face frozen in ecstasy. His chest stopped heaving, and that was it.

As the high receded Will stared in shock at what he had done. He had killed him. He had actually done it. He hadn't truly believed it until now, that he could kill someone like this.

He heard a throat being cleared and he turned quickly, seeing Hannibal standing in the doorway, arms crossed over his chest looking... menacing. Will's eyes widened and his mouth dropped open. He hadn't even thought of the consequences of his actions. He had been too enthralled, too hungry.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself." Hannibal said coldly. Will swallowed. "I should have arrived at this conclusion already; that you are an animal, incapable of containing yourself. That I shouldn't have let you run free as you liked; to dine with my guests like a civilized creature." The younger male narrowed his eyes at him, not liking what he was saying. His gaze was ice.

"I-" Will tried to speak but Hannibal cut him off.

"Not another word." Will was shaking, cowering like a scolded child before he realized what he was doing. He glared, standing up and getting dressed. He wasn't going to take this. He had pulled on his pants and was finishing buttoning his shirt.

"I. Am not. Your goddamn PET, Hannibal! I am your lover. I am your partner. But I am NOT your pet. You don't own me. You could never own me." Will growled. Hannibal looked sour; furious. Dangerous. He grabbed Will's wrist and Will yanked it away, snarling. "Don't even try it. I'm done with this." Suddenly Hannibal tried as he had done many times before to contain him; shoving him into the wall as Will tried to move past but the boy threw him back and the man stumbled over the body of the dead man, falling back against the counter. Will launched himself on him, claws out and around his throat, baring his teeth.

He could do it; he could end this all right now. He could go back to living his LIFE. He could feed as he damn-well pleased. His claws tightened around Hannibal's neck as he felt the man try in futility to get out of his grip. Will was stronger now. The meal had changed him; given him his full strength.

Will willed himself to do it; to close his fingers around Hannibal's neck in a death grip and collapse his airway. He growled low, daring himself to do it, begging himself to do it. Tears started running down his cheeks as he hesitated. Why couldn't he do it? This man had held him against his will for months; had tortured him and deprived him and driven him crazy. Why couldn't he do it? End it?

Will sobbed as he let go of his captor's neck. He saw the look of hurt on Hannibal's face; of betrayal. He turned and hurried out of the room, bare feet slapping against wood flooring as he moved quickly down the hallway towards the living room, passing up their guests to get to the front door. It was unlocked. He ran.

Chapter End Notes

Dun dun Duuuuuuuun. I'm very excited I got to the climax of this story. Thanks for reading! Leave a comment to entice me to write faster. I love you all. :)

Control

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal was not handling things... well, since Will had left. He frequently found he lost his so-closely-monitored temper and flew into fits of rage that at times were catastrophic for the simple pigs that surrounded him. He had killed quite a few in the past week alone; one for every night Will had been gone. He didn't expect him back. Hannibal had kept him locked up as a pet. Yet every time he told himself he didn't miss the creature, that he had simply been an experiment, he knew he was lying to himself.

Yet another damned therapy session with Franklin was causing him undo frustration and Hannibal's patience was hanging by a thread. The incredibly infuriating man was crying about some co-worker or other calling him names and also, rightfully so, getting angry with him. Hannibal placed his notes on the armchair rather harshly and uncrossed his legs, looking at Franklin menacingly.

"Franklin, why do you suppose that your coworkers treat you poorly?" He asked, and before the man could blink at him and answer, Hannibal answered it for him. "Because you are an insufferable loser who I have the great misfortune, as do the rest of your peers, in knowing. I cannot begin to tell you my frustrations involving having you as a patient. You bore me. You refuse to help yourself. You want everyone around you to pity you. You crave attention. You lack a spine." Hannibal went on as he stepped toward the buffoon, watching with pleased malice as horror lit up the pig's face before he reached forward and without further ado broke his neck. Hannibal stared down at the body now crumpled in a chair, and felt no real satisfaction. He felt empty.

He sighed, straightening, and pushed back his hair with both hands, gritting his teeth and trying to find a solution to this malady of... of what? Love? Hannibal had never had a problem when anyone besides his long-dead family and aunt had left him, whether by his hand or by fate... everyone around him was part of a game. They were removed from him. Will had been but a pawn... or maybe a knight... or... a rook... But no. That wasn't right. It had never been right. As soon as he had looked into those perfect pale blue eyes they had been connected. No longer removed as a pawn to a king, but a king and queen who stood side by side. This wasn't something the man came across often. Hannibal sighed again and paced around the study, eventually coming across his drawings and looking over Will's perfect visage fondly. Hannibal had put as much detail into the drawings as his mind palace had allowed and yet he didn't think he had quite gotten that... spark in Will that had delighted him, onto paper.

He had busied himself with so much lately, filling the void that had risen once the succubus had gone. Before he would find himself in philosophical conversation with the younger man, or reading beside him, or feeding the insatiable little succubus and making him cry with pleasure. That was all gone now and he had no misgivings that Will was doing quite fine on his own. The boy was witty and intelligent. He didn't need Hannibal.

-

Will sobbed into the pillow after a quick feeding, kicking out with his foot to shove the body off the bed and onto the floor. He heard the soft "whump" as it fell. He had cried out Hannibal's name while he had climaxed. He thought it would be easy to get over him, but his days were filled with thoughts of the older man, pining for him pathetically.

It had been a relatively easy time hunting down his prey. They were everywhere and so very pliable. He took to bed a victim each night and slept in his prey's bed, the cooling body left on the floor. At first he had had qualms about killing with each meal but he simply couldn't stop. He had no want to. He knew nothing of these men. They were all easy victims and not at all anyone to mourn over. So Yes, Will was the monster he had feared, but the transition was rather painless. At least when it came to his morality.

His feelings for Hannibal were much more painful.... achingly so. He felt incredibly alone. He was a vagabond with no real home, no family, no friends, and no future. He was simply drifting. When he wasn't feeding he was wandering aimlessly through streets, cafes, or in the woods with thoughts of his former captor. Any conversations he had with others lacked depth and meaning. He had even tried to strike such conversations up with his victims before inevitably feeding upon them but they fell flat.

He eventually began to strike bets with himself and find harder prey. Not so many desperate divorced pent-up middle-aged men. It was easy to find "Sugar Daddies." They were drawn to him by his very nature like flies to honey. He was through with them. He bought casual but sexy clothing; tight-fitting dark jeans and shirts that were taut over his flesh, showing off his assets. He stole from his victims so he had no want for money. Perhaps he could get a flat of his own instead of changing residence with each victim. That could give him some continuance, instead of the shadowy existence as he was currently leading.

Will decided his bet for the night would be to bag a young college boy; something overly cocky and compensating. He went to a club near the college district and gave a slow sensual smile to the bouncer who immediately let him in with no ID. The place was thumping heavily with loud bass that he could feel in his sternum. Lights played off every surface in the dark in an illuminating dreamy blue, and young people ran amuck, grinding to the music. The taste of arousal was thick in the air and intoxicating. Why hadn't he done this sooner? Will tried not to listen to his thoughts as they answered his question; that he had been looking for a replacement for Hannibal. But no one was like Hannibal. He wasn't going to find Hannibal in some middle-aged divorcee nor in any other like. He needed to move on.

Will went home with a muscled frat-boy that night and not only did he feed his hunger, so did the other boys in the house; all teaming with testosterone and overwhelmed by crowding emotions. The other's arousals were faint in comparison to the steady stream of actually touching another, but it was intoxicating feeling so many tastes so close as he fed.

Afterwards, with the boy dying in the bed beside him, Will yet again felt tears pricking his eyes. He shook his head, willing them to stop. Surely this conquest was enough to get his mind off the wretched creature? But no, Hannibal came unbidden to his mind anyway. Will cried himself to sleep, trying desperately to remember how Hannibal had tortured him and kept him prisoner. Instead, he remembered laying with his head on the older male's lap as

they watched Rebecca, his hand gently stroking through Will's curls. Will had eventually climbed into Hannibal's lap and clung there, holding him tight. They had watched old Hitchcock movies till morning simply because they hadn't wanted to stop touching. No sex, just happy adoration.

The next afternoon he awoke to three boys bursting into his frat victim's room. What had his name been? Tony? Will lifted his head and blinked sleepily at them as they yelled something like "Wake up, Asshole!", only to stop at the sight of the two boys in bed. Will was naked (as was the dead boy) and had stopped being so modest after the first few victims. He raised an eyebrow at the three others. He recognized their tastes from when he had been indirectly feeding last night.

"What the hell... Tex?" One of the boys said, eyes wide in shock. Tex. That had been the boy's name.... good god. Will grimaced and sat up, looking over the boys appraisingly. They were all looking over him with mixed expressions and the one who had spoken began to laugh. "I had no fuckin' clue!"

"What, that Tex was a fag? Dude, he called himself TEX." One of the boys said, snorting into his hand. Will rolled his eyes.

"Yet what makes me want to bet that all three of you... well, four, have been fucking each other behind each other's backs? Stop with the macho bullshit." Will drawled, not even really thinking. What he was thinking about, as he looked over the three young men, was how many of them he could directly feed from at once.

"Wanna say that again?" One of the boys said, eyes narrowed. Will smirked wide.

"At least one of you have fucked... Tex, was it? Before." Will said. The boy in front had short-clipped dark hair with green eyes and he was definitely built. He stepped forward, fist clenched, before coming around the bed and going to grab his friend to try and wake him up. Will reached out and grabbed the boy's arm before he could touch him.

"Wouldn't do that if I were you. I've been trying to wake him up. I think he took some heavy stuff last night." Will said before standing up and stretching. The other boy backed off, not noticing his friend wasn't breathing. Will felt eyes on him as he stretched and he smirked before walking past the other two near the door, hoping they would follow.

"Hey! Wait a fuckin' minute! We're not done with you!" The one with the dark hair called out, coming out of the room after him. Will looked back, amused. "Are you from a frat?" Will raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah. The one next door." Will said, having remembered going past it.

"Alpha Sigma Pie?" One of the boys asked, eyes narrowed. His hair was longer and auburn and he had dark brown eyes. Will gave a quick nod and continued down the hallway before he was suddenly slammed into the wall. Will huffed out a breath but didn't struggle as he was wrestled into a few of their grips; arms held behind his back and a thick arm wrapped around his neck.

"Is this a fuckin' joke?" The auburn-haired one snarled. Will let out a laugh.

"I guess so?" He said, not even sure what he meant. He was just enjoying whatever this was. Much more stimulating than the last week had been. They started shoving him down the hall and into a sort of living room with a few mismatched couches and several TVs hooked up to different gaming consoles.

Before long Will was pushed onto the floor on his belly with one of the larger boys sitting on his back, feet holding his arms down pinned to the carpet. Will rolled his eyes when they started asking mundane questions about campus rivalries or something along those lines. The younger boy refused to answer, considering he had no answers, and within minutes he was thankfully getting a cock forced into his mouth. Will took it deep into his throat easily, moaning around it and listening to the insults being thrown at him lazily. He was too busy feeding. They were all overly horny and Will wiggled his hips a little with excitement. He would gladly kill them all.

"You fucking take that dick down like a pro. You sure you ain't a cocksucker for a living?" The boy in front of him asked. Will glared up at him; playing a part. He pulled back, snarling, and his head was forced forward again until his lips met the base. Will huffed around it and he heard another zipper being pulled on one of the other boy's jeans.

"Since you like cock so much why not have some more?" One of them growled out from behind him. Will was eagerly swallowing around the thick erection down his throat; head being pushed back onto it each time he pulled back. He groaned out as if he were protesting when he felt rough hands on his hips. He was filled to bursting with adrenaline. Will had never had two at once and these boys were strong. He felt he was stronger but he had no desire to put his true strength into anything yet when he was getting just what he wanted. The hands on him spread his ass cheeks and he felt eyes on his hole. He felt it twitch impatiently.

"Bitch is just raring to go. Tex musta fucked him. He's all wet." The one behind him said, slapping his ass. Will jerked and almost came right there, moaning around the length in his mouth. He looked to see the third frat boy had his cock out and was stroking it as he watched. Will wanted to laugh at the absurdity of how right he was about frats but his mouth was too full and he was way too excited to do anything other than moan. He felt the slick head of a cock press against his hole before it pushed in, immediately spearing him open until he felt hips meet the fleshy mounds of his ass. He cried out and pulled back from the boy in front of him, shuddering and panting out as he got used to the thickness.

"Like that?" The boy behind drawled, smirking maliciously. Will groaned and the other boy- a blond- who had been fisting his cock, came forward before shoving it in Will's mouth, trading off with the first. Will was lost in sensations as they started thrusting into him from both sides. It was rough and exhilarating. He felt used and he liked it. It was better than acting like he would find meaning behind anything and better than feeling the great gaping hole in his heart where Hannibal had apparently burrowed in.

Will moaned loudly, eyes closed and enjoying each thrust. The energy was quickly pooling into him in a steady flow and making his skin tingle. He dug his fingers into the carpet and spread his thighs wider, letting each harsh push inside him shove him onto the other end. It

was intoxicating but he wondered what else he could do. He pulled off the cock in front of him and looked up with lidded red eyes.

"On your knees." He purred out breathlessly but it was a demand. Without question the boy did as he was told and Will leaned up to kiss him, shoving his tongue into his mouth and grabbing his weeping cock in his hand; pumping it. After a moment of kissing him he pulled back. The boy behind him was still shoving inside like a machine. Will didn't have to look to know his eyes were glazed over; a slave to the pleasure as he was eaten alive. Will huffed out at a particularly deep thrust, eyes rolling back for a moment before he was able to recover. He looked at the auburn-haired boy that was watching from the sideline as he jerked his length in his own hand. His gaze was about as glazed-over as the others. Will tipped his head to the side and licked his lips.

"Why don't you fuck your friend here while I suck him?" Will suggested, though it was a direct order to the boy's hindbrain. The boy groaned and nodded, moving behind the blond. "Ah-ah! but lube him up properly. Get your fingers in nice and deep." Will said as if he were a college professor and instructing them on the correct way of fucking. The boy nodded and Will tugged the blond down onto his hands and knees. Will watched in amazement as the one boy coated his fingers in saliva before pressing one into the blond's ass. Will's mouth watered and he licked his lips hungrily. So much raw energy... "Let me see." He demanded. Both boys moved to accommodate Will's request until Will had a good view of slicked up fingers being pushed in and out of the boy's tight hole. He shivered and moaned, pushing back harder on the cock spearing him open with his eyes wide and focused on the debauchery in front of him. The filthy noises of fucking were filling the room and Will wondered if they might be walked-in on like this. The thought of it just about did it for him. He shuddered and came, shoving back down on the thick cock inside him and moving just in time to splatter his seed on the blond's face.

Will panted, leaning back against the chest behind, cock still full and erect inside him despite the fact that thick cum was seeping out around it. The boy's hips were moving still; incrementally but quickly and Will wiggled on it, head back against his shoulder. This one was draining fast. Will knew he could come again and he looked down to see his own cock was also still at attention.

The boys in front of him were making good headway and three fingers were already inside. The blond looked absolutely wrecked. His face was dripping with Will's fluid and his mouth was hanging open; little breathy moans escaping his lips.

"That's good enough. Fuck him." Will demanded. The blond moaned lowly as the fingers were pulled from his ass. "You like that, do you?" Will purred. The boy nodded. Will smiled, quite satisfied, yet hungry for more. He was definitely getting a power trip off this.

He watched as the auburn-haired boy began to press his thick cock into the blond's clenching hole. Will liked watching this. He could do this all day. He leant forward and reached behind himself to lightly slap the hip of the boy behind him. "Fuck me like you're going to die in a few minutes." Will said with a wry smile. The boy immediately picked up again, slamming into him hard. Will let out a grunt at that, not expecting it and then moaned, taking it greedily. "G-good..." Will stuttered. For a few moments he let the sensations take over, letting out little

shocked cries with each thrust. It was too good. He was being absolutely flooded with their energies. He felt like he might burst.

"A-alright let me s-suck you..." Will managed to gasp to the blond. The blond was currently being plowed into quite hard; the other boy chasing his pleasure like his life depended on it. The boy lifted off his hands, almost falling over with the force of the thrusts into his ass but caught himself on Will, clutching the younger male's shoulder's as he took his cock into his mouth. The other male was shaking with pleasure. Will smiled around his dick and sucked. Soon the boy behind him was almost done. He was coming over and over, almost convulsing, before he fell back, collapsing on the carpet. Will could feel his energy fading. The others were so deeply under his control that they either didn't notice or didn't care.

Will already missed having a cock inside him so he released the blonde's cock from his mouth and moved onto his back, spreading his legs.

"Fuck me." He purred. With a bit of odd scrambling the blond managed to move forward and push into Will, the boy behind him still jerkily thrusting. Will could see cum leaking from the blond's ass; The other boy had come several times already and was on the brink of collapse. Will groaned and arched his back. He felt so full of energy he was near to telling the other two to stop but he wanted to see how far he could go. "H-harder-" He gasped. The force of two thrusting at once was enough that he was skidding across the floor and most likely getting rug burn but he didn't care. The auburn-haired boy finally collapsed and it was just the blond above him. Will reached up and pulled him down for a kiss; mouths messy with saliva and Will's cum from earlier.

The blond was getting weaker as he began coming in a series and Will decidedly pushed him over, ravenous... ravenous for... something. He wasn't sure what. He felt the death of the energy from the other boy and that was when he knew; his claws were already digging into the blond's chest and drawing blood.

"F-fuck..." Will mumbled, digging in. The boy was staring up at him with wide eyes. Will had released his hold on his hindbrain and the realization was dawning on the other male's face. Will smirked, enjoying the sudden fear and wrapped his hand around his throat, beginning to dig his claws into the vulnerable flesh. The other male started choking. Will was tightening his hold. His claws were sinking in and blood was beginning to pool. Will watched, enraptured, as he began pulling his claws through the flesh. Yes. This was the perfect crescendo. This was it. Will dug in and yanked his arm back, tearing flesh and sinew from his prey's throat; a spray of blood erupting forth. There was a gurgling noise and some shuddering and then silence.

The flow of energy was gone yet the prickling of it on his skin remained. He was full to bursting with it. Will sat atop his prey's corpse, panting heavily before slowly sliding off and onto his back on the floor. He closed his eyes and sighed in relief.

After a good ten minutes Will realized he would eventually have to get up and move on. And quickly at that. This wasn't like the others; this wasn't one man who had possibly died from a brain aneurism in his apartment. This was three boys that somehow miraculously had a brain aneurism within the same time period in the same frat while a fourth had his throat ripped out. Will slowly got up, groaning. He seemed to be sluggish simply from the large amount of

energy he had just consumed; as if drunk on it. He did indeed feel giddy. Normally he might have begun to feel bad for what he had done but right now he found it spectacular.

Will eventually managed to get up and headed out of the room, at some points needing to hold onto the wall for purchase. He made it to his first victim's room, cleaned himself of blood, and found his clothes before clumsily pulling them on. Then he found Tex's wallet and pulled out the three twenties he had before hurrying out. Thankfully the other boys of the frat were either asleep or out for the day. No one saw him leave... with the exception of a man in a ridiculously garish three-piece suit who was just out of sight behind some bushes.

-

Two weeks had gone by. Hannibal was very aware of that fact. Two weeks since Will had left. Hannibal had broken his promise to himself and had used the GPS device he had implanted in Will to locate him. He had then broken his second promise to himself by actually going out to the location to see him. He was not breaking a third promise to himself by revealing himself. No he would not. He was much too petty for that and he was truthful enough to admit that he was.

His little succubus had looked almost intoxicated upon leaving the frat house and Hannibal was curious as to why. He wondered what the little minx was up to and how he was faring but apparently he was faring well enough because he looked practically glowing. Hannibal refused to acknowledge the pang of hurt in his chest as he looked upon the boy from afar. He simply looked on. Perhaps before he had fallen for the succubus he would have just tracked the boy down and taken him prisoner once again, but now... now he was hurt that the boy had left him. Once he had gotten the glimpse that he had come for and Will was far enough away he couldn't quite leave. His curiosity, as always, was tugging at him. He carefully headed into the house. It was very quiet. If anyone was there they were studying or sleeping... or dead.

Hannibal headed up the stairs, being drawn by his good intuition, to find a living room with three dead bodies. So this was why his succubus had looked so drunk; He was high off of feeding from so many at once. Hannibal raised his brows, seeing the boy had also ripped the throat out of one. He had known the boy was ruthless. This was proof. Something in him felt proud of the boy for it. While some may chalk up the other two for some strange cause, they would definitely see it as foul play upon seeing the boy with his throat ripped out. Hannibal sighed and got to work.

The psychiatrist was quite proud of his efficiency as he finally left the house with two black garbage bags. It had taken him roughly twenty minutes to clear evidence of the more violent death. He now had the remains in the bags and would dispose of them properly. Hannibal didn't want the succubus getting caught so easily.

By the time he got home he was just in time for a visit with Alana and was pleased that he could serve something as fresh as the heart he had taken from Will's victim. Alana would be helping with the meal while they caught up.

He answered the door when she arrived and they went along with their normally easy conversation as they started working on dinner. He hadn't seen her since Will's departure on the night of their last dinner and unfortunately she chose to bring it up.

"It's been a few weeks since we've talked. Is everything alright? Something seems... off, with you." She said, eyebrows furrowed. She sipped on her beer as she watched Hannibal working on the "pig heart." Hannibal let his mask fall into place and nodded.

"Everything is fine, though a bit quiet. Will has returned home." Hannibal explained. Alana looked disturbed upon hearing this.

"I know you two had a fight but I assumed you would persuade him to come back. He was here for rehabilitation, wasn't he?" Alana said. Hannibal nodded.

"He's fine. We had a talk and we decided it would be best if he went home." Hannibal explained. Alana bit her lip.

"Hannibal... I should have told you this that night but I... wanted to give Will some space to come to terms with what he did..." Alana said, sounding guilty as her cheeks pinkened. Hannibal looked up, pale brows raised in question. "When I went to go check on Will before he left... I heard him in the bathroom with your surgeon friend... they were having sex. I think Will is dealing with his issues in inappropriate possibly damaging ways. He seems like a sensitive boy and... and I don't know, maybe your friend... took advantage of that." She finished, looking a little horrified now that she said it out loud, as if realizing she should have said something sooner. Hannibal sighed, closing his eyes for a moment, as if composing himself. Maybe he was; he wasn't even sure.

"Will has a tendency for that sort of behavior. He is prone to hypersexuality among other things. I'll speak to Dorian. I had a inkling that was what had happened." Hannibal said. It wasn't exactly untrue and the parallels were somewhat humorous. Alana looked disturbed.

"I don't think he should have gone home if he hasn't been rehabilitated." Alana said. Hannibal nodded.

"I was reluctant as well..." He says with a bit more sorrow than he meant to. Alana smiled softly at him.

"I could tell you were enjoying his company. Even if he was causing trouble." She said, helping Hannibal place the ingredients of the "heart on fire" they were cooking that night into the pressure cooker. As that cooked they worked on the creamed coconut kale to go with it.

Hannibal felt he shouldn't have asked Alana over. He was already feeling overwrought with emotions and Alana loved to pester that out of him. That could be dangerous.

-

Will had decided to hole up in one of his victim's flats for a few days straight. He had needed some stability. His life felt completely out of his control and he was desperately seeking something to ground him. He disposed of the body by simply folding it up into a trash bag and throwing it down the trash shoot. Easy.

Will had been carefully watching the news for any information regarding his meal at the frat house. It had indeed shown up on the news as a bizarre occurrence no one could properly

explain. However... no information popped up in regards to the boy who's throat he had ripped out. It seemed that his body had not even been found at the scene. Will found that strange. That was the body that would have shown it was truly foul play. Had someone covered up for him? Maybe the police were keeping it a secret.

decided to shrug it off until it occurred to him that the only person who would possibly have covered up for him would have been Hannibal. He furrowed his brows, feeling his heart do a little flip in his chest. Why would Hannibal do that and how had he found him? Surely if he were taken captive again it would simply make it easier on the man. But Will felt like, perhaps, the psychiatrist was not even looking for him. That he was simply biding his time thinking Will would return. Will didn't like the sound of that. He was not the one at fault and he would not go crawling back to Hannibal no matter how much it hurt. It was in his nature to feed and kill. Hannibal had starved him.

The thought of Hannibal being as presumptuous as to simply wait for him (whether it was true or not) drove Will back out to the clubs in search of a meal to sate his hunger. He decided to let his meal come to him. As he was not interested in chasing Hannibal, he was also not interested in chasing his prey tonight.

He stood leaning against a small standing table in the club with an almost empty cup he had stolen off another table in an attempt to look like he was drinking. It was so strange how fast he adapted to this behavior. He felt every inch the predator. He felt casual and collected and ready; searching with his eyes but never moving from his spot.

Will had several men and women come to him, all of which he rejected. He wasn't sure why he rejected the men. They weren't quite right for the night. He was being picky for some reason. He chewed his lip as he questioned his own motives. A man in his late twenties sauntered up to him with two glasses in hand, putting one in front of Will. Will eyed it in irritation. He didn't like that. Surely he could ask Will to come to the bar with him if he were to buy him a drink? Though Will didn't have the ability to eat or drink he was still aware of basic etiquette and safety. Will eyed him beneath haughty lashes.

"Do you expect me to drink that?" Will asked. The man seemed baffled but tried to keep the cocky look on his face. He had short hair and a well-groomed beard.

"I see how you're eyeing the other men in here... even myself." He said, as if thinking Will was saying he was straight. Will rolled his eyes and shook his head.

"Next time you do something like this, you politely ask the person if they would mind if you bought them a drink. THEN you go with them to the bar so that they can watch the bartender make it. How else are they to know you didn't dose it?" Will asked, raising a brow. The bearded man looked pissed.

"Seriously?" He asked, sneering. Will nodded and proceeded to ignore him. The man made a noise similar to a growl and grabbed Will's arm threateningly. Will looked at him, gaze piercing, before grabbing the man's larger hand clutching his arm and sinking his claws into it. The other male's eyes grew wide in alarm and he tried to pull his hand away but Will had a good grasp of it and dug in more until the man let out a pained yelp. Will released and retracted his claws before waving his hand in dismissal, not even bothering to watch the man

leave in a confused hurry. Maybe the other male hadn't meant to be rude but he had shown his true colors after grabbing hold of Will's arm. He didn't feel bad about it.

Will was irritable. He didn't know what he was searching for. He was lonely. He sighed and cocked his hip out, knowing how he looked. He was wearing tight gray jeans and dockers with a blue button-down open a few buttons at the throat. He felt eyes on him from all around the room. Finally, a male nearer to his own age came up to him. Will eyed him appreciatively. He was sweet-looking and had an aura of ease about him. He smiled at Will and stood across the little bar table from him.

"Hey. Do you mind if I tell you you're gorgeous? I apologize, I just couldn't stay away." The other male said, his accent posh and British. His smile was perfect and white and he had lightly tussled dark hair with blue eyes, stubble a light sprinkling over his jaw and above his full lips. Will smiled back after a moment, a little lop-sided.

"I'm Will. What's your name?" He asked. The other male was maybe twenty-two and wearing a scarf with a sweater and slacks, though it all fit well and he looked very put-together for a younger male. Will was only as put-together as he looked because he was hunting and had done research; not because of aesthetics. If Will had it his own way he'd be wearing baggy jeans, a flannel, and glasses so he didn't have to look anybody in the eyes.

"Anthony. Pleasure to meet you, Will." He said, all charm and glinting eyes as he held out his hand. Will shook it and leaned a little across the table, dropping his guards and the haughty hunting mask. "You look a little out of place here, love. Not your usual environment?" Will shook his head.

"I'm... pretty new to this." Will said and rubbed at his jaw in embarrassment. "I'm not exactly fond of it but... I'm looking for something." Anthony nodded as if in kinship.

"Totally understandable, though I enjoy people watching and maybe an occasional dance. Would you like to?" Anthony asked with a raised brow. Will liked how polite he was and he nodded, a little shyly. He really hadn't done anything like this yet but he saw how the other guys moved in the club and occasionally saw two men dancing. He was pretty sure he could mimic it. Anthony took his hand and led him out onto the floor.

Will was automatically enticed by the other male. He was smooth. Almost... almost as smooth as Hannibal. Not the same type, but definitely enticing. He started off with very small movements, slightly away from the other man before moving closer. Anthony smiled charmingly and reached out with a hand to lightly touch Will's waist, mostly moving with his shoulders and slight movements of his hips. Will mimicked it, giving him the barest of smiles. He liked this. He felt... human. He moved with the music; some hip hop song he had never heard. It didn't matter. It was all bass and beat and he soon found Anthony behind him, both hands lightly on his waist, leaning in with his face near his neck. Will backed up a little and rocked his hips, ass against Anthony's pelvis. Electric. He felt the other male's breath against his neck and then the barest hint of teeth on his skin; the lightest of teasing bites so that Will wasn't even sure it had really happened. He shivered and leaned back against him, turning his head to kiss. He groaned against Anthony's lips, the other male's hands tightening on his hips. It was good. The energy coming through from the other was intoxicating and it felt incredibly pleasant unlike some more unsavory meals.

They danced like that for a while with the occasional kiss then they headed back to the bar, Anthony buying Will a drink that Will wouldn't actually consume, but he appreciated the gesture. He pretended to slowly sip, the ingredients hitting his lips but going no further. The taste was a little nauseating when he licked them so he quickly rid himself of it with another heated kiss. Anthony hummed as he pulled back, smiling at him, when a young woman hurried up to their little bar table and smirked at them both.

"Anthony, who's this cutie?" She asked. She was wearing a plain black v-neck tee shirt tucked into tight jeans with a belt. Her hair was long, thick and black and she had as much of an easy forthcoming face as Anthony did. Will blushed a little. It was odd to be acknowledged by another when he was hunting. It was usually just him and the man he had set his sights on. It made things more real; brought him back into the headspace of the seventeen-year-old human he used to be. Anthony laughed and touched his arm reassuringly.

"Don't worry, Will. This is Beverly." He said, introducing him. Will held out his hand, shaking hers.

"Will... good to meet you." He said softer than he should have considering how loud the music was. She smiled wide.

"It's good to meet you too, Will!" She yelled over the music. "Are you from the university?!" Will blinked. Yet another thing suddenly reminding him of who he actually was... or would have been. He smiled softly, pained, and shook his head.

"Just... drifting." He said before swallowing and blinking a few times. Why were his eyes watering? "I-I'm sorry. I need some air." He said hurriedly before running off through the crowd. He managed to get out through the back. There were a few people smoking there but Will just leaned back against the wall, closing his eyes and willing himself to be calm. A few tears managed to leak from his eyes and down his cheeks.

To his embarrassment, the heavy iron door from the club opened and Anthony came out, looking concerned. He came over to Will with furrowed brows, leaning one shoulder against the wall next to him and gave him a soft smile.

"What's wrong love?" He asked. Will gave him a watery smile back, closing his eyes and shaking his head.

"I... I can't really say..." He whispered, voice breaking. God, why was he doing this now?! Anthony reached out and stroked his hair back.

"I know this is presumptuous... and I barely know you... but maybe now's not the right time to be... in this particular place. Do you want to go back to Bev and I's apartment? No pressure. Just maybe you need some companionship." The boy said. Will was incredibly touched. He felt no lies behind it; no hidden agenda. He swallowed, eyebrows furrowed before easing up and nodding. Anthony smiled at him.

"I'll text Bev that we're heading out. She can take an uber or something if she doesn't find a girl." He said with a quick smile as he pulled out his phone. He typed quickly before holding out his hand to Will and leading him off to his car parked down the block.

-

Will was a little unnerved, suddenly feeling as if he weren't drifting unnoticed in the wind any longer. He was no longer some shadow creature; simply existing to feed. He was in Anthony's apartment now, just a small thing but decorated nicely. Anthony asked if he needed anything to drink and Will shook his head, sitting on the couch feeling awkward.

"So, what's this all about, if I may inquire?" Anthony asked after pouring himself a glass of water and lazing back on the couch beside him. Will's eyes widened and he looked down at his lap.

"I... I dunno... I feel like I've been running for a long time... but it's only been a few weeks." Will said softly. Anthony nodded.

"May I take a guess?" He asked. Will raised his brows. "Just out of a relationship is my wager." Will bit his lip.

"I... I guess... It was more of an... ownership. I mean, sometimes things were great but... he was such a control freak." Anthony nodded, seeming understanding, and hummed. Will sighed and dropped his head into his hands, rubbing at his eyes. "God, this is so weird. I don't do this... I haven't had real interaction in so long it all feels bizarre." He felt Anthony's hand on his back and he looked behind him, brows furrowed.

"You seem like you've been through a lot. Are you sure you don't want some hot cocoa?" He asked. Will smiled a little and shook his head. He really wished he could have some right now, honestly. "Where's your family? or friends?" Anthony asked, just conversational. Will shook his head again, sighing.

"Back in Louisiana. My moving here was... abrupt. I've been hopping couches... sort of. Don't really have a job. Hannibal took care of all that. He's like some fucking Lithuanian aristocrat." Will didn't feel like he should be revealing this much but it all was spilling out anyway. Maybe it was good for him. Surely if Hannibal were there and his confessions didn't include him he would be encouraging it.

Anthony raised a brow at his words. "An aristocrat?" He asked. Will nodded.

"Like... like a count or something. He's older... a psychiatrist." Anthony seemed to suddenly understand, believing Will to have been housed as a kept boy. Which was sort of accurate. "I don't know what I'm doing here anymore but I can't go home and I feel so lost. Nothing makes sense anymore. I'm not who I used to be!" Will said, eyes tearing up again as his voice broke. Anthony leaned forward and stroked his thumb over Will's cheek.

"Shh, love. I understand." He murmured. Will let out a long exhale, eyebrows furrowed before leaning in and kissing the other male; first a soft kiss but soon fevered and more fervent. Will moved into his lap; straddling it, and grinding his hips against him. His taste was delectable, though Will felt with realization that this wasn't exactly his favorite "food." He still craved his older lover. With effort, he pushed that back into the depths of his mind and panted into the other man's mouth before leaning in to kiss at his neck; being careful as he nipped at his skin not to let his sharper canines knick him.

Before long Will was laying atop the other male, finally relaxing into feeding instead of the instinctive ritual he had been at for the last few weeks. As they kissed, Will felt sorrow for feeding on the other man who seemed to genuinely be helpful and possibly a kindred soul. He realized, he didn't have to kill him. He could maybe, possibly, control himself; pull back his mind tricks and his feeding to a duller less-hurried nibble. Now that he knew what he was doing. It was a struggle, but Will managed to close off that part of him that seemed to be trying to control the situation and take and take. When he pulled back after a long time of kissing and slowly undressing he saw no cloudiness in Anthony's eyes and he smiled.

Their coupling was almost therapeutic. Will felt like if he could control himself, maybe he could have a life. With all their clothes removed it would have been easy to let go and start devouring, but he held himself back, testing himself. He sat in Anthony's lap, stroking their cocks together as the other boy suckled at his nipples, Will arching back and gasping. The beast inside him seemed to be rattling at it's cage but Will resisted. When it came time to be penetrated Will let only a little of his hypnosis be released; relaxing the other male's mind enough so he wasn't suspicious when Will was wet and his eyes grew red. He had honed his skill in the last few weeks and it was working. His experience was worth something at least.

Will lowered himself onto Anthony's cock, gasping as it impaled him and he clutched at the other boy's shoulders. It was good and thick inside him; pulsing. He whimpered and moved his body. He had control. He held the power here. No longer his beast.

When they both came to climax the other man didn't convulse and come and come; his life force being drained. Instead it was a trickling stream; not a river, similar to when he had fed from Hannibal. It took some effort, but Will had controlled himself, rocking back and forth as he finished through his orgasm before promptly shutting his flow off. It was a little jarring, having his meal sitting unfinished in front of him, but it was also a relief. He sighed out and slumped against the other Anthony's chest, and for once, he felt like maybe his hunger didn't control him. He felt like maybe he wasn't just a monster.

Chapter End Notes

Sitting here with like 3 Ferrero Rocher in my mouth I WANTED WILL TO FUCK FRAT BOYS. OKAY?

I dunno how the hell Frat House names work. Is it just random Greek alphabet letters for no reason? I dunno.
This is getting a little longer than I thought but I think the boys needed some time away from each other and I wanted a frat orgy. Is it an orgy if it's four? I dunno, probably not. And yes, I added Anthony again. I dunno. I'm not sorry. *shrugs* but I don't think I should tag it because he's just a random guy like any of the others. He just helps Will learn some stuff.

Anyway, thanks for your continued support! Comments and kudos are always appreciated and leaving a little something about what you liked always helps me with

inspiration to write. :)

Flames

Chapter Notes

> Oh my god I'm so nervous you guys. I hope you like the ending? I just want it to be what you guys had hoped for! I wish I had finished it sooner but I was pretty ill this last month. Thank you so much for reading this far and sticking with me! You all have given me so much happiness. I love you all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will awoke to find himself not alone and next to a corpse, but in a bed next to a very live Anthony who was snoring a little. He lay there, thinking, feeling odd about the entire situation and felt a little... guilty? Somehow, keeping a victim alive felt like cheating on Hannibal. But he and Hannibal were no longer together! He had to get that through his thick head. Will dropped his head into his hands and tried not to groan audibly. Why was it even when his brain was still muddled with sleep he thought of Hannibal? Why was it, in the throes of passion, he still thought of Hannibal? How had a man of such devious, ruthless, sadistic existence burrowed himself so permanently into Will's brain? As Will began to feel his eyes tear up for what felt like the hundredth time that week he heard Anthony yawn. He looked over to see the boy smiling at him, eyes twinkling.

"So... what are you, exactly?" He asked conversationally. Will's eyes widened and his heart skipped a beat.

"Wh-what?" He asked, trying to school his expressions and failing. "M-my dad says he's German on his mother's side-" he blurted out.

"Hey, it's ok. Last night your eyes... they turned red. It was really interesting. I haven't really seen anything like it. And your teeth... they're a little more pointy than normal. I won't tell anyone. I'm just curious." He said, as if he hadn't just discovered a potentially dangerous secret. Will swallowed, staring at him.

"I thought I hypnotized you enough for you to not notice..." He said softly. Anthony stretched before resting his head back on his arms.

"Oh, I definitely felt that. I'm not exactly normal, myself. I can see ghosts among other things. I guess I'm considered a highly sensitive medium. I also felt this sort of... pull the entire time we were having sex and maybe while we were dancing. Does that make sense? I'm a little tired now from it." Will blinked a few times, opening and closing his mouth stupidly like a fish. After a few moments he regained some of his composure before looking down at his hands.

"I... I'm a succubus... I was just... nibbling. I'm sorry. I didn't want to hurt you." He admitted, his heart sinking.

"Hey, it's okay. You didn't." He said, reaching out and touching his arm. "Although, I have to say, I'm intrigued."

"Please... don't tell anyone. If the wrong people find out I'll be put down or sold again." Will said, eyebrows furrowing as he bit his lips.

"I won't tell anyone. Were you sold to that bloke you were telling me about? You said it was 'like an ownership.'" He said, sitting up and pulling up his knees to lean against them. Will nodded.

"I... I didn't even know what I was before. I thought I was normal, you know? I mean not EXACTLY normal, but at least human...I'm adopted. My parents had no idea." Will explained. Anthony listened, nodding, and Will continued. "One of my classmates found me out and kidnapped me and... sold me at auction..." Will shivered, remembering the upsetting experience before continuing. "...to Hannibal. It wasn't all bad, though... sometimes it felt like we were just... domestic partners or something. Other times I kinda just felt like a pet... he made me stay inside for a few months but I was so hungry... and he has these elaborate dinner parties and I couldn't resist. I fed off one of the guests and he was mad so... I ran. The worst thing is... I really miss him." Will said, voice near to a sob with a tear running down his cheek that he tried to hide with his hair.

"Sometimes you can't help who you love. And it can be a really shite situation, and sometimes you hate them... but somehow it draws you closer. I've been in relationships like that. Not saying it's healthy or anything, really... but I understand." Anthony said sagely. Will nodded, swallowing, his mind going a mile a minute. Should he kill him? He didn't want to... He wasn't like the others. He just wanted someone to talk to... someone he wasn't going to kill.

"It's been really rough... I don't have anyone anymore... Can't go back to Louisiana... my dad doesn't care about me anyway. I'm sure my friends think I'm dead and if I contacted them then the guy at school who caught me might hear from them that I called. I'm pretty sure I'm not allowed to have outside contact... I was reading up on stuff in Hannibal's library... The government has knowledge of us. I don't know if they know about me... but they don't want us running around. We have to be kept under lock and key or 'destroyed.' I didn't ask for this, you know? I can't even eat real food anymore..." Will murmured, sniffing and hastily wiping his tears away. Anthony looked at him in sympathy, reaching out and stroking the cheek he was just wiping at.

"Hey... it's okay..." He said softly before moving closer, scooting in behind Will and pulling him back against his chest. He was taller and more broad in the shoulders and Will sat stiff for a moment, surprised. He wasn't used to this sort of affection after the few weeks he had been out. All touch he had received had been fast and dirty. It took him a while but he eventually relaxed and Anthony wrapped his long arms around his waist, propping his chin up on Will's shoulder.

"Th... thanks..." Will whispered. Anthony gave him a soft peck on the cheek and smiled.

"No problem, Gorgeous. I'm flattered you trust me with this information. Thought maybe you might kill me for it. Are you?" He asked. Will blinked a few more times, realizing the other male saw right through him. He swallowed and shook his head.

"N-no... I thought about it... but I made a decision last night not to kill you... you're different. I won't do it... I held back for a reason..." Will said before stiffening, eyes wide. "You...you weren't blocking my feeding, were you? I kind of thought I was holding back all on my own..." Will said, furrowing his brows. Anthony shook his head minutely.

"No. It only occurred to me afterwards exactly what you had been doing to me; when I felt tired." Anthony explained. Will sighed in relief, relaxing again. "So is getting wet in odd places a succubus thing, too? Last time I checked I didn't self-lube." Anthony said with a grin. Will blinked a few times, feeling heat spread across his cheeks. He really had not done a good job with his hypnosis. Hopefully it was simply because Anthony was 'sensitive,' like he had said.

"Y-yes..." He mumbled. Anthony chuckled a little in his ear.

"Can I touch?" Will shivered a little and nodded, drawing up his legs for him. The older boy ran his hand down his flat stomach, threading his fingers through the downy feathers between his legs. He wrapped his larger hand around his cock for a moment, feeling it fattening in his palm before fondling his balls beneath, then sliding his fingers back over his perineum to his hole. Will felt him circle it with his forefinger before running the digit over it, massaging it until he felt the beginnings of slick seep out. Will whimpered and spread his legs farther. "Feels good?" Anthony whispered. Will nodded, squirming a little. "I can feel you pulling on me a little... feeding?" Will nodded again, looking sheepish.

"Just... nibbling..." He murmured. He moaned a little as Anthony pressed a finger inside him. "I c-can't really help feeding... I can slow it down, though..." Anthony nodded and slowly moved his finger in and out of him, feeling how wet he was becoming. Will's breathing picked up and he wiggled his hips, wanting more.

"Do you feed on women, too?" Anthony asked as he pressed another finger inside him. Will shook his head.

"I-it's not the same... dunno why... I think whoever I feed on needs a certain level of testosterone..." He gasped and arched his back, lifting his hips to each press of the other male's fingers inside him.

"So wet... You're writhing around just from my fingers... like that, do you?" He purred in Will's ear and Will nodded enthusiastically. He felt Anthony moving his fingers in a specific direction and Will blushed.

"Uh-um... I d-don't have a prostate..." He said in a bit of a whimper. Anthony tipped his head to the side with interest.

"Mm. No problem, love. I have one." He said with a little humorous grin, thrusting his fingers fast. "You probably don't need it. You're soaking my fingers. Not to mention the bedspread." Will squirmed and panted breathlessly, whimpering before coming hard, inner

walls squeezing tight around Anthony's fingers. He cried out and clutched at Anthony's knees for purchase as he rode it out, eventually calming down and sighing, his head dropping back against his shoulder. For a moment he felt his beast growling beneath the surface but he pushed it back with only a little effort. He sighed and closed his eyes.

"Th-thank you..." He whispered. Anthony ran his hand over his chest, smirking.

"Figured you needed breakfast." He said. Will laughed a little under his breath.

"You're such a good host." He said, Anthony laughing too now.

-

Eventually Will and Anthony dressed and headed out into the kitchen/living room area to find Beverly enjoying some coffee. She looked over the couch at them with raised brows and a grin.

"Wow, you're up early, Anthony. It's only 1:30." She said wryly. "Good morning, Will." Will waved sheepishly. He was NOT used to this.

"Hey, I was up earlier than that..." Anthony said with a wide smile. Will blushed and rubbed at the back of his neck. Anthony smirked at him.

"Sorry, Will. This is just how our house is run. I know it's small in comparison to whatever Mr. Moneybags must have..." Anthony said with humor. Will had his shoulders up around his ears but he rolled his eyes good-naturedly.

"Oh? You got a sugar daddy? I TOLD Anthony that was a good idea! He insisted he would not be okay with fucking 'old balls' or something. Is it really that bad?" Beverly asked. Will felt like his eyes would nearly burst out of his head before he started laughing.

"Uh-um... no it's... good..." Will said after getting over his laughing fit, face reddening even more. Beverly raised her eyebrows expectantly at Anthony.

"See? We could be living like QUEENS but you won't hustle that ass." The younger woman said, beginning to crack up at her own joke. Anthony snorted and flopped down on the couch and waved at Will lazily to come over. Will bit his lip but sat down, relaxing after a moment against the plush cushions. "So no long-term relationship, then? Or are you the side bitch?" She asked her roommate before looking at Will. "Please don't tell me you're giving up moneybags for him." Beverly said to Will.

"Uh-umm-" Will started but Anthony cut in.

"Nah. Definitely fuck buddies though..." He said in contemplation, rubbing his chin. "Maybe something else later if you can't forgive Count Choculah, yeah?" He said to Will with a sly grin. Will's eyes grew wide, unable to keep the smirk off his face at the name.

-

It felt good to have friends... to be grounded by something real. It had been a week and Will had been staying with the two in their apartment on occasion. Anthony and Bev were with Will at the same club they had met at and the two were helping Will find a new target. He had told Bev about his true nature a few days in and Will believed her when she said she would keep it a secret between the three of them. He felt like maybe things wouldn't have to be so bad... that he could heal.

"Okay, that guy looks like a major douche-bag but he's hot." Beverly said, tipping her chin in the direction of a man in his mid-twenties with a pointed face. Will tipped his head to the side, leaning against the table, thinking on it when Anthony nudged him in the side, cracking up.

"Bloody hell... Lavaar Burton! Do it!" Anthony said with wide amused eyes, pointing to a younger man who did indeed look like the actor. Will snorted into his hand.

"I-I can't. It wouldn't be right..." He said, trying to hold back more peals of laughter. Beverly was giggling hard into her margarita.

"Come on... do it for me?" Anthony said, comically batting his eyelashes. Will shook his head and rolled his eyes.

"Then you go sleep with him." Will suggested. Anthony narrowed his eyes as if thinking about it.

They continued on looking and making occasional suggestions when Beverly froze before looking over at Will with raised brows.

"Oh. My. God. Check out Silver Fox. I think we found a winner." She said, tipping her head in the direction of said man. Will laughed and looked in the direction she was suggesting before going silent, his jaw dropping open and his blood running cold.

"H-Hannibal..." He said, eyes wide in shock once he laid his gaze upon the man. The older male was in the upper level but was heading down the stairs. He was dressed less formally in order to blend in with the crowd; devoid of his usual vest and blazer. He had a leather jacket on that made Will's eyes bug-out and he looked just as beautiful as ever. It had been a month. A month since he had last seen him.

"What? Seriously?" Anthony asked, looking to see him. "Count Choculah?" Will nodded, not even cracking up at the name, he was so floored. He wasn't ready. He was shaking. He held onto the bar table for support, trying to get his legs to move and stop feeling like gelatin. Too late. Hannibal had spotted him. The older man stopped on the stairs for a moment, eyes meeting Will's, and his heart stopped for a moment.

"Do-do you want to leave? We can go if you want, Will." Bev said, touching his arm. Will swallowed, trying to think properly. He was coming toward them. Without realizing it, Will's feet were making their way forward as if of their own volition. His body seemed to be magnetized to him; one pole to another. He took a few steps before willing himself to stop. Hannibal stood in front of him, like a dream; a dream he had had countless times since he had

left. The older male reached out for a moment before retracting his hand, as if he were about to stroke Will's curls back from his face but thought better.

"Will..." The man said softly, but Will heard him anyways. Will felt his eyes watering and he blinked back his tears, refusing to cry. God, why was his heart pounding so fast?

"What-" Will's voice came out rough and he swallowed, starting again. "What are you doing here, Hannibal?" He said, trying to keep his voice steady and loud enough over the music. Hannibal looked both bizarrely out of place in the club but also at home, as he usually was just about anywhere. Hannibal worked his jaw for a moment before speaking. He looked down for a moment before looking back into Will's eyes.

"I want you to come home, Will...." Hannibal said, not raising his voice over the music, knowing Will could hear him just fine. Will swallowed back more tears, clenching his fists at his sides. He tried again. "I'm asking you, to come home. Please, Will." The older male said in his low tenor. There was a humility there, in his eyes, in his voice, that Will hadn't seen before. And while the man was often likely to lie and manipulate, Will felt it was genuine. He chewed on his lip, unsure of what to say. Hannibal's eyes looked... glossy, Will realized; watery with emotion. Will took in a deep breath.

"Why?" He asked, voice much more steady than he thought it would be, eyes haughty as he crossed his arms over his chest.

"Because,... Will...I love you. I don't want to live without you any longer. I won't keep you there, I won't make you come back. I'm just asking you to please come home." Hannibal said softly, brows furrowed. Will let out a breath he'd been holding and before he could think any further about it, he was in his arms, sobbing into his crisp white shirt, clutching at it in his fists and wrinkling the fabric. Hannibal wrapped his arms around him, rubbing his back gently. "Stay with me, Will..." He murmured in his ear. Will nodded, still hiding his face in his shirt, likely ruining it. After letting Will cry for a few moments Hannibal tipped Will's face up to look at him. Will reached up and wrapped his arms around his neck, kissing him fiercely; a rough, hot, biting thing, nails digging into his back, until Hannibal took control and gentled it. Will sighed softly against his lips, letting him take over. The music seemed to fade off, the feeling of eyes on them, the thumping of the base; it all dulled, quiet in the background as they kissed. Will trembled against him, eventually pulling away, breathless. He swallowed, looking into his lover's amber eyes before turning to look at his friends. He smiled at them reassuringly before turning back around and grabbing Hannibal's hand, pulling him out of the club.

-

They stayed silent on the way home, Will resting his head against Hannibal's shoulder as he drove, eyes closed. He felt... home. Maybe it was wrong... but it was right too.

Hannibal pulled into the garage and Will got out of the car, still shaking a little. Things felt different... almost like they were starting over again. Will let him lead him inside before promptly bringing him to the living room and pulling the boy into his lap. His mouth was on his instantly; one hand threading into Will's curls, deepening the kiss, tongue sliding into his mouth. Will whimpered against his lips, hands clutching his strong shoulders. When

Hannibal pulled back Will swallowed, trying to think straight. All he could think of was how much he wanted him.

"You... you're not going to keep me here? Or starve me?" Will asked, brows furrowed.

"No, Will... I never truly thought I could keep you here anyway. It was wishful thinking and... selfish." Hannibal said, licking his lips as if trying out the word on his tongue. Surely the man hadn't done much in the way of real apologies. He took both his lips in his mouth for a moment as he looked away thoughtfully. "You may feed off others as you wish... as long as you come back to me." He murmured. Will knew this was hard for him. He smiled softly and turned him back to look at him, kissing the older man again, lips sliding against each other smoothly; perfect. Will moved to straddle him, pulling close to him and kissing his lips once again.

"Ok." He murmured into his mouth. After a long few moments of kissing Will pulled back, giving himself time to breathe and nuzzling his face in against Hannibal's neck, smelling the expensive cologne on his skin.

"...Have you been having sex with that boy you were with?" Hannibal asked softly, hesitantly. Will loved seeing the insecurity in him. What little humanity that showed through the cracks in Hannibal's shields was always a gift.

"Only a little bit." He said with a grin as he pulled back to look him in the eyes. Hannibal's eyebrows rose. "Don't worry. He's a friend." Will wasn't sure if he had imagined it but it almost sounded like Hannibal had let out a sigh of relief. Will chewed on his lip for a moment. "I... I need a life outside of you, Hannibal. I want to be with you but I can't spend my life just... in here. I want to have friends and a real life. Not just be someone's pet." Will said softly. Hannibal nodded and moved to awkwardly pull his wallet from his pocket just under Will's thigh. He pulled a card out of it and handed it to the younger male. Will took it, blinking in confusion as he turned it over before looking to see what it was. His own face stared at him from the card; a driver's license stating that he was "William J. Roberts, Age 21." Will swallowed, feeling... elated. He looked at Hannibal searchingly.

"I want you to attend the university. I had a diploma made up for you as well." Will's heart flipped in his chest. He smiled wide and threw his arms around the older male's neck, hugging him tightly.

"Thank you..." He whispered. The deep foreboding sadness he had felt weighing him down the past few months seemed to just about disappear within that moment.

-

It was a lavishly delicious game. Will dressed sinfully in tight black jeans and an almost sheer red shirt, leaning back against the leather club couch. He was just a ways away from Hannibal but close enough to still rest his arm over the back of the couch to play with the hair at the nape of his neck as he watched each possible meal with lowered eyelids and a come-hither face. It never took long for a hungry young man to spot Will and make an advance but Will was careful and picky about his choices. An over-eager boy might come forward and Will wasn't nearly interested enough so with a flick of his hand and a dangerous look from

his lover the other would depart, feeling a little uneasy but unharmed. Eventually the right one came along; a tall lithe man in his thirties with dark hair and a smirk. Will allowed him to come sit beside him, smiling when the other man looked a bit too cocky.

"You look like you could use some company." The other male purred into his ear. It needed to be close to be heard over the music; at least for other humans. Will cocked him a small smile.

"What gives you that idea?" He asked, reaching out to coyly play with the top button of the older man's shirt.

"You look ready to be devoured..." Will smiled wide at that and looked back at Hannibal as if he might have heard it. Hannibal raised a pale brow and Will looked back at the man.

"Mm... we'll see who does the devouring tonight..." Will teased, humor glinting in his eyes. The other male liked that; pupils blown wide. Will could taste the arousal coming off of him like fine wine. He practically purred and leaned in closer. The taller man was entranced and his eyes swept over him temptingly.

"I'm Oliver. What's your name, beautiful?" He asked, lips brushing the shell of the younger male's ear. They were always calling him that; beautiful, gorgeous, pretty... it didn't matter coming from his prey. They were empty words with empty meanings. Of course he was beautiful. He was a succubus. It would be truly pitiful if he wasn't. He reached out to thread his fingers through the man's short-clipped dark hair and murmured close.

"Will. Come back to my place, Oliver?" He said demurely as if this were the first time he had picked up a man at a club. Maybe not his first time but it was his first time doing it with an audience. Oliver licked his lips, nodding. Will smiled sinfully and leaned in again. "And if I asked if my lover could watch?" He purred before scooting back to lean against Hannibal suggestively, seductive smile in place as his lover's arm wrapped around his waist. Oliver's eyes widened for a moment; a few thoughts flickering across them that were much too easy to read before the male eventually came to a conclusion that he wouldn't get another opportunity like this. He nodded quickly and Will's smile grew wide. He leaned back towards the man, running a hand up his chest to his shoulder and speaking low into his ear. "Follow me."

They lead his meal out of the club and into Hannibal's Bentley; take-out in the back seat. His prey was nervous and his replies were a little quick but he still tasted delectable; arousal thick in the air. Will twined his fingers with Hannibal's as they spoke, heading in the direction of their flat in the city bought specifically with Will's dinner in mind.

Before long Will was pushing his prey back onto the bed, Hannibal seated in a wing-backed arm chair to the side, as if to watch a performance. Will stood at the foot of the bed, looking at his lover with a sly smile that was echoed in Hannibal's eyes as he began unbuttoning his sheer shirt. His cheeks were definitely betraying his anxiety over this new venture but Hannibal assured him he would enjoy the performance. This was for their mutual interests: Survival. Hannibal would not be completely devoured by Will and Will would get a full meal.

Will swallowed and looked back at his prey who was sprawled out where Will had playfully pushed him, sitting up on his elbows, and he licked his lips, feeling famished. Their agreement was simple: Every other day he would take his full share of sustenance from his victims, but in-between he would snack on his lover; careful to not drain him too much. This was a longer-awaited meal than he had had in a while, his last one just the day before he and Hannibal had reunited two days ago, and he felt his beast prowling beneath the surface, ready. His fingers moved over his buttons quickly before slowly shrugging the red material off his shoulders. Hannibal had bought it for him. Will thought maybe he liked showing him off. His nipples were visible through the shirt. He loved feeling two gazes on him; one from his lover and one from his prey. It made him preen how Hannibal watched him; how he adored him. He shivered and dropped his shirt to the floor before working at the button and zipper of his tight jeans. He shed them, revealing bare skin and a readily weeping cock. God, he was horny. It was much too-kinky letting Hannibal watch him feed like this. His prey already looked hypnotized and Will smirked, crawling gracefully onto the bed like a prowling cat. He tugged hard at the buttons of the other man's shirt and with a forefinger and a quick harsh movement all the buttons came off, splitting the shirt open to bare his prey's chest. It was lovely and defined. Will's eyes lidded and he flicked at one side of the shirt.

"Off." He demanded. The man, Oliver, immediately pulled off the ruined garment and Will was quick to ruin the next garment as well.

"Don't worry. You won't be needing these again." He purred when he ripped the jeans past the zipper. The other man looked confused but too aroused to mention it. Will managed to finish getting him nude and pinned him down, straddling his hips and biting at his shoulder, maybe a little harshly, but his meal paid no mind, gratefully grinding against Will as he began to stroke their cocks together. His cock was thankfully quite thick and Will groaned, thinking about it filling him and feeding him everything it's owner had. Will looked down into the other man's darker eyes intensely, holding his wrists up above his head and pinning them to the bedspread.

"Will you sate me, Oliver?" Will asked, enjoying the game. Oliver nodded. "Will you give me all you have to give? I'm a very hungry boy." Will teased. Oliver looked practically pained. He groaned, eyebrows furrowed and hips lifting off the bed in an effort to get more friction against Will's cock.

"Y-yes... fuck-" Will let out a little chuckle and leaned down to kiss him, tongue forcefully entering his mouth, taking control, making his intentions known; that he would devour him until nothing was left. He felt more than heard the deep groan from the man beneath him before he was pulling back to sink down onto his cock, impaling himself on it fully. He gasped when it was seated inside him completely and he closed his eyes, panting. He could feel all of that sweet energy rushing into him as well as Hannibal's more subtle arousal from across the room. God, it was almost too much. The feel of a true meal flooding him as well as Hannibal's tantalizing taste was so incredibly perfect; like the fudge topping on an ice cream sundae. He shuddered before beginning to move atop his prey, groaning and leaning back to look at his lover with a lazy grin. Fuck. The way Hannibal looked at him; Before he knew it he was already coming, almost panicked with how quick he went. He let out a high pitched noise and ground his hips down hard on the thickness impaling him as he hurried through the orgasm. Thankfully he had much more to spare. He huffed out and leaned forward as he came

down from it, resting his hands on his meal's chest. His cock hadn't spurted and his prey beneath him paid no mind; too entranced to have really noticed as Will had jerked and writhed on his cock. He blushed and looked over at Hannibal, bashfully, as if he had made an embarrassing error on his homework. Hannibal smirked, flicking his finger as if to say 'continue.' Will groaned and lifted his hips again before sliding back down, slowly setting a rhythm. The man beneath him hissed, squinting as he tried to hold back his orgasm. Apparently he wasn't as entranced as Will thought. Will leaned forward, face inches from the other's.

"Come." He whispered. There was that gravely sound to it; the signal that he was using his voice properly and hypnotizing his prey. The man groaned and gave up his sanity, coming inside him. Will groaned as well, eyes rolling up into his head as he fell back down onto his cock, working incessantly at it. Fuck, it was flowing into him so fast and Hannibal's delicious spice to it-it was too much. He felt like he might pass out. He held himself up with his hands on the other male's belly, rocking as he fed. It kept going and going and god, he wanted Hannibal too. Now. He whined and looked to Hannibal with watery eyes, too enthralled with the act of being fed to speak properly now so his plea was but another high whine. Hannibal raised a pale eyebrow and Will closed his eyes tight, trying to control himself. It was like his first time again; he couldn't contain himself. He sobbed as he got up again and slammed back down onto his prey, bouncing hard as he took everything the other had. As the flow increased, Will could feel his prey beginning to release his last bits of energy and Will growled, baring his teeth. His lover's presence drew something out in him; his beast wanted to end their feast in blood. Will's claws extended from his fingers, biting into his prey's flesh beneath him. He dropped all his control on his prey and lifted off him, on his hands and knees above as he growled low, staring into the eyes of his prey as he was coming to the sudden realization he was in danger. Will slid a clawed hand up his bare chest to his prey's throat, basking in the glory of the fear now coming off the man like a cologne as he scraped his claws lightly over thin skin.

"W-wait-" The man tried to plead but it was too late. Will's claws were sinking into his neck; blood flooding the sheets as quickly as his energy had flooded into Will only moments before. Will panted, watching, rapt, as his fingers sunk inside and wrapped around the trachea before wrenching back with a sick, slick, sort of popping sound as he broke it. Blood splattered. He felt death claim the man; felt what remained slide in under his skin as if searching for a place to go. He devoured it all, felt it sink into him and become a part of him. He shuddered and closed his eyes. Hannibal's arousal was still heavy in the air and it felt like sprinkles on top of that delicious sundae but he wanted another serving. After a few moments he climbed off the ruined sheets and the bed and sauntered over to his lover. His body seemed to soak up all fluids except for blood. That wasn't his to devour. He knew he was sprinkled with it. Hannibal gazed at him with dark lidded eyes, taking in the appearance of his beast fully formed. He held out his arms and Will gratefully slid into his lap, kissing him madly. He pulled back after a few moments, eyes red and pleading.

"Please? I'll be good. I need you to... to claim me." He whispered. Hannibal licked his lips and without a word unbuckled his belt, unzipped his trousers, and released his cock for his succubus who happily slid onto it like a glove. Will cried out and dropped his head back, panting hard as he was filled completely with his lover's thick cock. It was like coming home after a day of work. He shivered and writhed on it and made a surprised whimpering noise

when he was lifted off and placed on his hands and knees on the floor, only to be mounted from behind and pressed into so swiftly he had to catch himself.

"M-master!" Will cried out. He cried it out not because he was to be controlled but because he wanted to. Hannibal made a low animalistic growl behind him and thrust into him hard, over and over until Will was screaming out with each contact of their hips. "Pleas-please-Hannibal-" Will whimpered out, spreading his legs wider and lifting his hips to get him even deeper. His lover knelt over him, slamming into his body and making Will feel totally claimed by his mate. He whined but managed to keep his beast at bay despite the mind-numbing pleasure. He had been fed enough for the day. This was for fun. Will cried and shook his hips, begging for his come. He wanted to be sullied by him and after so long he was finally rewarded, feeling his lover's cock thickening as he began to spurt inside him. Will screamed and came, jerking and clenching tight around him as he was filled before collapsing onto the floor. He rolled his eyes back in pleasure, panting heavily as his brain tried to reboot. He didn't think he could speak. Hannibal covered him, his weight pleasing, and he kissed at his neck as Will tried to come back from his euphoria.

"Darling, you did wonderfully." He murmured in his low tone, stroking the succubus's dark hair back. Will made a noise similar to a purr and grabbed Hannibal's hand, holding it in his own. He was exhausted; too full to move yet his body buzzed with the energy from his meal.

Eventually Hannibal gathered him up in his arms and they cuddled together on the chair, kissing here and there and murmuring to each other.

"What will you do with this one?" Will said softly as he pressed his face into his neck.

"Beef wellington, perhaps..."

-

EPILOGUE

Will stared into the fire, the flames engulfing the prized possession as he waited patiently. Hannibal sat nearby in a chair while Will crouched in front of the fireplace, rapt with attention. The egg seemed to be growing and changing in color. In the past five years they had never allowed one of their eggs to be anything beyond quiche. Will was ready and Hannibal wanted what he wanted; a family. Maybe it had never been done by a succubus to raise their own young, but Will was eager to try.

He wondered if it would look at all like it's father. He hoped so. He had no idea how the genetics worked behind succubi. This was a whole new realm of possibilities and they had nothing to go by. Will knew he would live much longer than Hannibal, and if his plans failed, he would at least always have their child as a reminder of him... but Will had a lead.

He had been researching and hunting for months and he was on the path of a powerful creature that would be able to transfer it's immortality to a mortal; a vampire who had been calling itself Francis Dollarhyde. Will was greedy and if he was going to have it all, he was going to go all-out in providing for his family, even if it involved taking down another creature similar to himself. They would be a family to be reckoned with.

Chapter End Notes

Ok! What do you think? *Squealing* I hope you liked it!!! I hope it was good enough! I hope it was an ending that made you feel all giddy inside? Again, thank you tremendously for reading! You inspire me! Shoot me a comment to encourage me to write weird shit! My ideas are a short BBHMM (The Rihanna music video) based idea, a weird thing where they're swamp monsters in a cult who hunt gods, and a short story about scared innocent fawn Will and Wendigo Hannibal chasing him down to breed. :D

((Ok so I'm having problems with writing the second chapter of BBHMM so... now there's a sequal to this! Lol))

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!